PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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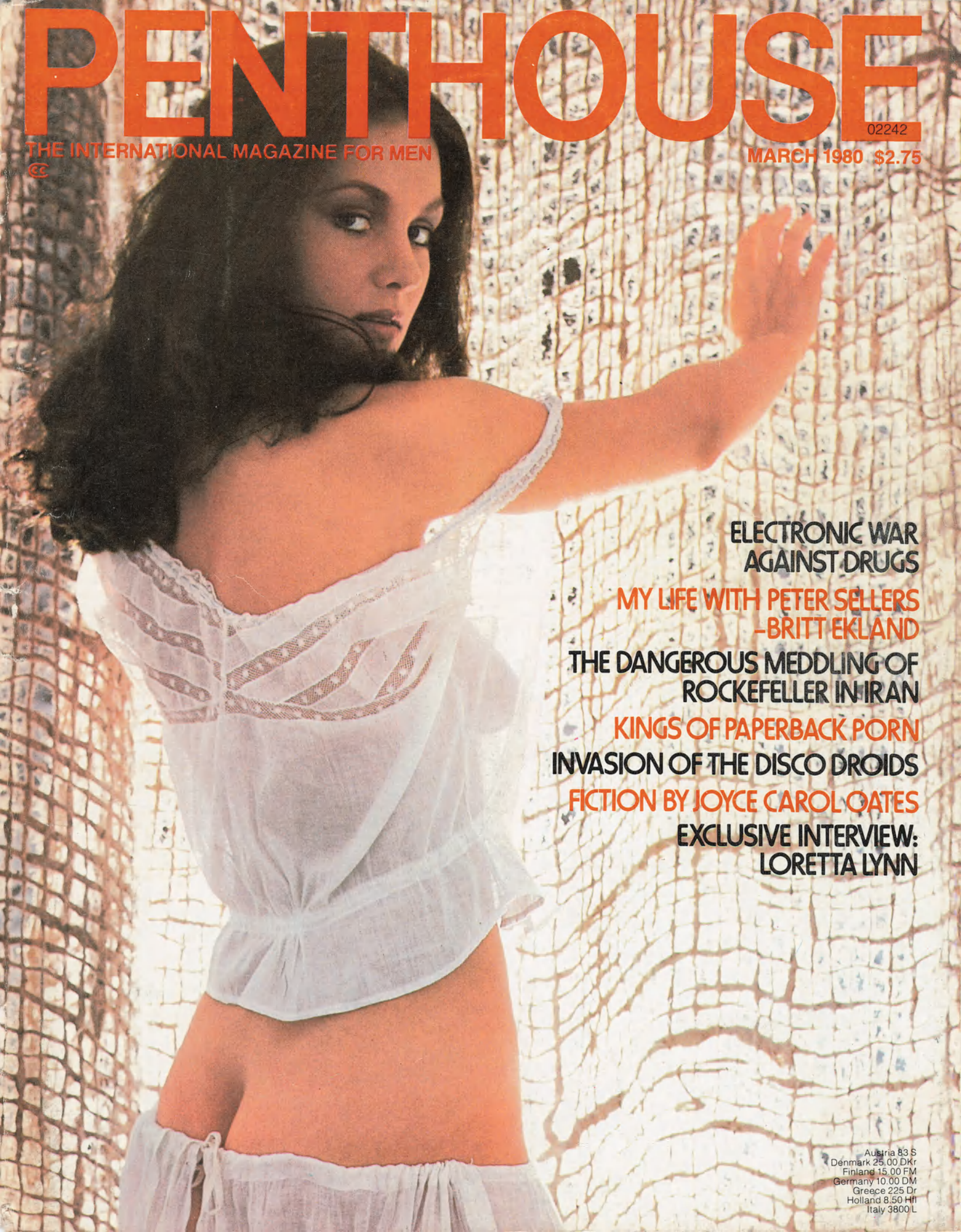

ELECTRONIC WAR AGAINST DRUGS

MY LIFE WITH PETER SELLERS -BRITT EKLAND

THE DANGEROUS MEDDLING OF ROCKEFELLER IN IRAN

KINGS OF PAPERBACK PORN

INVASION OF THE DISCO DROIDS

FICTION BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: LORETTA LYNN

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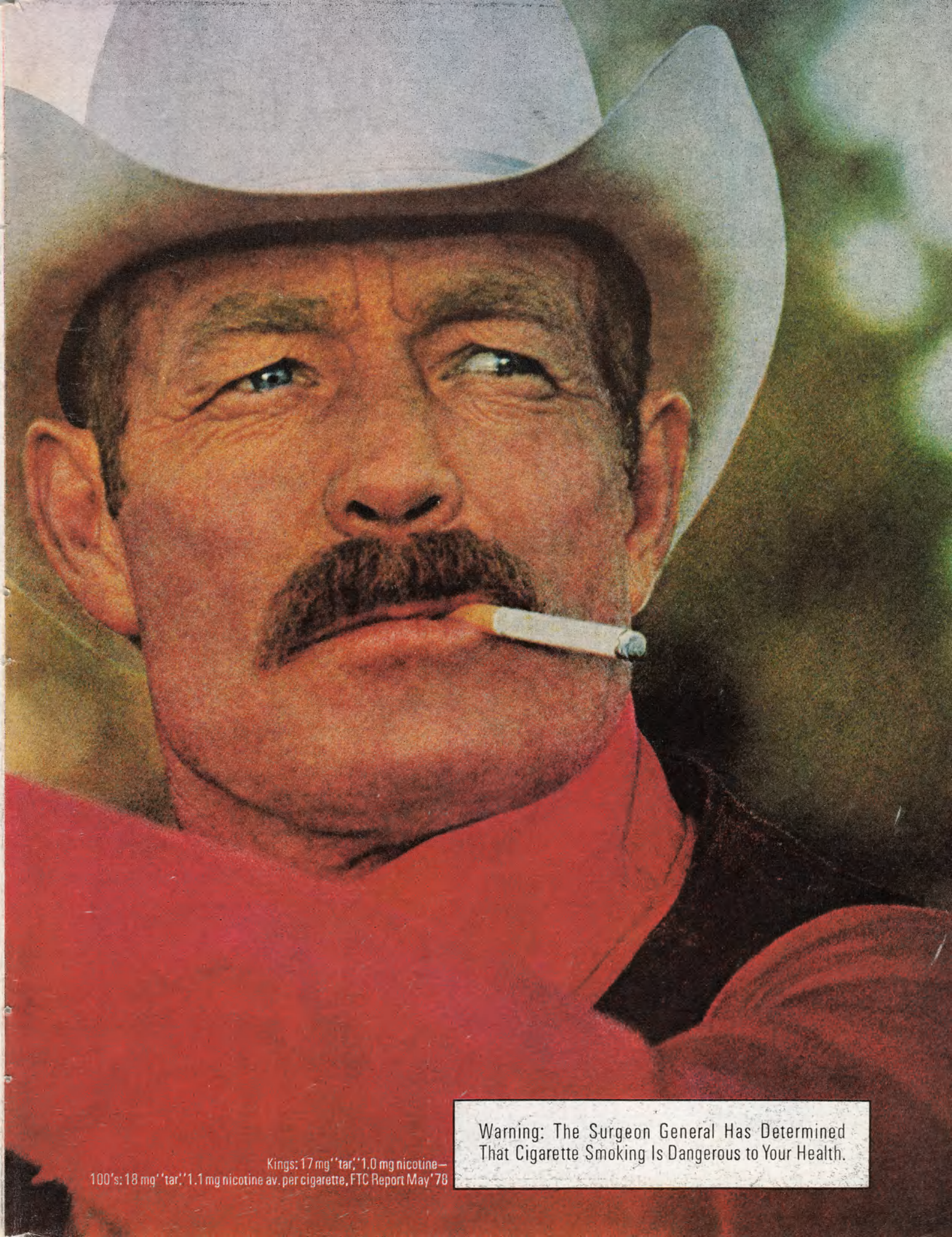

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/March 1980

Worldwide sale: **5,350,000***

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Just one look is all it takes to appreciate the exceptional value of the Mazda RX-7 versus Datsun 280ZX or Porsche 924.

As remarkable as the Mazda RX-7 is on its own merits, it looks all the better when compared with the competition. Because the sleek, aerodynamic RX-7 is virtually everything you could want in a refined sports car—at an almost unbelievable price.

It can reach 0-50 in 6.3 seconds. Its inherently compact rotary engine is placed behind the front axle, for ideal weight distribution and superb handling.

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The smoothness of the rotary engine makes the RX-7 a quiet sports car. All this performance from a car that can attain excellent gas mileage on the open road.

17 EST. mpg **28** EST.** hwy mpg

But the front mid-engine RX-7 offers infinitely more than performance. It also provides extraordinary comfort.

So if you know what you want in a sports car, and you don't want to pay a king's ransom to get it, take a look at the RX-7 GS or S Model. The beautifully-styled, high-mileage, high-performance sports cars from Mazda.

You're also going to like the looks of RX-7 GS standard features.

• AM/FM stereo radio with power antenna • Side-window demisters • Cut-pile carpeting • Tinted glass • 5-speed • Tachometer • Styled steel wheels • Steel-belted radial tires • Front and rear stabilizer bars • Ventilated front disc and finned rear drum brakes with power assist • Electric remote hatch release. 3-speed automatic transmission, air conditioning, aluminum wheels and sun roof available as options.

$8295*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for GS Model shown. S Model $7495. Slightly higher in California. Actual prices established by dealers. Taxes, license, freight, optional equipment and any other dealer charges are extra. (Wide alloy wheels shown $275-$295.) All prices subject to change without notice.

**EPA estimates for comparison purposes for GS Model with 5-spd. trans. The mileage you get may vary depending on how fast you drive, the weather, and trip length. The actual highway mileage will probably be less. California, 16 estimated mpg, 27 estimated highway mpg.

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mazda

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Lost in a blizzard!

We came to bury a case of C.C.® near the site of the Winter Olympics...and almost got buried ourselves.

When we headed to Lake Placid, danger was the last thing on our minds. We were here to cross-country ski and to hide a case of C.C. near the Winter Olympics.

A serious mistake.

Skiing deep into the forest through virgin powder, we had forgotten to watch the sky... a serious mistake in the Adirondacks. By noon the wind was howling and snow was driving hard. Faster than we could believe, the ski tracks we hoped to follow were under new snow.

We followed a sixth sense.

We were lost in an Adirondack blizzard! But intent on hiding our case of Canadian Club, we blindly followed our sixth sense and climbed where we hoped we had descended earlier. Finally, cresting a steep hill, we found ourselves in the all-over whiteness of an open field. Driving winds and deep snow were more intense in the open, but finding the security of a fence row, we followed it until we could make out the soft silhouette of towering Whiteface Mountain. With our bearings restored, we hid our liquid treasure in a place where those who seek gold will miss by a quarter of a mile.

C.C. and a roaring fire.

Soon we were regaling friends with our chilling adventure as we enjoyed drinks of Canadian Club before a warming fire. We knew the hidden case wouldn't be easy to find. Those who seek it may have to brave the same bitter cold and frozen conditions that challenge the Winter Olympians. But if you prefer to confine your search for "The Best In The House" to the fireside, find someplace warm that serves Canadian Club and simply say, "C.C., please."

For a daily Olympic update compliments of C.C., dial 800-223-1850. In N.Y. dial 212-888-0766.

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Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

RED HOT OR LIQUID

Perhaps for some, the idea of a custom motorcycle is relatively simple. Slap a package of bolt-on goodies to a reasonably interesting motorcycle and that's that.

Perhaps for some. But not for Honda.

The 1980 CB650 Custom and CX500 Custom bring a larger meaning to the term. They represent outstanding efforts in both design and technology. The results please the eye, quicken the pulse and boggle the mind.

Slide your eyes up the long front forks, over the graceful sweep of the pull-back handlebars, and along the shimmering, sleek teardrop tanks. Rest a while on the low riding stepped seats, and roll on to the 16-inch rear wheel. Dramatic ComStar™ wheels. Chopped megaphone pipes. And chrome. More than just a splash.

These machines are Custom right down to their toenails.

But it's the heart and soul of these Honda Customs that set them apart from their peers.

Beneath the gleaming surface of the CB650 Custom throbs a proven-powerful Honda classic. The SOHC 627 cc 4-stroke Honda Four is the updated successor to the engine design that started the Superbike revolution.

Four 26 mm carbs, an accelerator pump, and CDI ignition all contrive to give you a machine that is cat quick as well as cat slick. Punch the starter, crack the throttle open and things begin to happen. Remarkably quickly.

Low stiction front forks and two-stage rear shocks make it smooth. Disc and drum brakes

COOL.

make it stop. The clean, positive shifting five-speed gearbox lets you cruise smoothly mile after red hot mile. And lest the blurred image of you on your machine leave anyone in doubt, this Honda Custom sounds the mellow note of that justly famous quadrophonic exhaust.

Across the aisle, the CX500 Custom sounds a different note. A throaty rumble. Urgent. Commanding. It starts deep within the muscular engine and pours out of the upswept pipes.

The rugged 496 cc transverse V-twin 4-stroke is fed by 34 mm CV carbs, sparked by a Tri-Pulser™ electronic ignition, and breathes through four valves per cylinder. With a liquid cooling system for controlled engine temperature. And a fully enclosed shaft drive for a silky transfer of power from the five-speed gearbox. It's every bit as smooth as it is powerful. Handling it inspires confidence. Low stiction front forks, two-stage damping rear shocks and a front disc/rear drum set-up let you tour the town or the turnpike with ease.

And now, for the dilemma. You're faced with a choice between two uniquely satisfying machines. Both sleek, stylish, sure-footed and powerful. Take comfort in the fact that, whether you select the red-hot CB650 Custom or the liquid cool CX500 Custom, either one will leave the competition just a little sweaty.

HONDA

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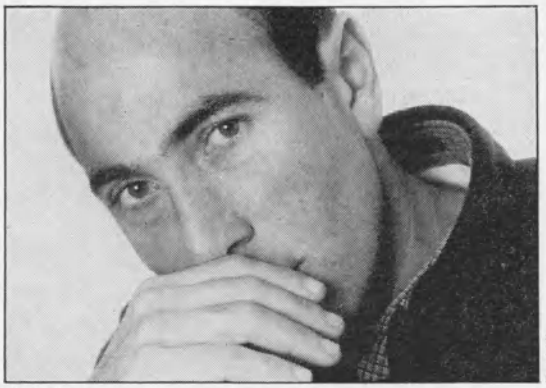

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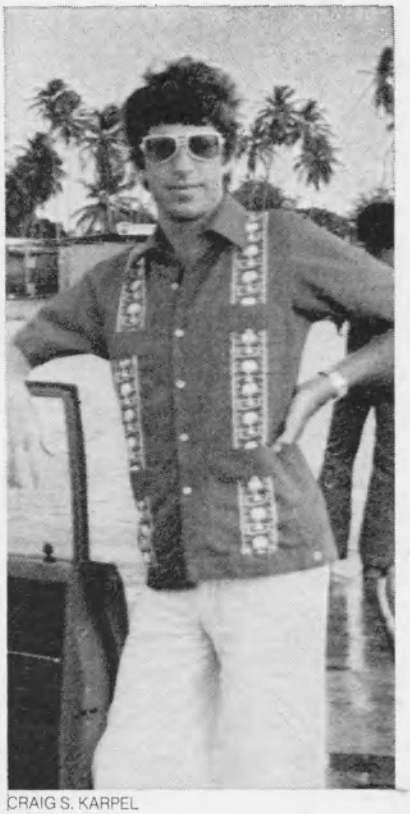

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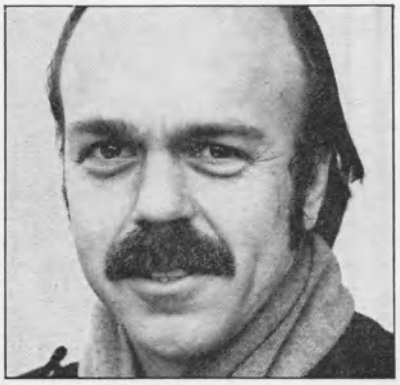
BRITT EKLAND



Ralph Dominguez/Glove Photos

LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

Pat Hill

HOUSECALL

Drug smuggling is mega-business, as investigative reporter **Ed Rasen** informed *Penthouse* readers in his ground-breaking exposé, published in our November 1978 issue. The illegal drug capitalists bring in some $12 billion each year—tax-free, of course. Naturally, the government is determined to stop them. But as Rasen points out in "High-Tech Fascism" (page 56), the cure is probably worse than the disease. Rasen is one of the very few journalists ever to visit the headquarters of the government's electronic war against drugs—the bunkerlike El Paso Intelligence Center. As in the Vietnam War, American technology is vast and impressive. But Rasen discovered that the war against drugs is really just an excuse for the government to use the most sophisticated computer systems in the world to spy on its own citizens. Starting in 1970, when Richard Nixon gave the CIA orders to include drug information in its secret intelligence-gathering operations, "the drug war has been used as a cover for United States adventurism at home." Ironically, the government itself has gotten "hooked" on the $10 billion in tax money that it spends each year on this futile war. "Slowly, methodically," writes Rasen, "the electronic drug war is making enemies of more and more people. Under whatever guise it may appear, the technology for mass surveillance and eavesdropping is here."

The Israeli version of the CIA, the Mossad, is a refreshing contrast to such Darth Vader technology. In the second of his exclusive "Tales of the Mossad" (page 78), **Craig S. Karpel** explains how the Israelis depend on the skills and dedication of their agents, rather than on billion-dollar satellites and computers. As Gen. Meir Amit, the legendary Mossad commander throughout much of the 1960s, explained to Karpel: "Because we are not rich, we must use intelligence to extend our resources. Good information is a big saver. Instead of hitting ten times at the nail, if you know where the head is, all it takes is one blow."

As one of eight children who grew up in a poverty-stricken coal-mining town in Kentucky, **Loretta Lynn** was also compelled to use intelligence to extend her own resources. Today, after composing such songs as "Honky Tonk Girl" and "Don't Come Home A-Drinkin' with Lovin' on Your Mind," recording over 50 albums, and writing a best-selling autobiography, the Queen of Country Music takes justifiable pride in her accomplishments: "When you come up hard," she told our interviewer, **Lawrence Linderman** (page 120), "you know you don't want to live that way all your life. If you get a chance to put your foot in the door, you know you're gonna push it through." The current movie version of her book, *Coal Miner's Daughter*, starring Cissy Spacek, will undoubtedly gain her an even greater audience, although Lynn worries about country music's losing its identity and would prefer to spend more time with her family.

Another side of show business is recounted by Swedish movie-star **Britt Ekland**, who in "An Ill-Fated Affair with Inspector Clouseau" (page 74) tells the story of her marriage to the brilliant comedian Peter Sellers. In this, the first of two excerpts from Ekland's forthcoming autobiography, she tells how Sellers's overwhelming love for her quickly turned to jealous hatred. "It wasn't a marriage I had come through," she writes. "It was a maelstrom of bitterness. Even now I cannot bring myself to call my former husband by his Christian name. The pain hurts that much."

Ekland's words could also apply to the father-daughter relationship in this month's short story, "Friday Evening" (page 110), by **Joyce Carol Oates**. Mr. Abbott is unemployed and decides to use his daughter to raise some cash. "The deal is," Abbott explains, "only so long as he doesn't touch her." But as anyone who is familiar with the work of this prize-winning American author knows, things never work out as they should. Oates's next novel, *Belle Fleur*, will be published this summer by Dutton.

In December 1978, humorist **Tom Eyen** began the adventures of Silva Mirror, the disco dancer who lived only to dance. "Silva took money for drugs! Silva took money for sex! BUT Silva Mirrors would never take money for DANCING!" After conquering New York's discoland, Silva and her boyfriend, Lude Armani, now combat the "Invasion of the Disco Droids" (page 82) in Hollywood. The Droids, a swarm of writhing, half-naked zombies who listen to Donna Summer and Cher, threaten what civilization is left on the West Coast and, what's worse, almost bring Silva's story to a full stop. You'll have to find out for yourself how Eyen manages to avoid this crisis.

Of course, there are many things in life that one should never, never avoid, and some of them can be found in our pictorial features this month—most especially our Pet of the Month, the best antidote for winter's chills that we know.

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The rich low 'tar.'

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MARCH

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Public-service announcement

I have long read your fine magazine, especially "Forum." Lately, however, I have become skeptical about the validity of some of the letters. It was hard for me to believe that the people involved in those sexcapades remembered the exact dialogue of those romantic moments, the size of the organs in question, and the amount of come they produced. That is, it was hard to believe until last week.

Because I am a college student at a larger-than-average midwestern university and do not know exactly what I want to do with my life, I spend much time talking to others about the fields they have chosen to study and how they would suit me. One evening, I was in my dormitory's 24-hour lounge, talking to a girl I had met only the week before in a science class. She told me that her field was social work and that she planned to work in planned parenthood when she graduated.

She was so interesting that soon it was three in the morning. I wasn't too concerned, because I did not have a class until noon the next day and she did not have any classes at all. Soon we started to get slaphappy, and I began to joke about birth control, and she got hysterical. She told me that her roommate had gone home because of the death of a friend and that I could come up to her room to see some of the different types of birth control.

When we got there, she quietly closed the door and went over to her drawer and got out a small, wooden box, but there were not any birth-control devices in it. Instead, there was a good amount of Colombian Gold. Needless to say, we soon were feeling pretty good. Finally, she got out the birth-control devices. I began to go wild. I put one rubber on my nose, one on each ear, and a diaphragm in my mouth. She laughed wildly. Soon she asked me if I would like to use the rubbers the way they were meant to be used. I couldn't believe this was happening, for I, at 19, was still a virgin.

I went over to her and slowly removed her blouse to reveal the firmest breasts that I had ever seen. I thought I would cream in my pants when she began to undo my jeans and slip them down my legs. Next I took down her pants, which were already drenched with her wonderfully sweet love juices. She took off my shirt and then my underwear, exposing my eight-inch dick. She sighed and said that she had never seen one so beautifully proportioned. Her mouth went down on top of my plump prick, and she began to deep-throat me. I soon came like a gusher, and she swallowed most of it. What she did not swallow I licked from her moist lips. I then moved down to her firm breasts and licked her nipples. She writhed in ecstasy and begged me to do the same for her swollen clit. I was thrilled to oblige. Soon she came, and I drank her love juices.

But the good part was only beginning. I moved my hard cock toward her cunt. Her eyes were burning with desire. I slowly slid my cock in as far as it would go. She moaned in a contented sort of way. I began to rhythmically move in and out, gradually getting faster. Soon I was pounding away at her flesh, my balls hitting against her pussy lips. She dug her fingernails into the flesh of my back. Wow! This was greater than I had expected. She started to scream as I began to pump my hot come into her receptive pussy.

We lay there for a while. Never one to let a good thing pass me by, I immediately got another hard-on, and we went into a 69. Soon we came together. After that we fell asleep. To this day, every time I see a public-service advertisement for planned parenthood, I think of that fine night.—*Name and address withheld*

Sand-witches

One sunny day I was walking down the beach when I found myself getting very horny. There were so many beautiful women around that I was about to go into a fit. Never had there been a time when I had seen so many G-strings in one place. As I walked down the beach, one particular lady caught my eye. She was exceptionally beautiful. Beneath that skimpy little G-string was a body that looked as if it belonged to Venus, the goddess of love. She had dark skin, brown hair, and brown eyes. Her bathing suit fitted her so that the only things covered were her luscious mound of pubic hair and the pussy behind it. As my eyes moved up her body, the sight of her hard, erect nipples was enough to drive any man insane.

The whole time I was looking at her she was lying there and running her tongue back and forth across her moist lips. By this time I had a hard-on you could see from a mile away. So I sat down beside her, and without saying a word she started stroking my throbbing penis. I was a little embarrassed at first,

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but the feeling of pleasure and the sight of her sexy body soon drove this emotion away. So I followed suit and started stroking her smooth, hot pussy. By this time there were several other girls standing there, watching us—which I found very exciting. Then, to my surprise, she reached up and undid her top, exposing those big, beautiful tits. Immediately, I started fondling and sucking those massive boobs. While I was occupied, she undid her G-string and was pulling my bathing suit off. I helped her get it off; then she slowly moved her head down between my legs and started licking the underside of my pulsating shaft. After a minute or two of licking, she took the whole nine inches into her mouth, swirling her tongue around my cock and sucking harder and harder each time she went down on me.

I was enjoying a terrific headjob when I heard a voice say, "Mind if I join you?" I turned around and saw three more beautiful girls, already naked, staring at me. I said, "Of course not." Then the next thing I knew they were all over me. The first one was still giving me a headjob when one of the others came over and pushed her bushy little cunt right into my face. I grabbed a cheek in each hand and pulled her moist lips tight against my face. Then my tongue started going wildly back and forth across her clit. Because of her moaning and groaning and madly pumping her hips, I knew she loved it. Those pussy juices tasted so sweet that I didn't ever want to stop. But when one girl would stop, there was another one awaiting her turn. After I got the girls so hot that they couldn't stand it anymore, I pumped them with my enormous shaft until they all had expressions of satisfaction on their faces. I can't think of a better way of spending a day at the beach.—*Name and address withheld*

The payoff

At the age of 27, I moved to Arkansas and began work in an electric-motor factory. I had two small children and had left my husband. Since I worked the night shift, I had plenty of opportunities for sexual encounters after midnight. I took advantage of some of them. Rarely was I disappointed. There was one hunk I wanted to fuck more than anything, but he hadn't asked me out. Mike was 20 and had a short, very well built body and an ample bulge and a smile that set my pussy on fire. I worked by the water fountain, and he always smiled at me when he got a drink. Cunt teaser that he was, I was so hot some nights after work that I had to rely on my own devices or find a willing cock to fill my aching pussy.

I gave some of those factory workers the fuck of their lives, as I closed my eyes and pretended it was Mike I was fucking. I used to imagine his long, beautiful hair spread across my belly and thighs as he ate me out. I finally got my chance, and the adventure was everything I had imagined it would be. Mike was awfully shy in the beginning, but after he got started, there was no stopping him. He led me to his bedroom and fucked me on a bare mattress. Mike was hung like a Shetland pony and could fuck for hours, but he was afraid to get involved with me. After I had a taste of what he could do, I knew I had to have more. He treated me very differently, which turned me on more. I chased him relentlessly. Finally, one night he needed a ride to his van, and I said I would give him a lift. I figured he would at least fuck me for the favor.

He drove while I rolled a few joints. My cunt was dripping, and I needed him badly. After driving for many tense miles, he touched my knee and I grabbed his thigh, near his hard cock. He kept driving while he unbuttoned my flannel shirt. My large, brown nipples were hard as rocks. I got up in the seat on my knees so that Mike could suck my swollen tits. As he drove and sucked them, he began unbuttoning my jeans. By this time, I had his erect cock in my hands. Mike began thumb-fucking me, and I thought I would die of pleasure. I wanted him to stop driving and fuck me before I went mad. But he wouldn't. He just kept driving and stroking until I had the most earth-shattering orgasm of my life. We pulled our clothes back on and drove to his van, but he still didn't give me any cock. But I was very satisfied. The next day I was hotter for his body than before.

Here we are now, three years later, married to each other, and we have a child of our own. All the chasing and game playing really paid off. We have great times in bed and plan to continue having them forever. Even while writing this letter, I find I'm hot thinking about my well-hung husband and must go jerk off until he comes home and gives me what I need.—*Name and address withheld*

"Me Tarzan—you Maryjane!"

Same time next year

I have been a reader of your magazine for many years. I've always especially enjoyed turning on to your "Forum" section. Although I have a dynamite sex life, until two days ago I never had a unique experience I felt was worth writing to you about.

I was driving my jeep pickup in the mountains after I'd picked up a load of firewood for next winter. As I drove around a bend, in front of me stood two beautiful girls, hitchhiking. Of course, I stopped and let them in. They said that they had driven up for a picnic with a couple of guys who had turned out to be real jerks after they got drunk; so they had ditched them and were heading back to town. They seemed very friendly as I sympathized with them over the bad day they were having. As we talked, I glanced over at them from time to time. They were both about 19 or 20. Jody, sitting by the

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window, was darker and cute. She was a little meaty, but her tits were huge. Kitty, sitting right next to me, was blonde. She wasn't as cute as Jody, and her tits weren't as large, but she was so sensuous. Her voice was sultry, and her nipples poked at her T-shirt.

It was a long drive to town, and I suggested that we smoke a joint to salvage their day. It was fantastic weed. We got all fucked up and developed a bad case of dry mouth. We stopped at a small country store to buy some beer and spent forever picking out what brand to buy. Once we decided what to get, Jody, who was the farthest from the agreed-upon brand, made a quick move to grab it—the beer, that is. She put her left hand on my right shoulder and reached across me to grab the beer with her right hand. This brought her luscious tit against my arm. Once she had the beer, she didn't seem to be in any hurry to move and stood there for a while, double-checking our decision. I was in seventh heaven.

After leaving the store, we drove down the road until we came to a scenic viewpoint. We parked the truck and climbed up to a huge rock to drink the beer. The view was great, and the mountains didn't look bad either. While climbing up to the rock, the girls were giggling a lot and touching me more and more as I helped them both climb to our lofty perch. We opened up the beer and leaned back as we checked out the mountains around us and the desert below. We were all pretty wasted.

I was wearing cutoff shorts and a T-shirt. I took the shirt off to get more sun. Kitty said she thought that that was a good idea—she also needed some sun. With that, she whipped off her shirt. No bra. Her tits, although small, were gorgeous: firm, well-rounded, and pointy little nipples that begged for my tongue. I had never had a threesome before and didn't figure I'd have one now. I thought that I would just get teased and frustrated as hell.

Then Jody said she didn't want to be an oddball and took off her shirt. I was shocked! She wasn't wearing a bra, either. Despite their size, her tits were very firm, with large nipples. I knew that when I beat off later on, just fantasizing about tit-fucking Jody would make my rocks explode. Now, as I thought about it, my cock began to throb.

As the breeze picked up, Jody's nipples became erect. She made a comment that they now looked like Kitty's. I said that both of them had beautiful tits that looked good enough to eat. Kitty said thanks and mentioned that her nipples were very sensitive. I felt as though my cock were going to blow my shorts off. As she eyed my crotch, Jody asked if my nipples were sensitive. Before I could answer, she was twirling her finger over my left nipple. Then Kitty did the same on my right side. I knew then I wouldn't be frustrated.

I put my arms around both girls, and, as if on cue, they both leaned over and sucked on my nipples. I just leaned back and enjoyed it. Then Jody came up and jammed her tongue down my throat. I thought to myself, "I can't wait until this talented tongue is painting my shaft." I didn't have to wait long. Kitty pulled my shorts off, and my rod sprang out. I'm not what you would call small, but on the first stroke Kitty gulped down all nine inches. I thought I would shoot my wad right then, but she backed off. Then she started stroking it with her hand on the underside while she slicked her tongue over it.

Jody stopped kissing me and tore off her shorts. She had a jet black bush, but her pussy lips stuck out, swollen with excitement. I looked down at Kitty, who was still licking my prick. Her shorts were off, too, and she was fingering herself feverishly with her free hand. Wow! Did she have an ass!

Jody was coming again and again from my finger while Kitty kept deep-throating my cock and flicking her own clit. We were a pile of sweat and moans. Then, very suddenly, Jody pulled away, straddled my face, and asked me to lick her pussy. I didn't need much encouragement. I drove my tongue up her love hole and wiggled my nose over her clit. She moaned deeply and ground her snatch into my face. Her whole body was quivering as her juices covered my face. In between moans, she gasped how exciting it was to see Kitty taking in my huge cock. With that, she jumped off and began alternating strokes with Kitty. I thought I would blow one of their heads off. I told them how much I wanted to tit-fuck Jody, and Kitty said she wanted my tongue lapping her cunt. In one quick movement Kitty straddled my face, and Jody wrapped her pleasure bags around my aching love muscle. Kitty's soft, blonde pubic hairs were drenched. Her love lips spread around my face, and I gulped her love juices down as I sucked her sweaty tits. I lasted about four strokes. A freight train roared down my back, and my joy stick exploded like never before. Both girls moaned rhythmically with each squirt of my cream, and Jody chuckled approvingly as I shot my wad over her tits, neck, and face. Kitty moaned even more as she watched Jody gobble up my come and as I lapped my tongue up and down her delicious slit.

After licking my come off her tits, Jody sucked my rod hard again. It didn't take long, because she really knew what she was doing, and the sound of Kitty moaning and squirming over my face was such a turn-on! Jody then impaled herself on my throbbing muscle. She was so hot and wet that she slid all the way down on the first stroke. Kitty said she also liked the taste of my come and licked Jody's face and neck.

Technics

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* Recommended price for Technics RS-M63, but actual price will be set by dealers.
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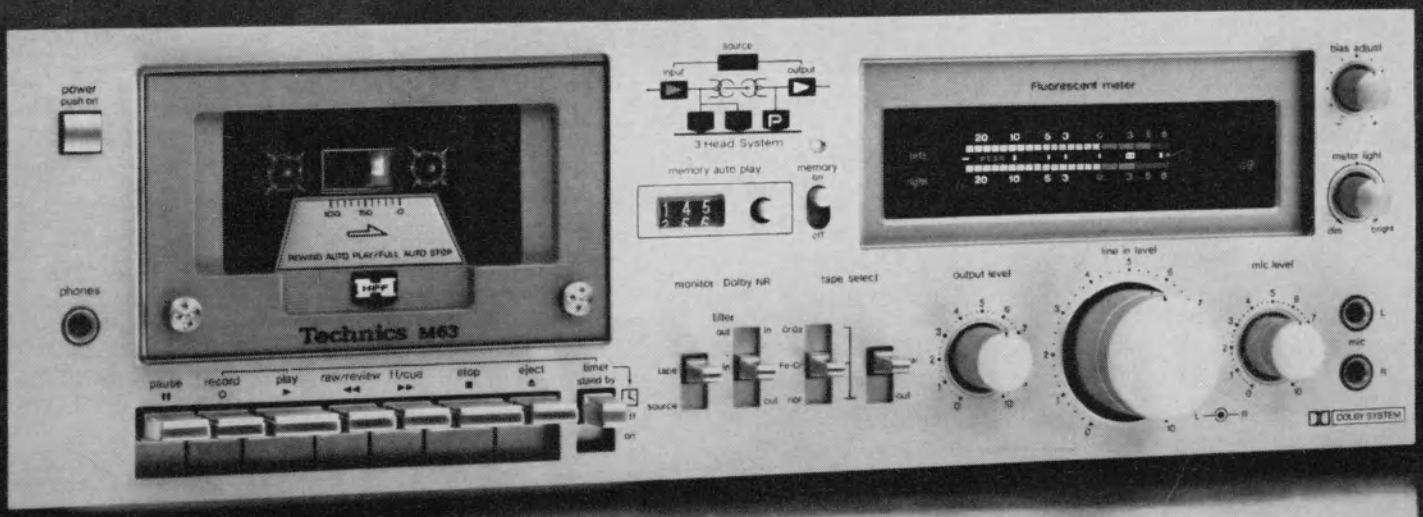

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For what seemed forever, we all rocked back and forth, up and down, in and out, with the girls kissing and fondling each other and me thrusting and licking. Then, in a crescendo of loud moans, we all came in an explosive climax.

After grinding the last bit of hardness out of my dick, the girls both rolled off, and we lay cuddled and out of breath for a while. I had fucked myself out and needed another joint. I volunteered to go back to the truck, roll one, and bring it back so that we could smoke it on our newfound love rock. On the way to the truck, I noticed how sore my body was from all the thrusting and squirming on the hard rock. Somehow, though, the soreness just didn't seem so bad.

When I finally climbed back to our lofty perch, I found the girls locked in a 69. They were squirming furiously, and the only sound besides the wind and their muffled moans was the slushing noise of their mouths and pussies together. It was a hell of a sight. I wanted to ass-fuck one of them so bad, but my cock stayed limp despite all my tugging and stroking. But after I watched them eat each other out for a while, I couldn't hold back any longer. I had to get into it. I licked a finger on each hand and simultaneously eased a finger in each one's ass hole. They both screamed in delight as I worked my two fingers in. After several orgasms, with my probing fingers jamming them, they both rolled over and collapsed.

As we smoked a joint, Kitty was still clutching her pussy because it was so buzzed. We then put on our clothes and climbed back down to the truck. Two old ladies had parked next to my truck to check out the view. They must have heard a lot, because they gave us a dirty look. In the truck, Jody said they were just pissed because it had probably been a while since they had sucked a nice, hard cock and tasted come.

On the way back to town, we talked about our experience. Kitty said she really wanted me to blow my rocks off in her mouth. So, for half the ride home, Kitty sucked on my cock while Jody fingered Kitty's pussy and smiled contentedly. It was quite a scene, driving down the road in a pickup truck while one chick bobbed up and down on my rod and the other finger-fucked her. It was crowded, too. I got—and stayed—really hard as we drove through suburbia, but I couldn't shoot my rocks off while driving. I was about to suggest pulling off onto a deserted street when Jody said their exit was coming up. I pulled over and they got out. When I asked them for their phone numbers, they said no but they said they would love to meet on our love perch the same time next year.

Today my body is so sore from the rock that suicide doesn't sound bad. However, I have an important date marked on my calendar for next year that I wouldn't miss for all the Ben-Gay in the

world. I wonder if I could carry a mattress up that cliff.—*Name and address withheld*

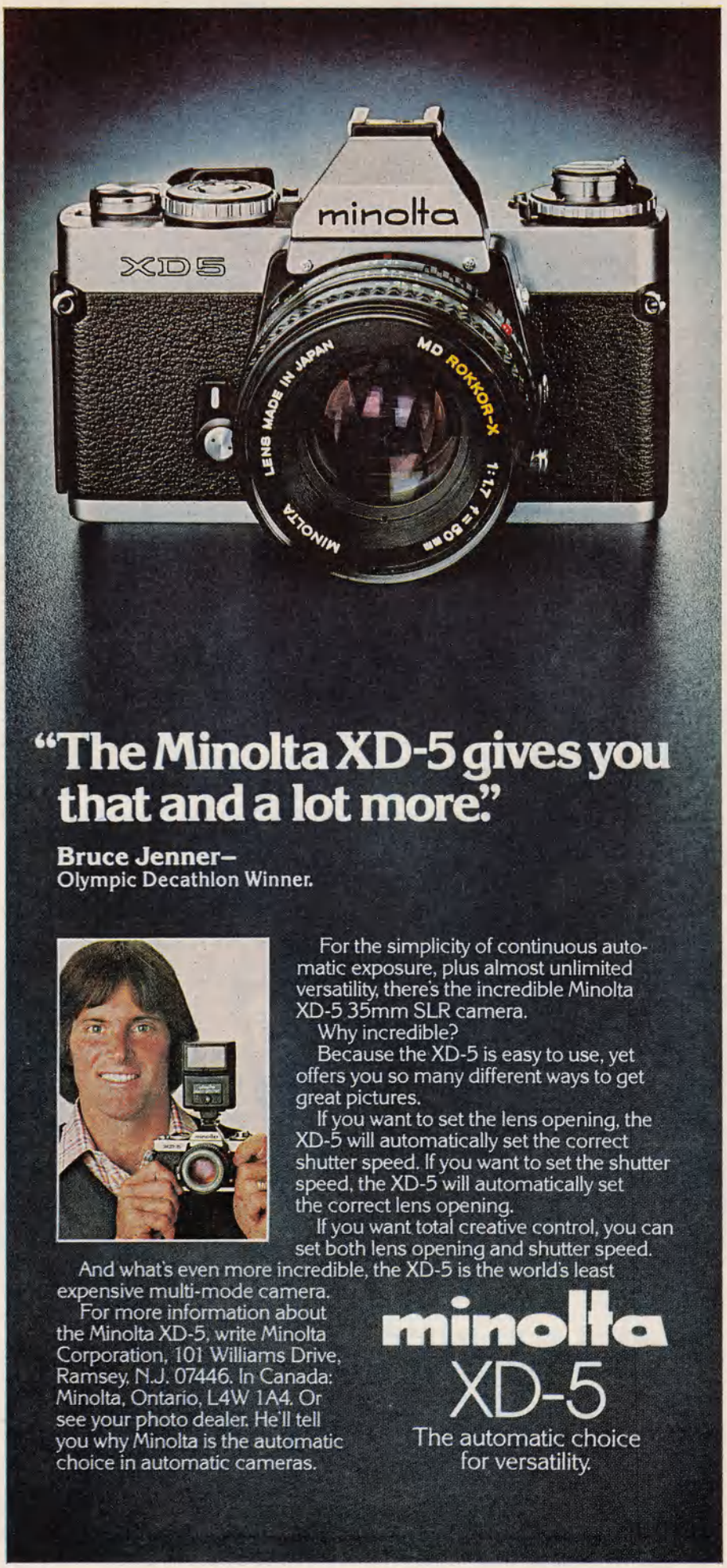
Bare essentials

I've been reading "Forum" for a while, and I would like to tell you about a recent experience I had.

One fine, sunny day, I went for a drive along the beach road. I had been driving only for about ten minutes when I came upon a sign saying "Streakers Paradise, Five Miles to the Bare Essentials." So I thought what the heck and headed out toward the camp. When I got there, the fee was ten dollars for a season; so I paid it and got my ticket. I drove into the car park and for a few minutes sat watching all the nakedness, wondering whether I should join in. Finally I stripped in the car and hopped out. I automatically went red, but it didn't pop up. I walked toward the water, moving in and out of the people. Little kids were building sand castles and other teenagers were going around in pairs, eyeing up each other. The adults just lay in the sun, trying to get tans. I felt like jumping on the foxes. When I started to get a hard-on, I ran to the water. I dove in and came up for air a few seconds later. I waded out till the water was above my waist and I felt a little more relaxed. So I started swimming parallel to the beach, and that's when it happened.

I started swimming freestyle. I wasn't too worried where I was going, and I was going fairly slow. When I brought my right arm over and I accidentally grabbed something smooth and soft, I held on gently and it stiffened a bit. I stood up instantly and found that I was holding on to a tit of the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen. I said that I was sorry, and she said not to worry. (It's not every day that I float along and grab some girl's tits.) I was still holding on to her now firm bosom. Then I let go and said again that I was sorry. She said, "Why one? How about both?" and slid down into the water, moving closer to me, her tits firm and pointing. So I reached out, took hold, and pulled her even closer. Her hands took hold of my organ and started fondling it and my balls. I soon had an erection. She said quietly in my ear that she would like me to accompany her to the sand dunes, where her things were. I told her that I had to wait until my stiff had deflated. So we swam around for a while before walking up to the beach. We reached the dunes, and she pointed to where her gear was. When we got there, she said, "Do you want to fuck?" Straight off! I hesitated a bit and answered, "Sure, why not?" We picked up her gear and walked farther into the dunes, stopping in a flat depression surrounded by a mountain of sand. I helped her spread out the double blanket she had, and we lay down on it.

The first thing we did was introduce ourselves to each other. Her name was Pam. I moved slowly till I had my legs spread around each side of her neck.



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She grabbed my cock and massaged it into an erection, and I bent over so it could enter her mouth. She started sucking and licking with her tongue. I moved slowly up and down in her mouth. With every movement I went faster, and she sucked like mad. The faster I went, the more I felt myself ready to come and soon I shot into her a hot, creamy load. She gasped and sucked, trying to gulp all she could. I hopped off her and, turning around, put my face straight into her cunt. I started licking and sucking, rolling my tongue back and forth over her clit. I speeded up, and she started moaning. She came, and her love juices ran all down her legs and beaver.

She lay back and relaxed while I cleaned her up. Even while I was busy, she grabbed my cock and balls, which were swollen with blood, and started masturbating me. I felt like coming again, and I pressed my face harder into her crotch. I came, and she let me soak her huge tits. I parted the lips of her vagina and stuck two fingers gently up the channel. She jolted a bit and said "More!" in a sexy voice. So I obliged with another two fingers. I slid them in and out, quicker and quicker. She grunted and came again. I slid my fingers out, rubbed the tasty juices over her pussy, and started kissing it tenderly. She said, "Turn around and start fucking me."

I turned and looked into her deep brown eyes. Her tawny hair was let down. I moved around, and as our lips met, she put her arms tight around me. I moved down so that my cock pressed on her cunt, probing for an opening. I laid my face on her half-dry tits and licked her nipples clean. They were hard, like rubber, and I nipped at them a couple of times. She put her hands on my blood-engulfed organ and directed it to her dark hole. Using her vaginal wall muscles, she opened up and welcomed my prick. Once again, she jolted and let out an almighty scream of joy, her hands pressing hard on my ass cheeks as she thrust upward, pushing my cock farther and farther up her cunt. I braced myself and started moving up and down while my cock was sliding in and out. I went faster and faster. She accepted all I gave. I felt like coming again, but I had hardly any come left. Amazingly, I shot into her. She screamed again, and then she came. I was moving up and down, and there was a stream of come over our legs.

I pulled my red-hot cock out and lay back to relax. She hopped on me, and we had a short rest. She then moved down to my dick and licked, fondled, and massaged it till I had an erection again. She closed her mouth over it and once again started sucking. She was a randy bitch! Putting my hands down and lifting her head off, I said that it was getting late and that I was exhausted and dry. We packed up her gear. I told her to meet me in our "orgy valley" at the same time next week, and a week later that randy bitch of a streaker was there!—*Name and address withheld*

Limb sitting

I knew it was going to be a good time when I went to see my boyfriend at school, but I never expected that it would take place at the arboretum. I had to work that morning, and all I could think about was what I was going to do to Steve's luscious body. I kept picturing him with nothing on and his beautiful cock standing erect, just waiting for my steaming cunt.

I was really getting hot driving down there because I knew that as soon as I got there I'd be able to get in his pants. As it turned out, though, we only played with each other a little bit in his room, but this got me even hotter. I could feel my clit getting wet and starting to swell every time he rubbed his full, bulging cock up against my mound.

We decided that we'd better leave and go someplace private since there were some people around. We stopped and got some Miller to quench our thirst, because Steve knows that once I have a few beers in me, I get horny as hell and can fuck all day.

We cruised over to the arboretum and sat in the car for a while, sucking them down. I figured that it was about time to do some sucking on something else and suggested we go for a walk.

We walked with our arms around each other, feeling each other's ass, and he asked me if I wanted to fuck. Of course, being the horny snatch that I am, I said, "Sure." We walked into a heavily wooded area where we couldn't be seen by anyone, although we were on a regular path. We came to a tree that had fallen across the path but was suspended about two feet from the ground, a good place to get high and fuck. We stood there, embracing and kissing each other and getting more and more ready to make love. Steve's tongue was so luscious, especially when he ran it down the side of my neck and then down to my nipples, making me tingle all over. He was massaging my tits, making my nipples grow hard, when he asked me to suck him off. Excellent! Steve never wears underwear, so it was very easy to tell that he had a terrific hard-on. I unzipped his pants and pulled out his rosy cock. Drooling at the sight of his beautiful piece of heaven, I slowly, gently, took his knob and swirled my tongue all around it, nipping at it now and then. Steve was moaning in delight and told me to take the whole thing. I took it deep in my throat and massaged his balls until I thought he was going to explode. I then pulled away and took his shaft firmly and began stroking.

By this time I was so hot that cunt juice was just flowing out of me. He told me to

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drop my pants, but I told him we'd have to go into the bushes more, in case someone came along. His only response was to unbutton my pants and pull them down. He sat me down on the suspended trunk and spread my legs and began eating and lapping up all my hot juices. He shoved his tongue in and out of me until I was starting to come. Then he took his beautiful, long finger and slammed it into me. This made me go crazy. While he was doing this, he came up and kissed me and I licked all my juices from around his mouth. When Steve gets into me, he really gets into me. I wanted his cock so bad, but I didn't really want to lie down on all the sticks and pebbles on the ground; so I stood up and bent over, and he rammed his long shaft inside me.

He moaned as he pumped me. I was so hot and juicy. His cock felt so excellent that I told him never to stop. I could feel my cunt closing in on his cock as I came. I moaned and told him how excellent it felt. He fucked me fast and hard until he shot his come way inside me. It filled me completely. When he pulled out and I turned around to suck any remaining juices out of him, the hot fluid streamed down my leg.

We got ourselves arranged, and he told me what a good fuck it had been. Later that night Steve and I had another good fuck, but this time we invited one of our best friends, my vibrator. Who says that diamonds are a girl's best friend?
—Name and address withheld

Manufacturer's hand-over

I am a 34-year-old married man and work as a plant manager for a small manufacturing company. Because of a plant remodeling job, I recently had to move from my regular desk into my boss's office in our administrative wing. That's where my story starts.

Three of the four women working in our office are quite attractive. Sharon, the youngest at 19, is a chunky little brunette. Maureen is about 23, with curly blonde hair. She's about five feet eight and slender. Jackie must be in her late thirties or early forties, because she has a son in the army. Even so, her figure and complexion make her look much younger.

Hardly a day goes by when one of these three isn't displaying a nice cleavage or wearing a skirt or slacks that really shows off her ass. Having these three around all the time was really distracting. I had an almost constant hard-on when I thought about their jiggling tits and firm asses. I had even jokingly told them how they distracted me. This went on for about a week until my boss went on vacation.

Two days later things got really interesting. Maureen came to work wearing a maroon maxi-skirt that buttoned all the way down the front and back. She had the buttons undone from about the knees down, so that when she stood still her legs were completely hidden, but when she walked, her well-formed calves were clearly visible. Maureen had worn short skirts in the past that had shown much more of her legs, but this peekaboo thing really turned me on.

Her blouse only made matters worse. It was cut slightly low, displaying the tops of her creamy-skinned tits nicely as she sat at her typewriter. It was also quite snug, so much so that the fabric tugged at the two top buttons and puckered out, allowing me to see through the gap between them to the lacy bra that cupped her breasts.

It seemed that I had more opportunities than usual to ogle Maureen that day. I began to wonder if she was intentionally giving me a show but dismissed the idea as wishful thinking. Then, during the middle of the afternoon, she brought in some letters she was typing for me, saying she couldn't decipher my handwriting.

Maureen closed the door to my boss's office when she came in. She brought the letters over to my desk and stood next to the chair where I sat to show me where she was having trouble. Her hip pressed lightly against my shoulder as she leaned over the desk, and I could see a firm tit through the puckered material of her blouse. Her exotic perfume added to the overall effect, giving me an aching hard-on. Trying to find out if all this temptation was intentional, I rubbed my shoulder against her hip. I figured if she was unaware of the contact, this would cue her and she could gracefully withdraw. She didn't move.

My mind scrambled for a way to take advantage of the situation. I've never been much of a ladies' man and didn't want to blow the whole deal by grabbing her ass and yelling "Fuck me!" or something equally crude. But figuring it was now or never, I asked her if she knew what she was doing to me. Smiling down at the bulge in my pants, she replied that she did indeed and asked what I was going to do about it.

I reached down through the split in the front of her skirt to grasp a firm calf and told her that I'd think of something. Gradually unbuttoning the front of her skirt with my right hand, I worked my left hand up over her knee. My massaging fingers must have had an effect on her because she began to moan softly. As I reached the middle of her satiny thigh, I was delighted to discover that she was wearing stockings instead of today's all-too-common panty hose! Noticing my surprise, she murmured that she had worn them in hopes of this encounter. She added that I wouldn't find any panties blocking my way either.

Her revelation added to my arousal as I continued unbuttoning her maroon skirt until only the top two buttons held it in place. My hands eased up the front and back of the nearer of her slightly spread

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legs until my fingertips reached the crack of her ass and her fuzzy bush. Palming her round bottom with one hand, I teased her golden pussy curls with the other. She inhaled sharply and leaned her weight against me as I slid my index finger into her hot snatch. Turning her toward me and removing my probing finger, I ran my hands around her hips and cupped her high ass cheeks. This held the front of her skirt open like a parted stage curtain, with Maureen's perfumed pussy in the spotlight.

I tried to lick her luscious cunt from where I sat in my chair, but I couldn't bend my neck enough to reach it. Pushing the chair out of the way, I dropped to my knees on the rug and started to eat her out. To give myself a better shot at her steamy snatch, I opened the bottom drawer of my desk and put Maureen's high-heeled foot on it. Then I really went at it, licking her parted pussy lips greedily. While I lapped at her juicy cunt, she urged me on, directing my attack with an excited whisper. When I began to nibble at her clit, she ran her fingers through my hair and groaned. As she came, she ground her blonde muff against my face while holding my head in her hands.

It was only after she had recovered from her climax that Maureen went over and locked the door. I don't know if she didn't mind someone catching me going down on her but not her doing me, or what. Maybe things just happened more quickly than she had planned. She came back to me and asked me to sit on the chair. Kneeling in front of me, she undid my zipper and pulled out my cock. She almost broke it in two getting it out of my jockey shorts, because it was so hard.

I'd guess my erection is about six and a half inches or so, depending on how excited I am. It must have been big enough for Maureen, though, because she didn't seem disappointed sucking on it. It was a real trip for me to watch her lick and suck on my pole while looking me right in the eye. Her eyes are maybe the sexiest things about her—they're pale green and deeper than the waters of dreams.

After giving me inspired head for a few minutes, she apologetically informed me that I couldn't come in her mouth, because she lets only her husband do that. But when she stood up and showed me her "alternative," I wasn't too disappointed! Holding her parted skirt back, she straddled my lap and guided my cock into her pussy. Her cunt was really juicy from all the licking I had done and my saliva-covered tool slid right in. Once or twice I had to make her stop her energetic humping to keep from coming right away. As it was, I shot my wad in about five minutes anyway.

After I came, Maureen stayed on my lap, with my shriveled organ still in her. She kissed me, saying she could smell her own love juices in my mustache. Her licking it made me start to get hard again. I wanted a second, more leisurely fuck, but she said that she'd already been away from her desk for too long and should be getting back. As she stood up, I could see my semen oozing from her dripping pussy down the inside of her thighs toward her stocking tops.

At her persistent urging, I again buried my face between her slippery thighs. She sat perched on the edge of my desk as I licked my own salty goo from her gaping hole. This second bout of cunnilingus seemed to excite her more than the first. She kept making obscene comments and smearing her wet cunt over my face until she came, which took only about two minutes. By then I was hard again, and she jacked me off quickly so that I could "fit back" into my shorts. Then she buttoned her skirt and left. She stopped at the door long enough to smile back at me and tell me to be sure and wash my face and gargle before going home so that my wife wouldn't smell strange pussy on my breath!

My boss returned from vacation the next day, and a week later I moved back to my desk in the plant. But now, when I go into the office, I feel as if I'm getting speculative looks from Sharon and Jackie. I keep wondering if Maureen told them about our fun and if I'll ever get another

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try at one of these three lovely ladies!—*Name and address withheld*

The art of learning

When I was 18, I learned the secret of controlling men from my aunt. I was staying at her house for two weeks during high-school vacation when I came home from a date in a bad mood. I can't even remember precisely why I was in a bad mood, except that it was something I wanted and my date wouldn't cooperate with me.

My aunt and I talked for a long while that evening, and she told me that the way to get a man to do what you want is, as most women sooner or later find out, through sex. Not the conventional stuff you see in movies or read in magazines, but very specifically through a hard prick. When you keep a man hard and horny, he becomes putty in your hand. Naturally, in any longer-term relationship, she said, you've got to let your man have relief, but not very often, and only at the right time.

I was skeptical at first, but she insisted that it works, and not simply with "mousy" men, as I supposed, but with all men, particularly the so-called macho ones. When I remained skeptical, she said that if I kept it a complete secret, she'd give me a live demonstration.

She explained that she had controlled both of her husbands in this manner but enjoyed divorced life better since she could have more variety. Well, the next day she invited one of her boyfriends over for dinner. That evening a delicious-looking guy (about 32 years old) arrived, and she introduced him to me. He was quite friendly. I had a nice figure even then, and I tried to dress sexy that night.

Well, after dinner we were all loose and in a good mood. (They had drunk quite a bit, and they let me drink a little, too.) My aunt put some music on, turned the lights down low, and started kissing her boyfriend. At first, he kissed her back but then tried to back away since he felt uncomfortable with me sitting in the room. He tried to hint to my aunt that maybe I should leave. Well, my aunt then said, "Okay, let's just dance." She wanted to show me what a great dancer he was. So he agreed, and after a while the dancing got sexy, and I noticed that his pants had a huge bulge.

Then she started to rub his penis with the flat of her hand. By now he didn't object but pressed his body more and more into her hand and moaned a lot and kissed her on the neck. Then she pulled back slightly, and when he tried to renew contact, she said: "You know, Bill, I want you to do a strip for us." He objected, referring to my being there, but I watched carefully how she began applying very gentle and subtle pressure on his groin until he was hard again. And then she relaxed. Well, soon he was in desperate shape, and I saw that my aunt was right: he would agree to anything. To make a long story short, that night I saw my first completely naked man (he was well built), had my first exposure to cunnilingus and analingus, and was shown all the different ways to stimulate, tease, and eventually jerk off a man.

Later on that week my aunt explained additional ways I could apply the techniques she had taught me. I wasted no time in trying to put them in practice. The first guy I tried it with was my older brother—he was 19 at the time. At first he didn't know what had hit me—why I was paying so much attention to him, being his friend, talking about sex. Eventually I made my first move. First, he thought he was the luckiest guy in the world and never even realized how within a few weeks I had him in the palm of my hand. I could get him to do just about whatever favors I wanted (e.g., clean my room, give me baths, take me along surfing, or what have you). In the evenings when our parents were out, I'd have him lick me—back and front—for hours. All he'd get was one come just before I was ready to go to sleep. And this was always by hand—sometimes his own while I watched or played with his balls. He'd beg me to blow him or even to screw him, and I never said no but just kept putting him off. As I said before, he thought

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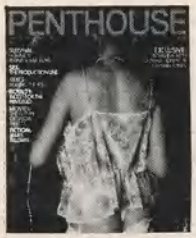

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Fighting inflation

Congratulations on the article "How to Beat Inflation" by Gene Marine (December 1979), which calls for a major move toward clean, renewable solar energy. Certainly we need to make every effort to collect abundant energy from the sun to reduce our fuel bills and fight inflation. However, I should like to suggest that our best long-term bet would be to gather solar energy from outer space.

Remarkable advances have been made and are continuing to be made in the field of solar energy—especially in the development of the solar photovoltaic cell. According to one Department of Energy estimate, a new method of storing energy with the use of the photovoltaic cell could supply 90 percent of the homeowners' needs in ten years' time at costs comparable to those of current sources. However, even such a promising source of renewable solar energy as the photovoltaic cell may have drawbacks. Researchers at the Brookhaven National Laboratory have been commissioned by the Department of Energy to study the potentially hazardous compounds used in the production of photovoltaic cells, such as cadmium, arsenic, gallium, and indium. So even one very promising source of clean, renewable solar energy may not turn out to be entirely free of a waste-disposal problem.

However, we do have an alternative. Why not produce photovoltaic cells in laboratories stationed in orbits around our planet? Toxic chemicals could be expelled in the vastness of outer space with very little concern for the "environment."

Given some of the projected shortages that we are facing in energy and other basic industrial resources, it could be that a growing majority of responsible Americans will be turning to the study of space science, space exploration, and space industrialization for solutions. Did you know that Sen. Howard Baker of Tennessee can be quoted as follows? "I strongly favor an expansion of our nation's efforts in this area to maintain leadership in space science and technology. The federal government had let the space program slide during the 1970s, and it is time to set new, revitalized policy goals." Furthermore, Senator Baker has cosponsored legislation S.212, which, according to the senator, "proposes the establishment of a comprehensive national-civilian space and aeronautics policy that will provide the framework for a world information system, earth orbital facilities, exploration of the solar system, and the development of other space and aeronautical activities."

Indeed, we definitely need to collect solar energy to fight inflation. But let us collect this solar energy from outer space . . . an area where we can continue to grow, develop, and expand. Support space industrial science and technology. Write your congressman and help beat inflation.—*Paul Justus, Mission, Kans.*

American sleaze

Craig S. Karpel's article "The Sleazing of America" (December 1979) was outstanding. I was beginning to seriously wonder when someone would initiate an attack on the sleaze that exists in this country. I hope this article is a dramatic start and that those who read it will start noticing and take some positive action on this issue. Something must be done, or before we know it, we won't be able to travel an inch without bumping into a billboard.

Keep up the good work, and please commend Mr. Karpel for this thought-provoking article.—*Joseph Romoser III, Ft. Lee A.F.S., Va.*

As an architecture student, I am naturally concerned with the impact of the constructed environment on people. So Craig Karpel's article "The Sleazing of America" held a special interest for me. It seems that the American people have been so blatantly attacked by the ugliness they confront on the way to their corner drugstores that they have become oblivious of it. I hope that with national exposure in magazines such as *Penthouse* and with excellent writers like Karpel, they will venture to open their eyes and realize how insulting the "sleaze" really is.

However, I feel that Mr. Karpel launched an unwarranted attack on the entire profession of architecture. He seems to have the notion that a building's design results from a personal whim on the part of the architect—a vision that comes to him when he is stoned. That is not true!

The final product of the design process, the building itself, is a response. It is a response to the client's needs, the building type, economics, spatial requirements, restrictions of the site, and numerous variables that the architect has no control over but greatly dictate the outcome of the design. An architect's duty is to accept this huge amount of input and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

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CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

This may be my only chance to contact the woman of my dreams. I don't know her name or where she lives, but she's such a fox that she must read your column.

My wife, Elaine, and I went to the Renaissance Fair for the first time this year, and we really enjoyed the whole thing—but especially one female there. When I first saw her, she was running away from me through the crowd, wearing a skimpy black leotard and tights. But I caught only a glimpse of her back as she darted away. I followed her but lost her in all the people. I must have spent an hour searching before I found her again. I was anxious to view her front and face after seeing her shapely back.

When I finally saw her again, I was stunned. Not only did she have a beautiful body like a dancer's, but she was also wearing white mime makeup! More intrigued than ever, I followed her around the rest of the day. Xaviera, this woman had a walk that would put a $200 hooker to shame! She projected total sexuality in every move, which wasn't unnoticed by others at the fair. Wherever she went, lustful eyes followed her, and a lot of men were sweating from more than the heat. This beauty caused instant erections.

I never got up the nerve to talk to her that day, but I decided to come back every day of the fair in the hope that I would see her again.

My dedication paid off, because two weeks later she was there again, wearing an even skimpier leotard with a deep "V" in the front and a low back. She was so sexy I had to show her to my wife (who is bisexual). When Elaine saw this beautiful babe, her eyes lit up, her nipples hardened, and her face took on a longing, hungry look. She was as turned on as I was. That night we made love for hours as we whispered our fantasies about this mystery woman joining us.

We went back the next day (the last day of the fair) with our hopes high. And she was there! We had been wandering around for most of the morning when Elaine squeezed my hand. I turned around and almost fell over. There she was, posing for a group of photographers who had horny gleams in their eyes. She ran through a series of seductive poses, smiling and blowing kisses to her admirers. And her costume! The front had a slit down to her navel, the back went down to the shadow of her ass crack, and the legs were cut up to her waist! I just stared and drooled.

I never did get the courage to go up and kiss her, even though there's a rule at the fair that "a kiss is payable on demand." Plenty of others did, though. If this woman had had any contagious disease, she must have started an epidemic. Every few minutes some young man would come up and demand a kiss. At one point there was actually a line waiting to pucker up.

As I followed and stared in a fever of passion, I pictured what could happen . . .

My wife and I ask her to pose with me for pictures. As Elaine snaps the photos, I pose with my arms around our potential sex partner, then kiss her hand, and finally give her a tongue-thrashing French kiss that leaves my knees weak. After my wife has shot a roll of film, I give our mime friend my card and suggest that she give me a call if she wants any professional photos taken (I own a studio, where Elaine assists). Surprisingly, she replies that she does need some shots for a portfolio since she is an aspiring model. Elaine quickly invites her to come with

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OPENS FEBRUARY AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

us to the studio, if she doesn't mind leaving the fair early. With a shy smile she agrees, and we drive her to the studio. All the way home, Elaine is shooting me teasing looks and secretly stroking my erection.

When we get to the studio, our foxy friend says she wants to freshen up and remove her makeup for the photos. Elaine and I insist that she keep it on for a few more pics. (To tell the truth, the fact that her face was disguised while so much of her body was exposed was a fantastic turn-on.) So the mime pulls out a tube of white makeup and begins to touch up her face. I go about setting up my equipment, making sure I can set everything up to record what I hope will happen. I have Elaine set the lovely lady into a variety of poses that show her body at its best.

Elaine suggests a costume change to give a good sampling for the portfolio. She pulls out a number of outfits we keep on hand for our subjects. After some encouragement from my wife, our mime dons black stockings, a garter belt, dress, and over-the-elbow gloves. I become increasingly excited as Elaine guides her through positions that show more and more of her legs. Then, as Elaine is positioning the lady into a very revealing pose, my wife slips her hands under the dress and drops to her knees, lifting the skirt and burying her face into a completely bald pussy! I am going wild with excitement watching. I hurriedly strip off my clothes and begin beating off as Elaine lowers the lady to the floor and then, with an evil smile, grabs the tube of white makeup and spreads it on the pussy lips in front of her. Small gasps of pleasure escape from our friend as Elaine pulls the dress off and sheds her own clothes.

I can't stand it any longer and push Elaine aside, keeping the cameras going with my remote attachment. I sink my cock into the steamy hole in front of me. When I look up, my wonderful wife is lowering her pussy into a writhing white face and leaning back to pinch and twist the mime's nipples. With a few long strokes, I come explosively, and through my ringing ears I can hear moans from my two partners.

So, gorgeous, mysterious mime, make our dreams come true. Elaine and I will be at next year's fair, waiting to devote ourselves to your pleasure. You'll know who we are . . . —Guess Who

It is refreshing to read about a fantasy other than the kind dealing with ladies in high spiked heels or chicks with big boobs and bold pussies. The playground is as wide as your imagination.

SLICK STOCKINGS

Lingerie and hosiery saved my sexual relationship with my husband.

I am a 36-year-old woman who has been married to the same man for seven years. My husband is 35. Neither one of us is a "swinger." Both of us are healthy, adjusted individuals. My husband owns his own business and is doing very well. We are both college graduates. We are not the "beautiful people" type, but both of us are physically attractive.

About three years ago, our sex life went into a slump. My husband was working very hard to build his business, and I suppose I felt a little neglected. Neither one of us took the bull by the horns and tried to discuss our eroding marriage. We were headed for the marital rocks, but somehow neither one of us wanted to end the marriage. Our sexual apathy was killing the whole thing.

One Saturday afternoon during the summer, I came home earlier than my husband had anticipated. To my horror, when I glanced through the side window, I saw my husband sitting on a chair by the swimming pool, masturbating. He was reading Penthouse *as he masturbated. I went upstairs because I didn't want a humiliating scene. I said nothing about the incident to him.*

On Monday, after he left for the plant, I searched high and low until I found the magazine he was reading by the pool. I looked through it and discovered one of your pictorial spreads of a very pretty

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young girl who bore a slight resemblance to me. The girl was scantily clad in a very short, sexy mini-dress with black garter belt, very sheer black nylons, and spiked shoes. She posed with her sheer panties down around her thighs, displaying her buttocks. There were numerous shots of her touching her nylons and squirming about. Her lingerie caught my eye.

I kept thinking about that girl. For several days, I was rather cool to my husband because I was still hurt and humiliated. But that girl's attire kept coming back to me.

I was shaken up when I went into a little specialty shop and bought the sexiest garter belt they had and the sheerest nylons I could buy—smoky black, of course. I had an outdated black-crêpe sheath dress at home, and I cut its hem to mini length. The next day I bought a pair of the highest heeled shoes I could find. Listen, I was scared to death. A rejection by him would have ended the marriage. If he had laughed at me or ridiculed me, I would have walked out.

Several evenings later, trembling and with my heart pounding, I came down the stairs. He was in the bar, making a drink, when I walked into the den. He just stood there, frozen, looking at me. I simply said, "If you like to look at girls in stockings in magazines, how about looking at the real thing on your wife?"

Not even on our honeymoon did I have such a hungry, passionate, and satisfying lover. My God! I was overwhelmed. After hours of incredible lovemaking, he asked me to keep the garter belt and stockings on all night. I remember dozing off in bed with him touching and feeling my thighs and garters. Three times during that night he woke me up for sex. I was exhausted the next morning. I awoke about ten, and he was long gone to the plant.

Since that night, I have gladly worn garter belts, corsets, crotchless panties, mini outfits, half-slips, boots, and high heels to please my husband, and I love it. The lingerie opened a whole new relationship of sexual satisfaction for both of us. He has stimulated me with brisk spankings (something I had thought was just for perverts), he has excited me with anal intercourse, and he has even introduced me to mild bondage. No, we will never get into the rubber and restraining scene—that's too heavy for us. But we have found sensuality together. Maybe I'm a bit old-fashioned, but pleasing my husband has given me constant sensual pleasure, and we have become man and wife again.—H. B.

You see, with some help from *Penthouse* and your imagination, you can become a sex symbol to your own husband. Of course, when dressing up as you did, don't forget small details like hair, makeup, shoes, red nail polish, and hot lipstick to make the scene complete. Also, if a woman has a great set of tits, she ought to get herself a half-cup brassiere or a bra with the nipple area exposed. If great legs are your major asset, get a beautiful black skirt with a split up the ass. Trim your pubic hair to resemble a triangle or a heart shape. Then get yourself some crotchless panties with red frills.

Last month I attended an orgy in Paris. The men and women were mostly in their mid-thirties. I was particularly turned on by some of the more elegantly dressed ladies. Men were dropping celery sticks between some of the women's tits, which were propped up by their tight-fitting dresses. I managed to pour some champagne over the belly button of my next-door neighbor, who was sprawled out on the floor between my legs. Every woman in the place wore high-heeled open shoes and nylon stockings. Even during lovemaking, the men were occasionally getting a heel in their backs. Between the screams of pleasure, we all had a hell of a lot of fun!

UNNATURAL CRAVINGS

Meeting men has become too predictable lately, but for now I'm too "tied down" to make the situation more exciting. Being the mother of a child is meaningful, and even a gadabout Gemini like me can put all else aside when it comes to maternal duties.

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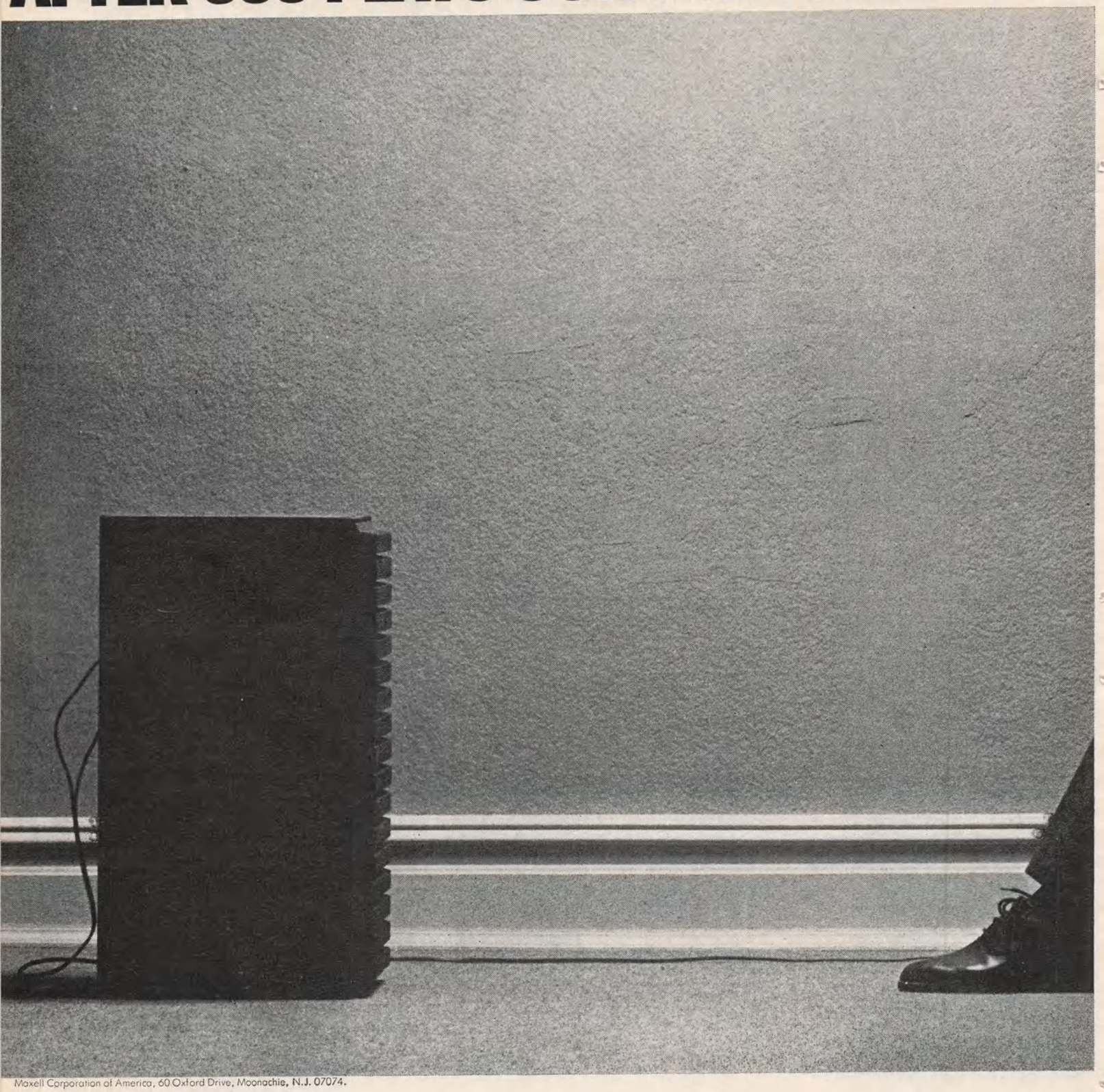

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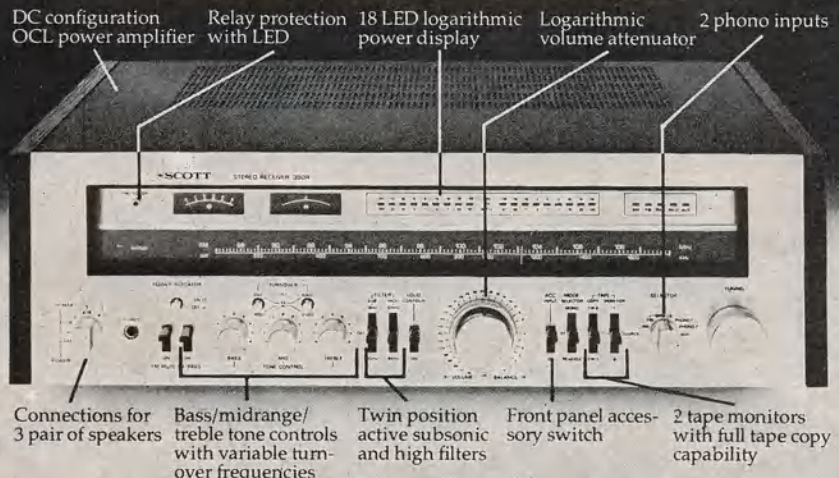
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For three years my son and I have been without a man in our lives. It must have been my rough childhood that infused a lot of tenacity in me. Whatever happened, I'm glad to be me. Except at those lonely times—that's when I'd rather be a rock. Getting into sex at a tender young age and having a guy around most of the time became habitual. I never used to fantasize or care about any guys other than the one I was involved with.

But now, at 24, I'm sick of the chase. I'm starting to feel like the town whore because I have had quite a number of flings, most of which were good if not better, but they were not what I'm looking for. Several months ago I pulled the reins on my roving eyes, and now I just stay home. The past weeks have been a terrible strain. The emptiness that throbs between my legs, where I yearn to be filled, is not the worst of it. At the park, the market, and on the streets, the foxy men are really doin' it to me. Strong, warm bodies that I just want to get my hands on. But if they turn my way, I turn away. The fantasies that I have while listening to sexy voices on the radio get so intense that I come without the slightest prompting (or penetration). Thank goodness I don't have a television! Well, what began as a short retirement and discipline measure has become a mess of confusion and conflict for me.

I'd like to think I can get used to not having a man to turn to, at least until I get a good enough job to pay for a baby-sitter so I can get out of this area and meet someone from a different city. I live in California, but I haven't ventured out of my own area in the last three years.

The point is, I'm dying to fuck, but I am not independent enough to be choosy. It's not that I want to settle down. Someone to just get along with isn't too much to hope for, is it? But then I'm tired of just hoping. Everyone seems to take much more than they give. A fox like me shouldn't have to put up with that!

Well, my heart is lonely and my cunt is starved! I need some flesh, but it has to be warm, considerate flesh. Will I just have to learn to do without?—R. J.

You may well have overdone it. Maybe a temporary period of rest and reflection, and even loneliness, will do you no harm. After all, there is still your son to occupy part of your time. By the way, is there nothing else in your life but sex? Music, art, literature? Have you considered joining any kind of club to participate in any of their social and/or sporting events? There's nothing inherently wrong with men—just with the caliber you've been running around with. Try making friends first before you jump in the sack. You seem terribly depressed right now. More than a good lay, you need a good friend to talk your problems through.

MAID TO ORDER

I am a 27-year-old woman with an unusu-

al fantasy: I often dream of being a wealthy, well-manicured lady who has a personal maid.

I believe I developed this fantasy as a child. I loved watching old movies where the star actress always seemed to have a maid fluttering about her. I'll never forget young Scarlett imploring Mammy to "lace me tighter." I still get a tingle when a salesgirl helps me in a dress shop. Have you ever heard of this type of fantasy turning a woman on sexually?

I imagine myself as being extremely demeaning with my maid. She addresses me as "Madame." She has to serve me breakfast in bed, dry me off, do my hair and nails, dress and undress me, give me a massage, and constantly pamper me. I do not lift a finger to help myself in these chores. I think of myself not as an invalid but rather as a spoiled lady who is accustomed to such service. On warm days I have my maid lay out dozens of my bikinis and short-shorts so I can decide what to wear. I try all of them on, and she has to do all the work. Unless I am giving her orders, I rarely talk to her. She likes being subservient to me. If she does anything wrong, I condescendingly tell her that I am "amazed" by her inefficiency. This entire scenario sexually excites me very much.

The reason I am writing you is that I have an incredible opportunity to realize at least part of this fantasy. Because my husband and I are doing well financially, I recently hired a part-time maid named Carolyn, who is a charming and polite middle-aged woman. She was once in service to several wealthy European families. I've set it up so that Carolyn comes on my days off when my husband is not home. Lately, I've noticed that she cannot seem to keep her hands off me. She is always adjusting my dress or smoothing out my hair. I hardly mind. I hired her through one of my best girl friends, who has employed Carolyn for several years. When I told my friend how impressed I was with Carolyn, she said, "Carolyn is just amazing. She can't do enough for me. She even wants to help me dress and undress. She practically wants to be a personal maid. I think she could be gay, or maybe she just gets a charge out of serving young women."

Since I've hired Carolyn mostly to do light cleaning, I am hesitant to broach this subject with her. Can you offer me any suggestions? Naturally, I would pay her extra money to perform personal-maid duties. However, I really do not know where to start or how far I should carry out my fantasies with her.—D. H. J.

You're already halfway there, so why not see how far your maid is willing to go? Keep it exciting and intriguing, but don't rush her into any exhausting demands. Good help is hard to find these days.

Let your own imagination work—don't rely on my or anybody else's advice. Maybe you ought to read *The Story of O*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

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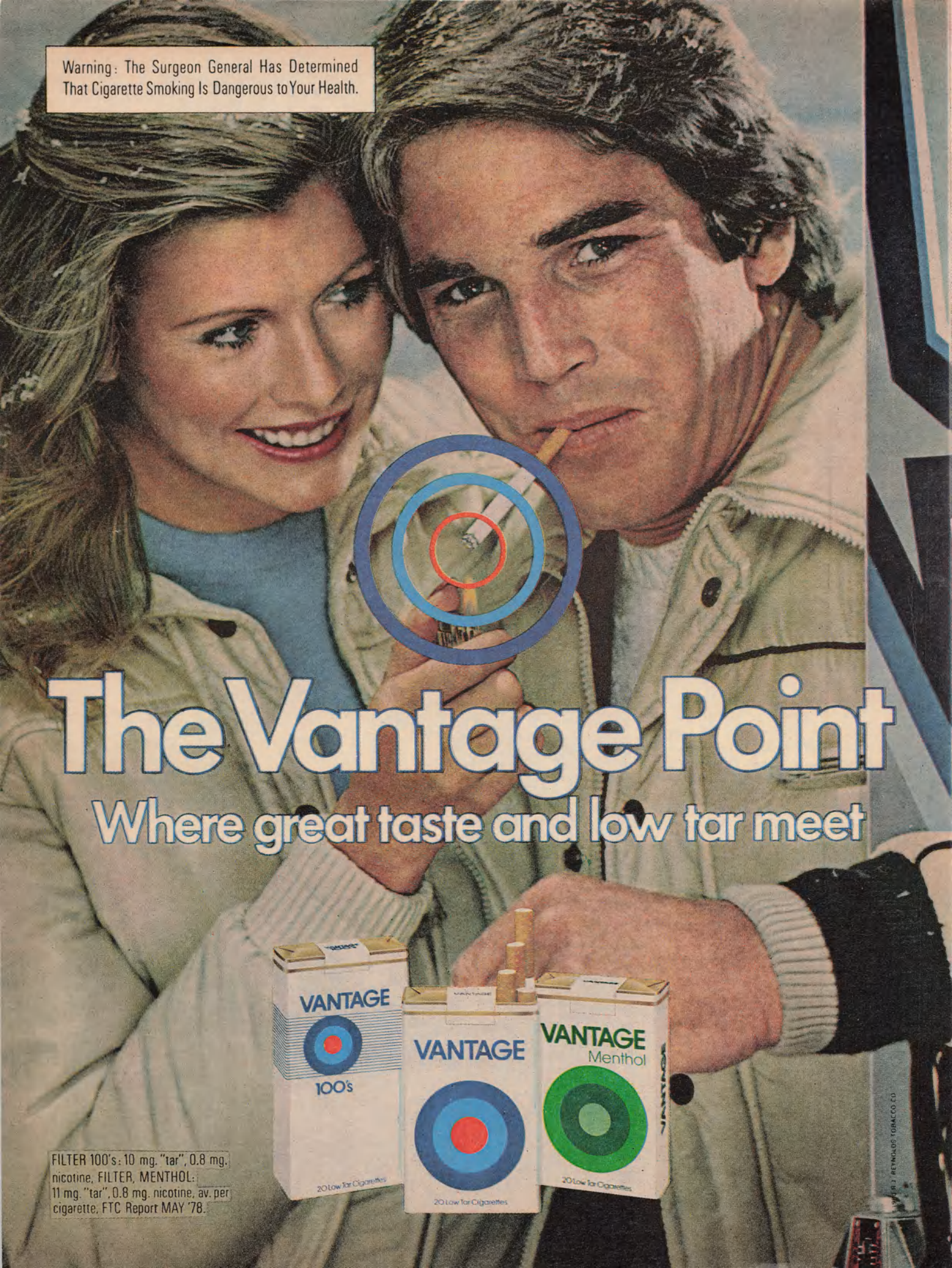
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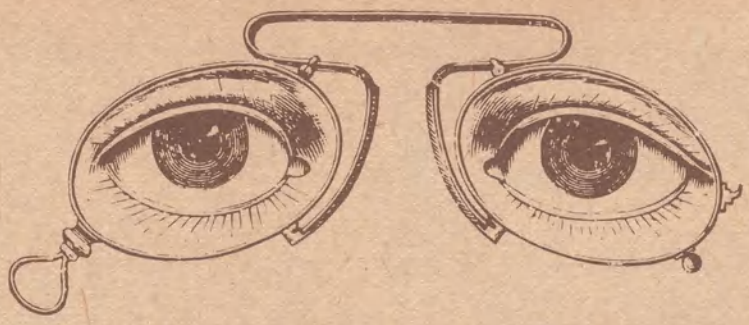


VIEW FROM THE TOP

BRING BACK THE SIXTIES

BY MARJORIE ROSEN

Once upon a time it was only Proust who remembered things past. Now everybody does.—Anonymous, a nostalgia buff.

Some love affairs should have been one-night stands. Sadly, the one we've been carrying on with the 1950s lasted an entire decade. During the stagnant seventies we've canonized Howdy Doody and Sandra Dee. We've danced to fifties tunes and watched fifties-type television shows (*Happy Days*, *Laverne and Shirley*). And, judging by our blind and jolly vision of that wonderful period, it's as though McCarthy, the Rosenbergs, and the Cold War never existed. In fact, from the way we've been telling and seeing it here in the seventies, the fifties were definitely the good old days. And maybe that's because the seventies really did replay the fifties in many ways; indeed, the two decades were equally vacant and displayed a similar lack of commitment and political thrust. It may be that when people put their caftans and Courrèges boots in mothballs, they packed their brains away as well.

So, for those of you overdosing on fifties nostalgia, convinced that if you hear one more reprise of *Grease* you're apt to cry into your crinoline, I have good news: *on the eve of the eighties, the fifties are out; the sixties are in.* Very simply and nonnumerically, the world seems to be developing a new nostalgic crush and even welcoming a new age of social responsibility that accurately mirrors the sixties. Once again we have fervent and antinuke demonstrations reminiscent of those in the early sixties, except that now our concerns are focused on industrial waste and radiation rather than on the bomb itself. Once again we have gay riots, with last year's demonstrations in San Francisco similar to those marking the genesis of the gay rights movement in the latter 1960s. In fact, only the students, who were such a powerful voice ten years ago, have not yet been heard from; but as we segue into the eighties, surely they will be.

Let's not forget Ted Kennedy, either. Should Teddy make it through the 1980 election victorious, nostalgia will indeed be alive and living in the White House.

So air out your tie-dye T-shirts and miniskirts. That stylish, styleless decade is making a comeback. That era of tragedy, optimism, and involvement, with events running the gamut from the Kennedys to King, from sit-ins, Vietnam, and minority power to flower children, is enjoying a new scrutiny. And just as we look back on only the divine qualities of yesteryear's lovers, neglecting the fact that they may have been rats or fools, so, too, does it seem that we will be kind to the sixties and just as myopic as we were toward the fifties. For isn't that what nostalgia is all about?

Why nostalgia at all? you may ask. Nostalgia, it seems, is about two things. It's about rewriting history and righting memories. It's also about human nature rearing its discontented little head. We all know the grass is always greener elsewhere. Every generation has pined away for the past. In the fifties we romanced the twenties, relearning the Charleston, hearing Dixieland anew, and rediscovering such writers as Hemingway and Fitzgerald. In the sixties we courted the notions of Edwardian elegance and pioneer simplicity. By resurrecting the past, we are always able to improve it; that is, to revive it in memory not as it was but as we would have it be.

Currently, the fashion business is feeling pangs of nostalgia.

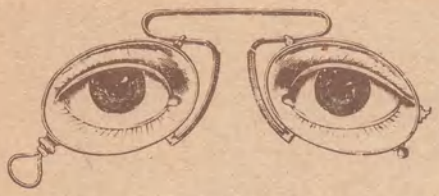
Soon we may even be able to wear the sixties, for such trend-setting Parisian designers as Kenzo and Sonia Rykiel have in recent fashion shows resurrected that decade's most revolutionary, and revolting, style, the miniskirt.

Another intriguing, if somewhat contradictory, development is the return of the maillot, or one-piece swimsuit, so popular in the early sixties. Last summer, for the first time in almost a decade, bikini sales decreased. New, lightweight fabrics allow maillots to conform to the body in an even sexier and more suggestive way than bikinis, leaving more for the imagination to embellish and less for reality to temper. (Note Bo Derek in *10*.)

But you needn't depend on fashion to get a handle on sixties memories. Witness our current crop of movies, among which I carefully call attention to, yet exclude from the status of "nostalgia," those films dealing with the Vietnam experience—*The Deer Hunter*, *Coming Home*, and *Apocalypse Now*. More to the point, *Animal House* pokes fun at the early-sixties frat sensibility. *The Rose*, starring Bette Midler, is a film loosely borrowing from the life of the late, great Janis Joplin. And most nostalgic of all is Milos Forman's *Hair*, based on the innovative Broadway smash of the mid-sixties, which acts as an introduction to a decade for kids who can't believe Paul McCartney had a past prior to Wings.

James Cherry

I shall be happy to offer one last bit of indisputable evidence that we are on the verge of wallowing in sixties nostalgia—television. The sixties have already provided big ratings through such miniseries as



"Loose Change," based on Sara Davidson's autobiographical recounting of her Berkeley days. There have also been specials, such as "The Missiles of October," and profiles, such as "King." And last season ABC resurrected "Return to Gilligan's Island." The first time out, this stuff helped to anesthetize a generation in turmoil; now it will send audiences right into a nostalgic stupor, numbing yet another generation too complacent to fuss but *not* complacent enough to buy the notion that "now" is the best time and place to be.

What's also striking is that "now" and "then" are, in this case, almost the same thing. From the way the media vacuum up and then recycle trends, it often seems that the sixties hardly qualify as the past at all, that they sometimes—correctly—seem like only yesterday. Which is why it's worthwhile to note in passing just how closely, in this age of media appetites, nostalgia seems to be nibbling at the heels of the present, just how quickly current events become history, so that someday—perhaps even as you read this—the nostalgic past and the dissatisfying present will meet, joining forces in some incredibly ludicrous and depressing way. We shall have videotapes of each day's events in order to reenact tomorrow what was lasting about today; the *déjà vu* syndrome will require a vaccine to prevent its major symptom—severe disorientation of the where-am-I-and-what-time-is-it variety—and "Yesterday" will become the anthem honoring this peculiar time warp. But all that is for the future, a word that will no doubt carry with it a pejorative meaning.

In the interim, we can dust off our Indian beads and make reservations at the commune. The sixties are here for tomorrow. And nostalgia may be ours for good, for nostalgia plays handmaiden to human nature at its most collectively discontent and fulsomely poignant. While we grow old happily remembering things past, we can simultaneously pity ourselves that we were born too late.

SCENES

NEW GHOULS IN TOWN

Horrors! The theater's off on another horror binge. The last one brought us four productions of *Dracula* in a single season, along with *Sweeney Todd*, that elegant treatment of mass murder and cannibalism. This season's cycle will bring in a couple of Frankensteins, a musical about Jack the Ripper, and an offbeat version of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. We've already had our taste of cannibalism for the year with *Devour the Snow* (a lugubrious moral tale about the Donner Party), which made a brief appearance on Broadway early in the season.

In the teeth of the evidence, it would seem that the theater has finally tapped into the craze for thrills and chills that has gripped the rest of the entertainment industry. Tales of the macabre are slithering onto book publishing lists and even up the best-seller charts. ("The moon is full, and strange things are happening in tiny Potters Field, Wyoming. . . .")

On television, horrific subject matter is no longer confined to movie reruns on the late show but is also beginning to make an appearance in prime-time, made-for-television films. Even the uppity public-broadcast stations are venturing into the genre with classy versions of horror classics. ("Two-faced and multi-mannered: Jack Palance is the mild scientist who transforms himself into a brutal killer in 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' "!)

Human and supernatural horror is having its strongest field day in the movies. It's not unusual for a big-budget skin-crawler like *Alien* to make a bundle for its major studio. But when low-budget and often independently produced films like *Halloween*, *The Amityville Horror*, and *When a Stranger Calls* start grossing in the multiple millions, it's clear that the horror trend is both real and *big*.

Although the theater may be caught up in the trend, you can bet that its manifestations will be considerably different from, say, current brands of movie horror. There are no signs, for example, of the throw-up violence that has made cult classics of *Night of the Living Dead*, *Dawn of the Dead*, *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, and their gory imitators. Nor is there any theatrical equivalent to the movies' fascination with science-fiction horror, which has spawned the redoubtable *Alien*, among other specimens. Whether the subject is supernatural monsters or homicidal children, the theater's style of horror is typically more psychological in its approach. It often forges an alliance with comedy and musical theater. And it is always more dependent for its effects on the buildup (the tension of terror) rather than on the payoff (the yuck of gore).

The recent infatuation with Dracula is an ideal example of the theatrical vein of horror. The beloved Count is more than a bloody good villain; he's a character of mythic proportions and deep psychological import. On the stage, he may be quite a fright, but he is foremost an ancient symbol of the erotic unconscious.

"Dracula has enormous sexual appeal," Frank Langella has said of the character he has played so seductively. "He seems to represent to women a certain kind of safe and sinful sexuality. A woman can fantasize submitting herself totally to the vampire without having to fantasize actual physical penetration. It's absolute abandonment without guilt."

The new crop of stage horror-heroes share Dracula's mythic dimensions (another must for theatrical presentations of horror) but not his psychological base in subterranean sexuality. Neither Frankenstein's monster, Jack the Ripper, nor Jekyll/Hyde can be called "the ultimate male sex symbol," as one feminist writer grudgingly called Dracula. Their appeal is more complicated.

Martha Swope

Langella as Dracula: "absolute abandonment without guilt."

Mary's child: Frankenstein Affair.

This season's Frankenstein productions are based directly on Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's 1817 novel of Gothic terror—and not, significantly, on any of the famous movie versions that were inspired by it. The first entry, an off-Broadway drama called ***The Frankenstein Affair***, shows much more interest in what the monster reveals about its "mother" than in its deeds of violence.

The show opens as a biographical study of Mary Shelley, whose famous poet-husband made her life a misery with his curious sexual habits and creative ups and downs. When the monster appears, it is as the embodiment of Mary's anxieties. On the most obvious level, it represents her suppressed feelings about her husband and father. As her "child," it also stands for both the real-life infants and the literary children she delivered in anguish. Mostly, it represents a side of Mary herself—the liberated woman who was too terrifying a "monster" to reveal herself to disapproving nineteenth-century society.

Frankenstein, a big-budget show coming to Broadway later this season, also takes a metaphorical view of the creature (which director Tom Moore refuses to call "the monster"). Moore promises to retain "all the horror-story elements" of the novel, but with a twist: both physically and conceptually, the creature will be portrayed in an entirely sympathetic manner, as a victim of man and man's science. Calling the Frankenstein story "a parable for our times," Moore sees the creature as a symbol for the misery that science can unleash when it runs amok. Speaking to the age that delivered the first test-tube baby, the play hopes to make the point that science cannot presume to create new forms of life without assuming the responsibility for changing the environment to support it.

This revisionist view of Dr. Frankenstein's hulking baby is all the more interesting for its contrast to last year's favorite monster, Dracula. When we get caught up in the Dracula legend, we unconsciously identify with the vampire's victims, the passive recipients of a highly sexual bloodlust. In responding to the Frankenstein myth, we tend to identify with the abused monster itself, who is really a sweet guy underneath. Like King Kong and Mighty Joe Young—and ourselves, when we're being beastly—this social outcast is tragically misunderstood because of its antisocial behavior.

The monster-in-us-all theory takes another twist when we apply it to Jack the Ripper. Although the Victorians never admitted it, the Whitechapel murders of 1888 constituted the first mass sex-crime of modern times. But Jack's insane mutilations of prostitutes were a far cry from Dracula's sexy love-bites; so nobody has ever tried to apply the same sexual psychology to his legend.

Given this quite understandable disinclination to view Bloody Jack as a dramatic symbol of our own secret, murderous urges toward women, the theater is much more comfortable turning him into a metaphor for Victorian society—and lancing his grim deeds with a full musical score. This was the entirely workable solution Harold Prince applied to the infamous career of Sweeney Todd, the "demon barber of Fleet Street." And it seems to be the tack taken in ***Jack the Ripper***, a new musical headed for Broadway, with book and lyrics by Denis DeMarne and Ron Pember.

Meanwhile, an off-Broadway production called ***Jack the Ripper Review*** paved the way earlier this season with its cynical view of Jack as a symbol of the sociopolitical rot underneath Queen Victoria's model government. There's something very neat about turning the Ripper into a metaphor for the industrial modern age, with its surface respectability and secret decadence. It lets us off the hook, so to speak.

Comedy is another surefire theatrical device for dealing with discomforting horror subjects. Robert Louis Stevenson's classic *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a fanciful but psychologically straight forward moral tale about the danger of releasing repressed urges (the same monster-within theme that Joseph Conrad handled in *Heart of Darkness* and that Francis Coppola hadn't the gumption to take to its outer limits in *Apocalypse Now*). Broadway will take a comic slant on this unsettling theme with the upcoming ***Hyde***, described as "a new chiller-thriller rock musical" based on the Stevenson classic.

Movie Star News

Hyde: *soon to be "a new chiller-thriller rock musical."*

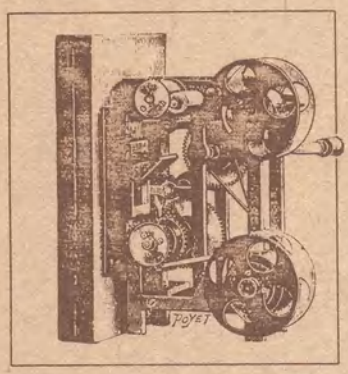
Dan Greenburg and Suzanne O'Malley are scripting the book for the musical, which is said to be "about the dilemma of a responsible and accomplished New Yorker and the wild and crazy guy who lurks inside him." According to Greenburg, they're "as much in the genre of musical comedy as [they] are in horror" with their modern-day tale of a young Ivy League professor who breaks out of his moral and intellectual straitjacket to live the high life. Although Greenburg is quick to stress Henry Jekyll's comic antecedents (remember Jerry Lewis's *The Nutty Professor*?), his collaborator wants us to know that they are also respecting Henry's tale as a myth.

"In Stevenson's book, Dr. Jekyll was driven to experiment with another identity because he wanted to stretch the boundaries of his Victorian society," says O'Malley. "Every age puts its constraints on social behavior—even our own permissive age has its boundaries. Like the original, our Jekyll is giving in to a narcissistic urge to live life to the edge."

So, it seems that the theater isn't exactly off on a horror binge, at least, not in the same way that the rest of the entertainment industry is. The theater's fascination seems riveted, rather, on a specific theme: the Monster.

In his various guises, the monster-within-us-all can be the sexual demon that responds to Count Dracula's kiss. Or the pleasure principle of Hyde, who lurks within every Jekyll. Or the lust for violence represented by Jack the Ripper. Or he can be the personal monster, the misunderstood child that hides under the Frankenstein creature's hideous exterior. Whoever he happens to be, Broadway wants to make him a Star.—*Marilyn Stasio*

FILMS



EAST/WEST

There is a moment during the custody hearing that climaxes ***Kramer vs. Kramer*** when Joanna (Meryl Streep), former wife of Ted Kramer (Dustin Hoffman), though admitting that a year and a half earlier she did indeed walk out not only on her husband but also on the little son she's now fighting for, says that moving to the West Coast and sessions with a psychoanalyst out there have straightened her out and allowed her to discover the responsible person she feels she basically is.

I'm not sure the moment is supposed to be anything exceptional. But among the New York audience I was sitting with, that reference to a California cure produced an almost palpable resistance, a tightening of attitudes (my own included) that may owe as much to the intentions of Robert Benton's good movie as to any prejudices we brought into the screening room with us. For, despite the implications of its divorce-court title, *Kramer vs. Kramer* has finally less to do with marital problems than with New York City coping, with how the struggling upper-middle classes make do amid the vicissitudes of Madison Avenue ad-agency unemployment, business lunches, single parenthood, and those luxury apartment kitchens scarcely large enough to hang a hot dog in—let alone broil it.

As it happens, Ted Kramer copes heroically. So when his ex-wife reappears to assert a claim that the audience must feel she's abandoned, the burden lies with her to prove her competency—and her rights to our sympathy as well. To an extraordinary degree, she does it—though she's scarcely been *in* the movie since the beginning, and she has to win us over in the course of a hearing that (perhaps because it tries crowding so much character revelation into a relatively short, formal sequence) strikes the only false notes in an otherwise very expert, perceptive film. If you want to understand just how good an actress Meryl Streep is, watch how she begins to engage your sympathy, if not your approval (you probably won't want her to win), by adjustments of tone and gesture from the witness chair that are no less authentic for being offered with such consummate skill.

Big-city melodrama: Kramer vs. Kramer *with Hoffman and Streep.*

Everything that happens between Joanna's appearances, at the beginning and near the end, has to do with her husband's survival: taking over the care of his kid literally on the day his ad agency hands him an important new account and the lure of a vice-presidency; winning the boy's confidence; making friendly contact with the divorced neighbor downstairs (Jane Alexander—a beautiful, unassertive supporting performance), whose less-than-brilliant advice encouraged his wife to leave him in the first place; simply learning to cook and buy groceries despite the pressures of a more-than-full-time job. You might say, then, that this is almost a one-character movie—or maybe a character and a half, since a six-year-old costar (Justin Henry) virtually shares screen time with Hoffman, acting like a six-year-old, throwing tantrums, asserting his independence, showing his needs, without ever seeming unnecessarily pathetic or excessively cute. Like his father, he earns his credibility—which makes sense, because that kind of "earning" is what *Kramer vs. Kramer* is all about.

Not that it's a cold movie, but it is spare, direct, emphatically nononsense. With all the opportunities for tears, there really aren't any. There aren't too many laughs, either—a few highly probable ones—but there is a sense of willing accommodation that virtually takes over the film and gives it much of its particular appreciation for personal growth, warmth, and above all, capability. *Kramer vs. Kramer* seems to begin in disorder and then to pull itself together as it goes along—a strategy, perhaps, of its writer-director, Robert Benton, who keeps gaining our approval the same way his hero does: by working for it.

I sense that I'm making *Kramer vs. Kramer* sound like an entertainment version of the Protestant Ethic. That's no disservice for a movie that reaches its high point when its hero, suddenly fired (child-rearing has taken too much of his time) but needing a job before his custody hearing, goes out and gets one on the afternoon before Christmas, when every ad agency in the city is busy partying and closing shop for the holiday. Kramer's little victory is a purely personal triumph—more, not less, triumphant because it means swallowing his pride and taking a job for less money just so that he'll be able to keep his son. But it connects closely enough with the values of the world he lives in to suggest that his world can promote virtue, a minor heroism, an exaltation based upon hanging on no matter how arbitrary or heartless the system.

Dustin Hoffman made his film debut 13 years ago with *The Graduate*, in a role devoted to ridiculing the system. But from that mildly absurdist suburban satire to the big-city melodrama of *Kramer vs. Kramer* the distance is really not so great; and Hoffman, whose size and voice and manner tend to make the slightly unlikely success of any character he plays the real drama of his movies, simply performs the new assignment with more authority and greater presence than he did the first one. He is a fine actor supported by fine actors—everyone I've mentioned, plus Howard Duff as his custody lawyer—working in a context of such lucid efficiency that the film may seem less of an achievement than it is. But the more I think about it, the better it gets: decent, intelligent, full of articulate feeling instead of dumb sentimentality.

Everything about Sydney Pollack's ***The Electric Horseman***, from its title on down to its Las Vegas locations and its up-the-conglomerate plot gimmicks, suggests a fashionable view of the decline of the Western. But in fact the movie merely continues the Western—or at least that well-worn branch of it that has a snotty eastern girl going west to learn true values at the hands of some rough-and-tumble, rustic, but essentially gentle man. Thirty years ago it might have been John

Justin as son worth fighting for.

Wayne eyeballing, say, Joanne Dru, all decked out in flounces and petticoats from some effete big city like St. Louis or Philadelphia, and even taking her over his knee should the pedagogical need arise. Now, of course, it's Robert Redford educating Jane Fonda. The cities are bigger—Washington, Paris, New York—but the situation is the same, except that where the old movies tried teaching how exhilaratingly tough life could be, the new ones try teaching how compassionate it is. I can't quite imagine John Wayne devoting two hours of screen time to setting an overage racehorse free. But that's pretty much what Redford does. You can admire the new humanitarianism, but we've lost something in achieving it.

If you include her skit from *California Suite*, this is the fourth time in recent movies that Jane Fonda has played a brittle, an aggressive, or simply a nervous woman who must be educated by the example of some courageous, or at least morally superior, man. Yielding nothing in my admiration for the actress, I grow tired of the interchangeability of the roles, especially since this latest example—a sort of "*Jeremiah Johnson* Meets *The China Syndrome*"—is in every respect the weakest, the most blatantly manufactured, of the lot.

Redford's Sonny Steele, five times Champion Cowboy but now reduced to the lucrative disgrace of pitching breakfast cereal for a—God help us!—*corporation*, finally asserts his birthright when he learns that the—ugh!—corporation's corporate symbol, a champion racehorse also a has-been, is being hopped up with pep pills and steroids and made to walk onstage at Las Vegas. Sonny, also set to walk onstage at Las Vegas, simply mounts the horse and rides him out of Caesar's Palace, the lights of his electric cowboy suit and saddle flashing, into the Nevada night—with TV newsperson Hallie Martin in hot pursuit of his story. How they elude capture and how, on the range, Hallie learns humility and falls in love I shall leave to your imagination. All Sonny wants is to clear up the horse's drug problem and introduce it to an active sex life among some wild mares he knows about in the open. A simple man (Redford is usually much better playing complicated men), he is obviously twice a match for the sophisticated woman trudging after him in her high-heeled boots and designer jeans—not to mention corporate America, whose fortunes will apparently rise or fall on the public's perception of a doped horse ("... if we've mismanaged the horse, we've mismanaged the corporation...").

Sydney Pollack has directed good films and bad. But his last work, the disastrous *Bobby Deerfield*, suggested a penchant for the pretentiously inexpressive and a helplessness in the face of inferior material. Here he is again dealing in forced significance rather than in meaningful action. Almost none of what actually goes on in *The Electric Horseman* outdistances its implicit liberal rhetoric, and whole sequences fall into the kind of lax silliness that a less obviously "important" movie could never hope to get away with. Its values—things like freedom, individuality, humility—read like the spiritual equivalents of the natural ingredients you might find listed on the side of Sonny Steele's cereal box; they need only to have worked in something for ecology and solar energy to make the list complete.

There is no way not to find Fonda and Redford attractive. But it seems to me that they begin to trade on their appeal, to furnish less than a movie and not much more than a guide to fashionably roughing it, with worthy-cause trail marks guiding the way.—*Roger Greenspun*

Formulas: Redford educates Fonda in The Electric Horseman.

WORDS

AS THE WORLD TURNED

I was born in 1948. I feel it is important to mention this because, as the reviewer of this year's crop of Nazi books, I am put in a unique position from which to comment. It means, quite simply, that I have never known nor can I really imagine a world uninfluenced by Nazism. As far as I can see, Adolf Hitler took over for Satan around 1946, and all my life it has been to him and his evil gang of lost boys that I have been encouraged to look for the highest achievements both in moral and intellectual degradation and in uniform design. They have never let me down, and, quite frankly, I don't know how I would have evolved morally without them.

I also don't know how postwar publishing would have survived without them. Every year for the last 40, thousands of books have been published throughout the world trying to explain how the Nazis came to power, why nobody took them seriously until it was too late, and how they managed to annihilate 6 million people without, supposedly, anybody but them knowing about it.

These books come in three types: fictionalized accounts of Nazi conspiracies, eyewitness testimonies of Nazi atrocities, and footnoted histories of the Third Reich. In 25 years of media-encouraged Nazi-consciousness, I have read hundreds of these books, and though they have none of them satisfactorily an-

swered the above questions, they have taught me one terribly important lesson: to be suspicious of nostalgia. For to wish for the world of old—where people knew their place, where unions had little power, where women acted like women, and the average citizen had no fear of being mugged—is, in reality, to wish for the simple little world in which Nazism took root like a healthy summer weed and thrived. It remains a mystery to me why the people who keep telling me I should never forget never remember that.

As a rule, fictionalized accounts of Nazi conspiracies tend to be a good excuse for dragging out lengthy descriptions of hideous Nazi atrocities as a kind of S&M turn-on for what is, rather obviously, a pretty macho readership. But happily this is not the case with ***The Spiderweb*** (Crown, $10), by Joseph Persico. A novel based on fact, *The Spiderweb* is about Operation Bernhard, the Nazi attempt to undermine the British economy by flooding the world markets with counterfeit pound notes made by the slave labor of master Jewish engravers in the concentration camps. This book is well researched, well written, and beautifully constructed. It took me about four hours to read it, and I was glad to see that, for a change, the Americans in postwar Germany were not portrayed as gods. Every little bit helps.

Night Trains (Morrow, $10.95), by Barbara Wood and Gareth Wootton, is also very good and also based on fact. It is not as well written as *The Spiderweb,* but it fictionalizes a far more exciting true story. The time is 1941. The place: Sofia, Poland, a town strategic to the Nazis. In an effort to get rid of the SS without engendering reprisals, a brilliant doctor devises an injection that, when given to the town's inhabitants, makes their blood show up falsely positive on the Nazi tests for typhus. In this way the doctor causes a completely bogus typhus epidemic in Sofia, with the result that the SS evacuates the town in total terror and disgust. If you love to see the Nazis duped, you'll love this book. It's just wonderful to think that this really happened.

I have read a lot of eyewitness testimonies of Nazi atrocities in my time, records of the Nuremberg trials, personal accounts of experiments on twins—the gamut—but I have never read anything as consistently horrifying as ***Eyewitness Auschwitz*** (Stein & Day, $10.95), by Filip Muller. Muller, a prisoner at Auschwitz, was forced to work in the crematoria there from 1942 until the camp was evacuated in 1945. Muller personally saw and assisted in the gassing and burning of approximately three and a half million people. At one point, when he could stand it no longer, he walked into the gas chamber and tried to stay there and die. But the Jews inside told him to get out and live to tell the tale, and he did. And this book should be required reading in every high school throughout the planet. But there are scenes of such carnage and brutality here—for example, Muller forced to rebury in their mass grave Jews whose swollen bodies have burst open the earth—that when *Eyewitness Auschwitz* ended with his liberation in 1945, I felt as if he had told me only half of what I really need to know in order to learn from his experience. The other half is, How does he live with what he has seen? What does he think about the world I know? Does he worry about being mugged? Can he have sex? What is the man like now? My God, I hate to say I was left by this book wanting more, but in the interest of honesty I have to say it: I was.

Equally moving but in a different way is ***The Warsaw Diary of Adam Czerniakow*** (Stein & Day, $16.95), edited by Raul Hilberg, Stanislaw Staron, and Josef Kermisz. Adam Czerniakow was, for nearly three years, chairman of the Warsaw *Judenrat* (Jewish Council) and served as the mayor of the Warsaw Ghetto until 1942. The book consists of eight notebooks that Czerniakow kept, spanning a period from October of 1939 through July 1942, and it stands as an objective, unsentimental record of one man's amazingly courageous and relentless bureaucratic battle against a Nazi occupation policy that, he finally comes to realize, is one of outright extermination. Every day Czerniakow is at the SS headquarters, trying to get funds for the ghetto, trying to get food for starving children, ransoming Jews taken hostage, complaining about his people being beaten in the streets. Finally, on July 22, 1942, in his last entry, Czerniakow writes that he has been asked to provide 6,000 people for deportation. On July 23 he was found dead. He had swallowed the cyanide pill that he had kept in his desk in the event that, as he reports early in the diary, the Nazis gave him an order that he could not obey.

The Black Angels (St. Martin's, $10.95), by Rupert Butler, is a history of the rise and fall of the Waffen-SS, and it is fascinating. The Waffen-SS, the military arm of Himmler's vicious terror troops, is herein chronicled from its rise in 1933, as Adolf Hitler's racially and physically elite bodyguard, to its expansion into a brilliant fighting force at the beginning of the war, and finally through its tarnished end at the hands of the Red Army and the Allies. Fed on a Spartan diet of mineral water and gruel, an SS man had to prove the purity of his racial ancestry back to 1750. His basic training was conducted with live artillery and ammunition. In order to marry one of these purebred men, you had to send in proof of your racial ancestry and include a picture of yourself in a swimsuit.

Keystone

Wide World

Heinrich Himmler and Joseph Goebbels: publishing staples.

Need I tell more?

Signal: The Years of Retreat 1943–44 (Prentice-Hall, $14.95), edited by S. Mayer, commemorates Hitler's wartime picture magazine, published by the propaganda machine of Joseph Goebbels and distributed in English, Danish, Polish, etc. throughout the occupied countries. In his introduction, Mayer tells us that it was a stunning periodical, better than *Life* magazine and less anti-Semitic than the majority of Goebbels's efforts—and, at least at the beginning of the war, when the Nazis were victorious, for the most part truthful. But here Mayer has compiled the *Signal* issues of 1943–44, a period of Nazi retreat and, for the magazine, of editorial decline. There is a lovely two-page photo spread featuring 64 small pictures of destruction caused by Allied bombings. A super pictorial essay on the first performance of a play written by Mussolini. Numerous articles pushing a united Europe, with titles like "What Are We Fighting For?"

But my favorite piece is on the "moral degradation" of American society as the result of the war—even though "the United States is not suffering any direct effects" from it. This is because of "Victory Girls." And I quote from the *Signal* that quotes from the March 13, 1943, issue of *Collier's* magazine: "Since the war, many girls go out with soldiers and sailors, partly for the fun and the proud display of their 'feller' in uniform, partly because the servicemen are lonely in a big, strange town and the kids feel they are doing something patriotic. They want to give something, so they give themselves. They are called 'Victory Girls.' Many are between twelve and fifteen; most have no idea of the consequences. Venereal diseases have risen alarmingly. Some girls, of course, have no objection to the money in it." To which *Signal* then adds: "These are the first signs of decay of a people which was once great." I couldn't agree more. But now, about those concentration camps . . . —*Emily Prager*

SOUNDS

INTRODUCING THE NEW

There isn't a rock group called the New—at least not yet. But rock quartets and quintets with catchy one-noun names and catchier pop-rock music are proliferating at a staggering rate, and it probably won't be long before four guys in sneakers, jeans, sport coats, and thin ties *do* decide to call themselves the New—if they haven't already. Some of the best nouns have already been claimed by groups like the Beat ("What is it everyone likes about rock 'n' roll? It's the Beat!"), the Members (clever British wordplay), the Pop, the Reds (Communists? Pills? A baseball team?), and the Shoes ("It could just as easily have been Shoes," said John Lennon when he was asked where the name *Beatles* came from).

Where are all these groups coming from, and why are they so determinedly reinventing the melodic pop-rock of the early and middle sixties? All of a sudden, the music of that period—the pre-LSD Beatles, the Dave Clark Five, the still-bluesy Rolling Stones, and American teen-punk bands like the McCoys ("Hang On, Sloopy") and Paul Revere and the Raiders ("Kicks")—sounds contemporary again, while much of the rock of the late sixties and the seventies, with its arty lyrics, lengthy guitar solos, massed synthesizers, and other excesses, is beginning to sound distinctly dated. Megaton-rock still has a vast audience, but more and more rock fans are into melodies you can hum, songs that are no longer than three minutes, and the sort of romantic sentiments that went out of favor at the beginning of the psychedelic era.

Punk rock had a lot to do with getting vanguard rock audiences used to shorter songs and more stripped-down arrangements, but punk was too abrasive to find broad mainstream acceptance. The new rock that groups like the Beat and the Knack are making is sometimes referred to as power pop, which is a good enough description, but in most cases it's plain old rock 'n' roll, 1960–65 vintage, with traces of 1980s cynicism and technology. One reason why so many of these bands are getting on records is that they like to keep their albums simple and thus don't require large recording budgets. At a time when superstar groups like the Eagles and Led Zeppelin work for a year or two on each album, spending hundreds of thousands of dollars on studio and other costs, the Knack's first album *(Get the Knack)* stunned the record industry. Recorded in a few weeks for under $30,000, it went platinum and spawned two top-ten singles. Power pop, new wave—whatever you call it, the stuff is hot.

Some performers and groups that are more or less closely aligned with this trend—Nick Lowe, the Cars, Blondie, the Police—have already released two or more albums and constitute a kind of fledgling new rock establishment. But there are a lot of bands out there. Some of them have a lot of talent, and not all of them are getting a fair hearing on the radio. So here's a checklist of first albums by 18 new groups. They come from England (Inmates, Members, Only Ones, Records, Sinceros, Skids, Yachts), Los Angeles (Beat, Knack, Motels, Pop, 20/20), Philadelphia (A's, Reds), New York City (Laughing Dogs), Georgia (B-52's), Illinois (Shoes), and Australia (Sports). Almost all the groups have recorded one terrific song, some of them are utterly original, and a few sound like potential rock heroes for the 1980s.

The Motels with Martha Davis: between punk and cabaret.

The Motels (*Motels*, Capitol) are fronted by Martha Davis, who writes literately sexy lyrics and delivers them in a style that's somewhere between punk and cabaret. The album isn't everything it could be, but the group is very promising indeed.

The Beat (*The Beat*, Columbia)

make spiffy, sleek, uncluttered pop-rock. Front man Paul Collins is a gifted writer and arranger, but most of the songs are straightforward without being really catchy, and while the group is professional, it doesn't project a lot of personality. Many critics love the Beat, however, and with Bill Graham as its manager, the group could go places.

The B-52's (*The B-52's*, Warner Brothers) make southern surf music with sci-fi lyrics and eccentric space vocals from Kate Pierson and Cindy Wilson. If you didn't spend last summer boogieing to their irresistible "Rock Lobster," you must not have had much fun at the beach. This first album was endearing and unique but didn't indicate a very broad range; the next one should tell the tale.

The Inmates (*First Offence*, Polydor) should delight any fan of the very early Rolling Stones. Their first LP is a mixture of tough originals, soul evergreens, and blues and rockabilly cover versions, all rendered with panache and absolute fidelity to the sound and style of the harder-edged, mid-sixties English groups. Lightweight, maybe, but not to be missed.

The Knack (*Get the Knack*, Capitol) is not one of the better groups in this batch, the spectacular sales of its first LP notwithstanding. The album does have energy, a nasty adolescent sexuality that's good for a few smirks, and, of course, "My Sharona." But it doesn't have much else; these guys are going to have to work pretty hard to live up to their overnight success.

The Laughing Dogs (*The Laughing Dogs*, Columbia) are a zany live act. They wear masks and jump around a lot, and sometimes they open their own shows as the Kojaks, bald-headed, sunglasses-wearing gents who do lounge versions of punk-rock favorites. Unfortunately, not enough of this zaniness translates on their pleasant but unexceptional first disc.

The Members (*At the Chelsea Nightclub*, Virgin International) go in for a broader range of instrumental colors than do most of these bands, and their songs depart from the usual romantic/anti-romantic subject matter. "Offshore Banking Business," for example, is about corporate tax dodges and was banned in Bahrain. Not a great album, but a talented, potentially great band.

Arthur d'Amano III/Retna

Richard Bush of the A's: singing anthems of teenage angst.

The Only Ones (*Special View*, Epic) have made two English albums, and this collection brings together some of the best tracks from both. Side one is fairly basic punk-pop and includes the memorable "Another Girl, Another Planet," while side two is fuller and prettier. This is a consistently solid record, but it's neither as original nor as gripping as the more uneven Members and Motels.

The Pop (*Go!*, Arista) are power pop without the sweetness. In fact, most of these melodic, well-crafted songs have a distinctly dark point of view, which doesn't prevent the record from being a lot of fun.

The Records (*The Records*, Virgin) sing of domestic trauma and adventures with underage girls in a polished, early-Beatles-influenced style. They're the perfect radio band and not very compelling at album length, though "Teenarama" and "Starry Eyes" do stick in one's head.

The Reds (*The Reds*, A&M) are to these ears the best of the batch. They've also had a lot of trouble getting radio play. It's true that their rhythm tracks sound like exquisitely recorded white noise and that lead vocalist Rick Shaffer is a screamer, but those are strong melody lines he's screaming, and the group's playing has an urgency and power that none of these other bands approaches. Unconditionally recommended.

The Shoes (*Present Tense*, Elektra) are very sweet and, in their own way, very charming. Nice melodies, no depth, rudimentary instrumental skills, but lots of songwriting savvy. Still, this is light, light, light.

The Sinceros (*The Sound of Sunbathing*, Columbia) used to back new-wave diva Lene Lovich but since then have perfected an appealingly bouncy and varied sound all their own. The songs are so lightweight they practically float away, but there's an attitude here, a certain distance, that makes them something more than fluff, and the playing and production are top-notch.

The Skids (*Scared to Dance*, Virgin International) are a little like a cross between the Members (reggae influences, interesting lyrics) and the Pop (doomy intensity). They sound like a better-than-average new band that hasn't really come across on its first album. Liner notes feature a quote from J. P. Sartre.

The A's (*The A's*, Arista) boast a distinctive lead singer in Richard Bush, who, together with keyboard player Rocco Notte, displays a special flair for writing anthems to teenage angst. "After Last Night," "Five Minutes in a Hero's Life," and "Teenage Jerk-Off" are superior examples of the genre and make this an excellent start for a first album, though the production is somewhat flat and the group communicates more strongly in live performance.

The Sports (*Don't Throw Stones*, Arista) have one excellent song, "Who Listens to the Radio?," several good ones, and a lot of filler. Their sound is fairly thick by new rock standards, and Stephen Cummings sounds like a mainstream sort of lead singer. By and large they leave this listener cold.

20/20 (*20/20*, Portrait) have roots in Tulsa but sound like Los Angeles tinsel. Cloying synthesizer sweetening and too cute melodic hooks make this the most retrograde of the albums under discussion.

The Yachts (*S.O.S.*, Polydor) are from fabled Liverpool, but they sound more like Boston's Cars than like the Beatles. The humor is understated and very British, but the music isn't really special. For Anglophiles only.

Some of these groups should be well on their way to becoming stars by the time you read this. Some will have made second albums, and some will have broken up. But there's a lot of delightful music on these discs, regardless of which groups get lucky.

If you see the first albums by the A's, B-52's, Inmates, Members, Motels, Pop, Reds, or Sinceros in a sale or cutout bin a few months from now, don't pass them up.—*Robert Palmer*

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.
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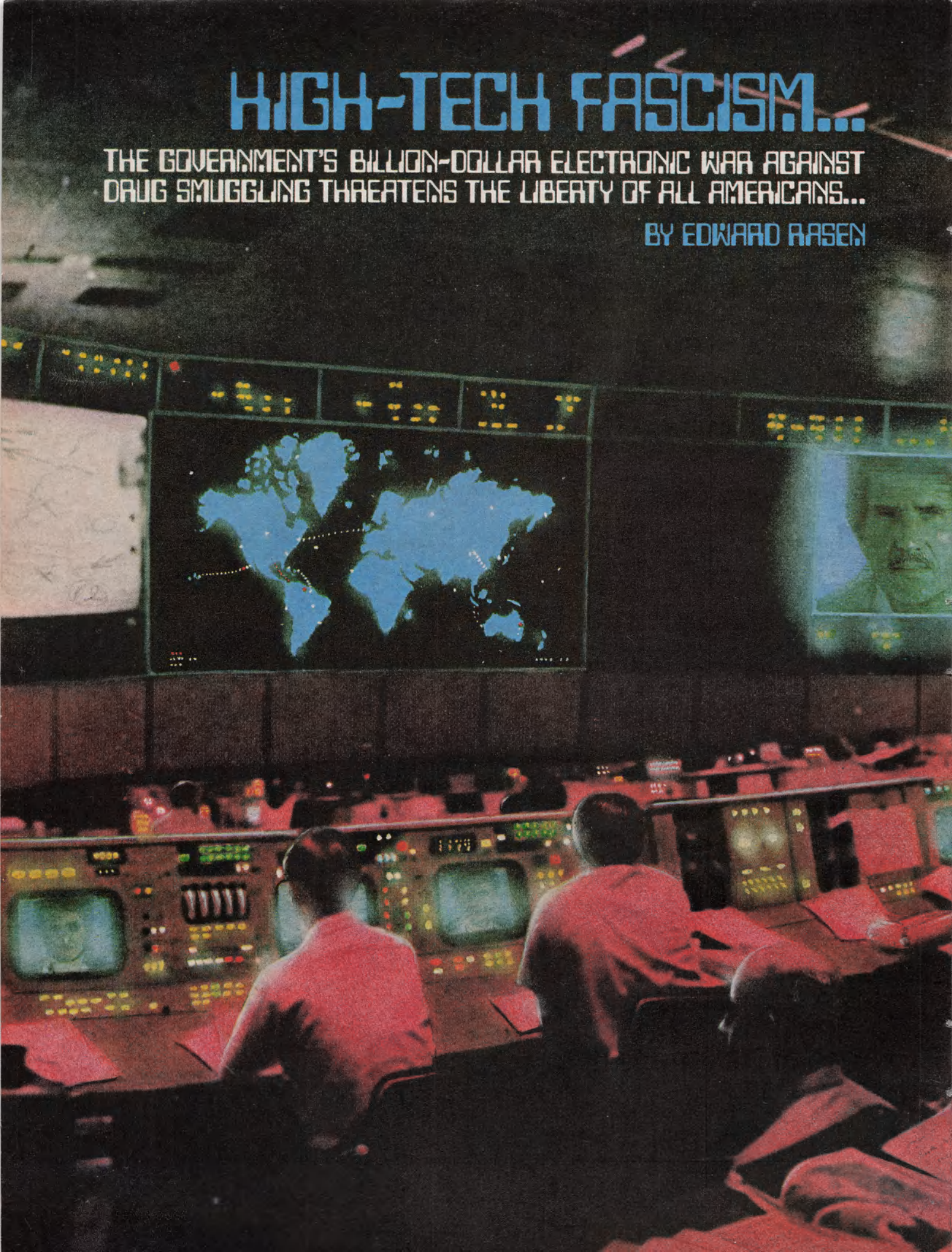
HIGH-TECH FASCISM...

THE GOVERNMENT'S BILLION-DOLLAR ELECTRONIC WAR AGAINST DRUG SMUGGLING THREATENS THE LIBERTY OF ALL AMERICANS...

BY EDWARD RASEN



El Paso is a hot, dry, dusty city hanging on the tip of Texas's desolate western panhandle. Interstate Highway 10 slices through the town—now flushed with more than 300,000 people, predominantly Mexican and Mexican-American—and runs parallel to the Mexican border, less than a mile to the south. On El Paso's western outskirts, the highway passes Sunland Airport, once the drug-smuggling terminus for the entire Southwest. To the east it skirts Southern Pacific Railroad's sprawling engine-maintenance yards just before it runs by the Property Trust building on East Missouri Avenue—an obscure service road for Highway 10.

As inconspicuous as this three-story stucco office complex is, it is the gateway to a new and intriguing universe and the beginning of a chilling story. For hidden within the building is the U.S. government's multi-million-dollar beachhead in a new war: an electronic war of solid-state technology; of computers and teletypes and coded telephones; of satellites, microwave scanners, vapor detectors, neutron backscatters, forward-looking infrared modules, and a host of billion-dollar, flashing-light gadgetry almost magically connected with everything from the

Illustration by D. Kuhn

Mississippi Narcotics Bureau to the North American Air Defense System. Headquarters is El Paso. But the electronic war knows no geographic limits and makes enemies out of everyone. It is a war of automation, touted as justifiable, benevolent, even holy by its advocates, which signals the rapid though subtle erosion of individual liberty for hundreds of thousands of citizens.

From ground-floor locations in the Property Trust Building, an insurance company, a travel agency, a business machine retailer, and a half-dozen other ordinary offices look out onto a quiet internal courtyard awash with shallow reflecting pools, lush green vegetation, and wooden walkways. But on the far side of the yard a single elevator is the single link to a different world. The elevator rises just one floor. It opens to a small waiting room, furnished only with an aging sofa, an end table, and a ceiling-high television monitor silently recording the details of every visit. To the left rises an impervious gray steel door armed with an intricate, coded locking device. A receptionist peers out from behind a heavy glass window to inspect a visitor's papers before signaling to an unseen man to open the door.

Behind the door a long, narrow corridor passes by small, windowless offices, unremarkable except that they are reserved for employees from seven different federal agencies—Drug Enforcement Administration; Coast Guard; Immigration and Naturalization Service; Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms; Customs Service; Internal Revenue Service; Federal Aviation Administration—and continues on toward another elevator. This one can be operated only with a special key; it travels only between the second and third floors; and it deposits all third-floor-bound passengers in another Spartan waiting room in front of another steel, code-locked door, beneath another closed-circuit television monitor.

Even escorted visitors passing through this portal set off warning bells in a dimly lit, air-conditioned room that at first glance appears to be borrowed from the NASA control center. A large red light, mounted on the ceiling in the middle of the room, flashes brightly on and off. Five men in short-sleeve shirts, handguns strapped to their belts, sit at a long console crammed with computer keyboards, video monitors, CRT screens, color-keyed phones, and automatic printout machines. The pale green windows of computer terminals blink incessantly, their electronic bits of information being flashed with the speed of light from huge data banks and remote terminals thousands of miles away.

On the opposite wall of the room is a floor-to-ceiling map, dotted with different colored pins that seem to mark some unseen object's movement. Immediately to the right is a tiny "shredder" room. In another corner is the "tactical operations" office. And to the left, behind yet another locked steel door, is the limited-access "communications intelligence center," designed and secured by technicians from the National Security Agency, the most secretive and sophisticated of all the federal government's intelligence arms. The NSA was the one agency that Jimmy Carter refused to talk about when he unveiled his famous executive order reorganizing the intelligence establishment. For a southern Baptist president who had promised "to strip away secrecy" in government, it was a gross sin of omission: the NSA is synonymous with the intelligence establishment. And in the bunkerlike headquarters of the El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC), nominally run by the Drug Enforcement Administration, the NSA is the invisible chief of staff.

"We got a bogey," shouts one of the men hunkered over the electronic console. "It's a hundred miles south of Juarez. But it's headin' north-northwest."

An hour before, an unidentified westbound bleep had bounced across a radar screen aboard a U. S. Air Force Boeing 707 Airborne Warning and Control System jet soaring through the skies 29,000 feet over Mexico. The $128 million AWACS plane, one of six now in operation, is stuffed with every possible

"Hi. I'm Ronnie, and I'll be your waiter this evening."

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piece of electronic gear known, and its job is to ensure that no enemy aircraft enters—or comes close to entering—U. S. airspace. Though AWACS was designed to be America's first line of defense against foreign invasion, since May of 1978 Customs Service agents, under the direction of Jack Aarsvold, chief of Customs Air Support Branch, have been allowed to man and monitor consoles aboard AWACS flights originating at Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma. The multi-million-dollar jet had routinely begun tracking the unidentified "bogey" as it flew west well within Mexican territory. But when the ground-hugging plane abruptly changed its course and headed north and west across the Sonora Desert toward Arizona, AWACS took action. The Customs agent immediately sent a scrambled message to the North American Air Defense System (NORAD) underground headquarters near Cheyenne, Wyo., which relayed the data to the NORAD southwestern tracking center at Luke Air Force Base near Phoenix. Sitting at consoles at the strategic military installation, inside a three-story bombproof concrete bunker, specially trained customs agents were alerted. Convinced that the bogey was not a military threat, they quickly telexed their Customs counterpart manning the electronic counter at EPIC, who turned to the Federal Aviation Administration man sitting next to him and passed along the bogey's location and direction of travel.

"Better check whether anyone has filed a flight plan for this route," he advised. It was 3:00 A.M. in El Paso. "Though I doubt it's a tourist jaunt headed for the bright lights of Phoenix." The FAA technician picked up a phone and called his Phoenix airport counterpart to make sure.

"No flight plan." The response from Phoenix was almost immediate.

"I know," said the Customs agent. "Albuquerque just reported they lost him. He's in the tunnel."

The plane, which was still nothing more than a little squiggle on radar screens, had just slipped into one of the half-dozen blind spots along the Mexican-American border. The Albuquerque Air Route Traffic Control Center is able to monitor only planes flying 9,000 feet and higher. So, staying low in the shadow of the Chiricahua Mountains, the bogey could avoid detection by all the normal radar stations. This time, however, EPIC control sent word to its local border customs stations to alert the new mobile radar units equipped for desert travel. Soon one of the AN/TPS-1G units, military jargon for the converted military 6X, mobile radar vans, radioed its base, which notified EPIC that the bogey had been "picked up" but had turned almost due west.

"I'm sorry, sir. That was a warning citation!"

"This guy knows what he's doing," the FAA man at the EPIC console reported. "We wouldn't have had a chance a year ago. He's headed right for the slot." The slot is another radar blind spot located in the cleavage between the ramparts of mountains surrounding California's Imperial Valley. The Customs agent reached for another color-coded telephone and called the Customs station at the San Diego airport, ordering a spotter plane into the air. In a few minutes a Customs Cessna Citation II jet, equipped with a $5 million gadget package that included a Westinghouse pulse Doppler-type search radar (developed for the F-16 combat fighter) unit, a Litton LTN-72R inertial navigation system, and a Collins dual-visual omnirange and automatic direction finder, left San Diego.

"So far so good." EPIC director Arthur Fluhr had been quietly watching modern technology's equivalent of the high-speed chase. Fluhr, lean, gaunt, dressed in polyester, a former Customs agent now in his mid-fifties, turned and walked toward the tactical-operations room.

Styrofoam coffee cups and papers were scattered across a long desk; maps pockmarked with colored pins and penciled lines marking aircraft that unknowingly carry hidden electronic transmitters covered three walls, while a fourth was cluttered with floor-to-ceiling electronic equipment.

"This was the command control center for STOPGAP," said Fluhr, stopping on the threshold and gesturing toward the clutter that was now part of other special battles, such as ATLANTIS, NIGHTOWL, and SNOWBIRD. Operation STOPGAP was a secret international antidrug campaign that netted more than 1 million pounds of marijuana off the Florida coast. EPIC and its 15-member operations group of former CIA and military personnel stage-managed the expedition from this cramped, windowless room.

"For tactical intelligence information, this is a one-stop shopping center," Fluhr said, smiling.

"It's just like the rumrunner days," said Charles Updegraph, EPIC's chief intelligence analyst. "There's a mother ship that brings it across the gulf," he said, running his hand across one of the full-colored maps on the wall. "And then all these little boats off-load it and bring it in along the coast."

Not quite. EPIC and its operation STOPGAP resembled the rumrunner days about as much as "Mission Impossible" resembled Eliot Ness and his Untouchables. Undercover informants known as "C-I's" identified the marijuana mother ships in Colombia, but after that STOPGAP moved to outer space. The long voyage of the mother ships northward was monitored day and night, in good weather and bad, by United States Navy Ocean Surveillance Satellites that were put into orbit two years ago. The satellites sent their data to the computers

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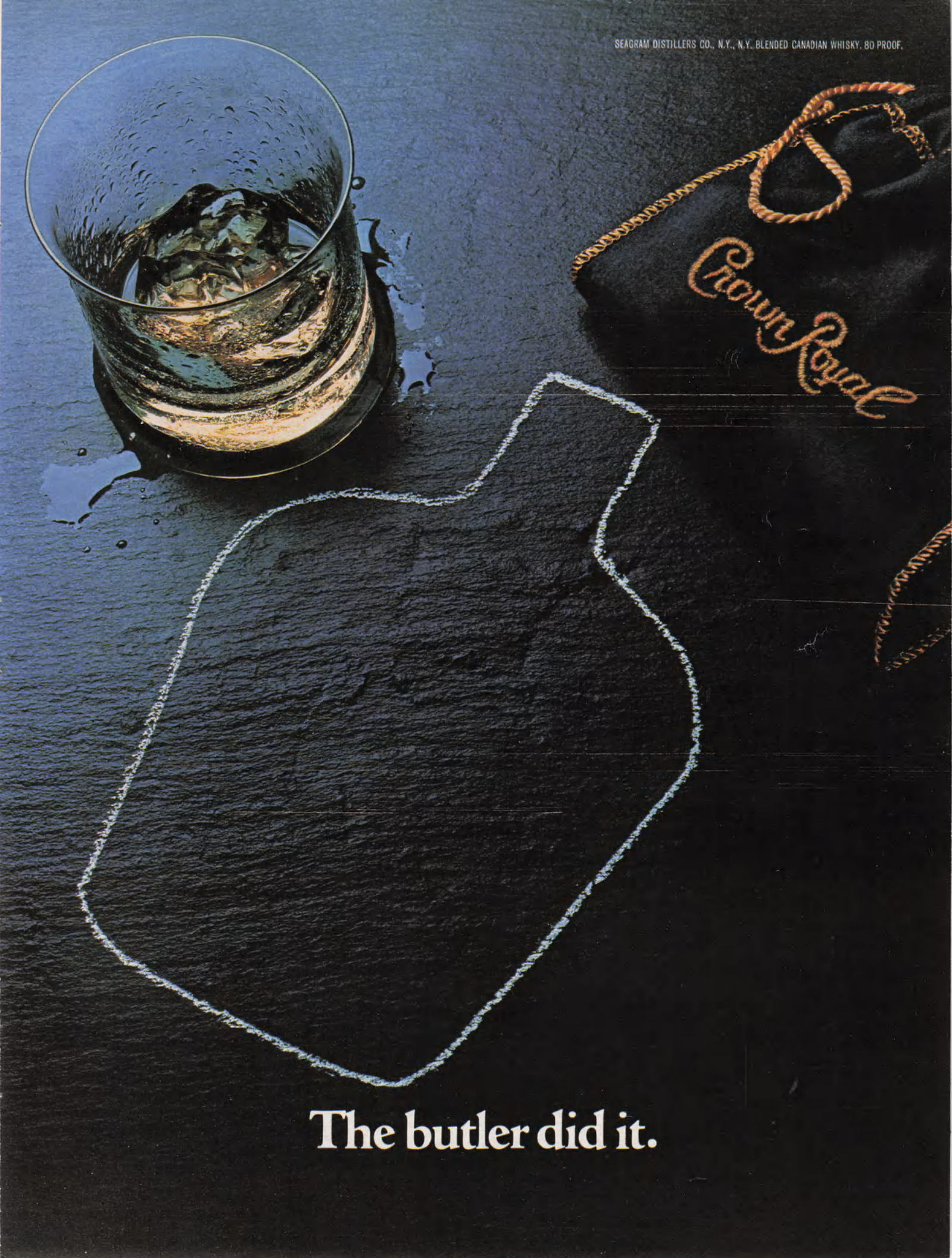
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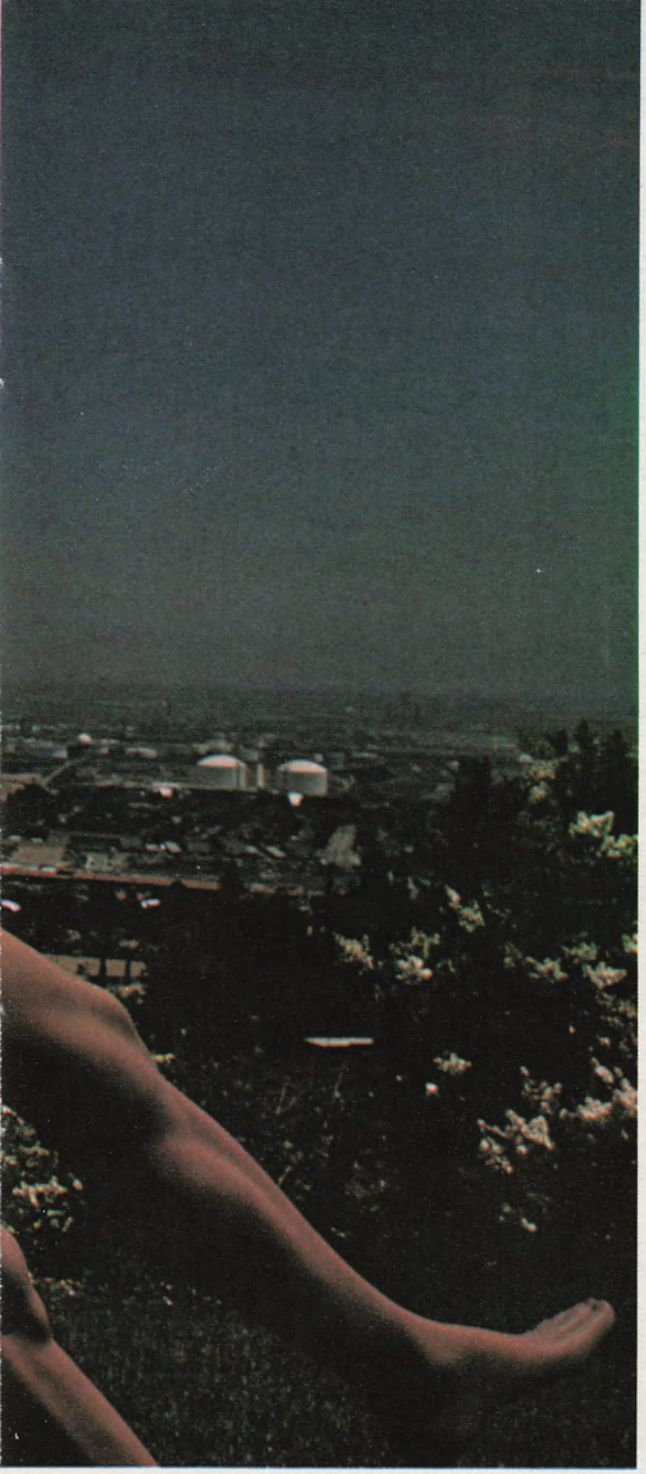
A MANNEQUIN FOR ALL SEASONS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

In a future age of swelling needs and shrinking expectations, women's worst fear comes true: a male shortage sweeps the land, leaving legions of famished females in block-long lines begging to be filled up at every masculine pump. It's 1999, a time of phallic famine. Only the most flexible women survive. Our resourceful case in point has just acquired a handsome, life-sized toy to toy with . . .



'Drifting in a torrid daydream,
she remembers the
days of plenty, when men were
a dime a dozen and
a one-night stand required
no reservation . . .'

Not the warmest companion, perhaps, but strong, sturdy, and strictly loyal. But bath-time is best—a time to cleanse the spirit and charge the flesh. Pressing pubis to pubis, her hardened nipples crackling against his chest, she savours this life-sized feast with many a fervent kiss.

In light of her growing affection, she finds herself reciprocating his favors—it's almost as if, by sucking his center, she could bring her latent lover to life . . . Drifting in a

torrid daydream, she remembers the days of plenty, when men were a dime a dozen and a one-night stand required no reservation . . .

In a burst of erotic gamesmanship she discovers her charming man-toy has an excellent head on his shoulders. With him clasped between her thighs, she reaches her melting point quickly. Though she is a full-grown woman, playing with dolls has become her most ambitious occupation; erotic gratification, her greatest reward. Each night she takes her mate to bed and dreams that one day she may waken him with a kiss ...

‘Pressing pubis to pubis, her hardened nipples crackling against his chest, she savours this life-sized feast with many a fervent kiss.’

AN ILL-FATED AFFAIR WITH INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU

My life was turned upside down by Sellers. His incredible affection soured rapidly. . . . Surely a husband trusted his wife in the first week of their marriage.

BY BRITT EKLAND

I was a young, naive, impressionable Swedish starlet when I married actor Peter Sellers in 1964. New horizons opened for me. I was whisked into the heady provinces of princes and palaces; I played hostess to a procession of celebrities I only knew as legends from my youth.

Sellers smothered me with so much love in the first month of our marriage that I should have guessed that, like a fractured wine cask, it would soon run dry. Love turned to hate,

and the antagonistic Sellers could not distinguish between the two.

Our moments of real happiness, as in the days surrounding the birth of our daughter Victoria, were rare and far apart. I suffered his moods and his anger while in public he presented himself as my preening, affectionate husband.

Ultimately, I could no longer stand the strain of this false facade. Divorce was the only logical step. It wasn't a marriage I had come through. It was a maelstrom of bitterness. Even now I cannot bring myself to call my former husband by his Christian name. The pain hurts that much.

Sellers may hold similar feelings about me. He always prefaces his letters "Dear Miss Ekland" when he writes to me on matters affecting our daughter. We are far and distant now, but I fear we shall never be strangers.

My costar on my first picture, *Guns at Batasi*, was to be Michael Caine, and Twentieth Century-Fox laid on cocktails for us to meet at their Soho Square offices in London.

I was given a running brief on Caine, who had just completed *Zulu*, the most ambitious role of his career. From the cockney actor's exhilarating mood on our introduction I gathered that he was very, very sure of himself. We had barely begun a conversation before he threw out an invitation to join him at dinner on Monday night.

"I will ring you at your hotel," he said. I could hardly dent his pride by saying that I did not fancy blue-eyed blonds; so I let his invitation slip past, thinking he would review the situation when the time came.

Monday was an eventful day for me. Twentieth Century-Fox was to unveil me, almost gift-wrapped in a white angora dress, my ribboned hair in a chignon, at a press conference staged in one of the banqueting rooms of the hotel. There must have been 30 photographers and journalists present; it wasn't every day that Twentieth Century-Fox launched a new star.

By the afternoon my pictures were on the front pages of the London evening papers, and I could hardly believe all that was happening to me. I glanced at my watch. It was 5:00 P.M. Michael Caine had not called. Maybe I had missed him, but there were no messages other than those from newspapers. I was sure he would call, and I started to get ready for dinner. I turned on the shower and stepped in. The doorbell rang.

"Oh dear," I thought. Surely Michael Caine would have rung first before venturing to my room? But one of the film men had warned me that cockneys were not always well mannered. I wrapped a bath towel round me, and with my wet feet leaving imprints on the carpet, I opened the door while first ensuring that it was still on the chain. Outside stood a tall stranger in tweed trousers and waistcoat who said that his employer wished me to join him for dinner.

"He's staying along the corridor, miss, in the Oliver Messel Suite, and he would like to do some photographs of you as well."

I looked blank.

"Who is your employer?" I asked nervously.

"Oh, I'm sorry, miss," he apologized. "It's Mr. Peter Sellers."

I could wait no longer for Michael Caine's call. The curiosity was stifling. Just who was this man who sent his valet off with a dinner invitation? And what *kind* of photographs did he want to take of me? I discovered that the valet's name was Bert Mortimer and he was very persistent. I managed to get rid of him only by promising to stop by for drinks after dinner.

I checked my wardrobe and chose something thick and tweedy, with a pair of lace-up boots that came to the knees. All very prim and proper. I rang the bell of the Oliver Messel Suite, and Bert opened the door, at the same time addressing a man standing in the center of the room.

"May I introduce you to Mr. Sellers, miss?" said Bert.

Sellers smiled and shook hands with me. "I saw your photographs in the evening newspaper, and when I discovered we were neighbors, I thought we should get together," he beamed.

He was slim, dark, and suave. He wore horn-rimmed glasses, and he was dressed in a conservative, dark gray suit. He poured out a whiskey for me and beckoned me to join him at the dining table. He was halfway through a Chinese meal.

"Are you sure you have eaten?" he asked. "There is plenty here . . ."

I was trembling, and nervously I said, "Yes, thank you, I have."

With growing fascination I watched him tackle the mound of bean sprouts and sweet-and-sour pork with chopsticks. He seemed quite skilled with them. Bert brought in a huge leather case of photographic equipment and started hauling out all sorts of cameras. Sellers quickly finished his meal and beckoned me to stand against one of the pretty walls of the suite, which was designed with the scenes of an eighteenth-century English garden. I thought he might suggest unbuttoning a few things, but he didn't. My outfit was fine, he said.

He picked up a Nikon, unswiveled the lens, and put on a fresh one. Then he started clicking away. He asked me to turn profile, look demure, grow petulant, throw back my head in laughter . . . until the camera shutters almost broke into a symphony.

"You know, you are very beautiful," he said, "and when you see the photographs . . ."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

"Good grief, Claudia, it's 3:00 A.M.
Make up your mind—either swallow it or spit it out!"

Illustration by Peter Caras

Countdown to the Eighties

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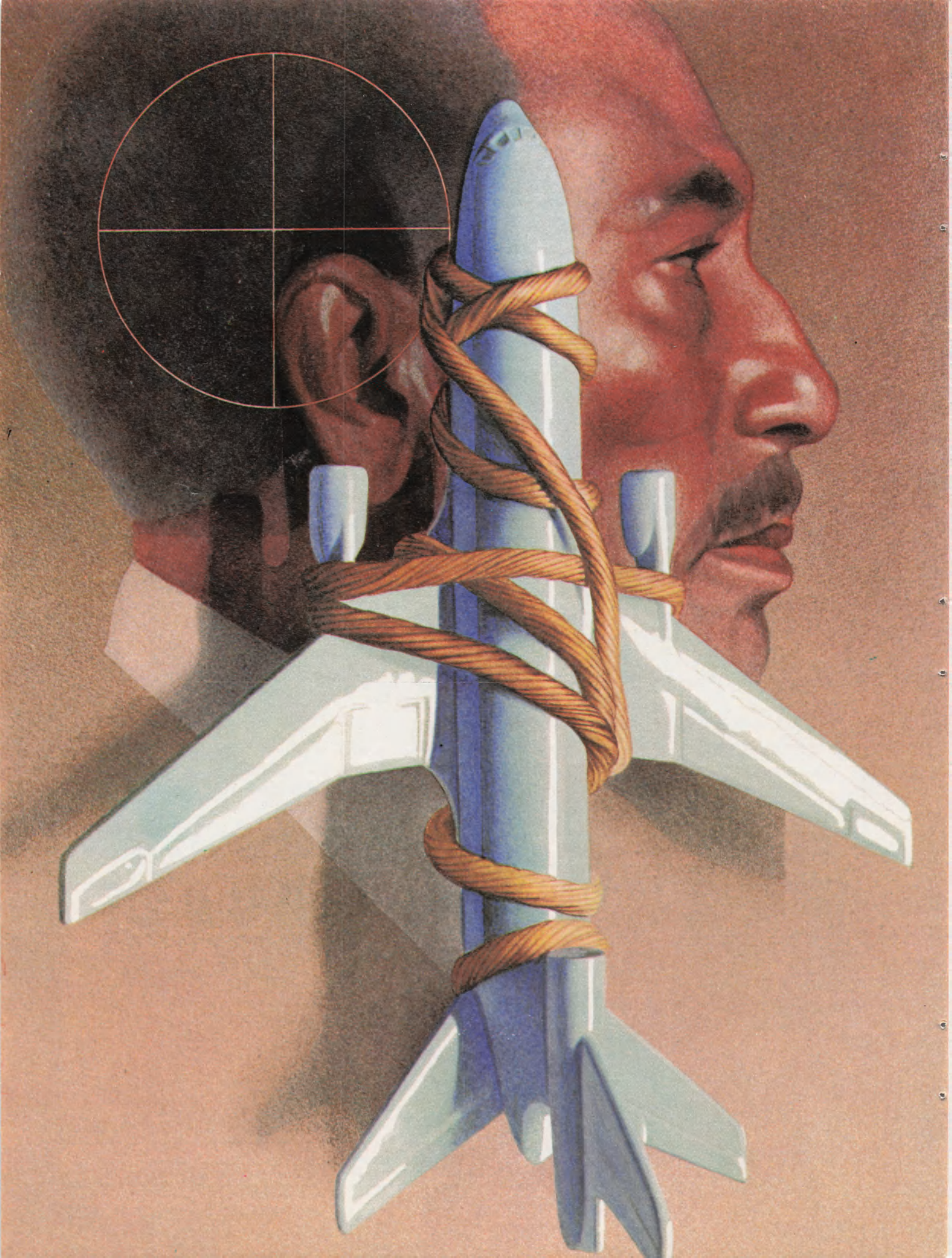

PART TWO

The wall of secrecy that surrounds Israel's legendary security force is its best protection.

TALES OF THE MOSSAD

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

He who hears himself abused and is silent will be preserved from many abuses. —The Talmud, Tractate Sanhedrin, 7a

One afternoon recently I was at a cocktail party in an American city that was attended by a high Israeli official," says investigative journalist Craig S. Karpel. "I left while the reception was still in progress. Half a block away, around the corner, my companion suddenly squeezed my arm.

" 'Turn your head around slowly and look back,' she said.

"I looked behind me. At the corner a young man in blue jeans and a T-shirt was leaning against a nondescript and dusty car. His eyes met mine without seeming to focus. I turned back.

" 'Jesus,' I whispered.

" 'Am I right?' she said. 'Isn't he the guy we saw standing near the El Al counter in Paris two years ago—the one who didn't seem to be interested in buying a ticket?'

"I looked again, cautiously. He had opened the hood of the car and was tinkering with the motor while talking to a muscular man in a knit shirt, wearing dark glasses. There was no question about it. If anyone who did not look right to these two men, passing the time of day on an American street corner, were to approach the building where the cocktail party was being held, he would be in for a most unpleasant surprise."

Karpel's "Tales of the Mossad—Part I" appeared in the January 1980 Penthouse. *It described Israel's intelligence activities and traced the Mossad's origins in the underground battle to establish a Jewish state in the aftermath of the Holocaust. It described how a force that is thought to number no more than 1,000 is able to squelch a terrorist attack at Brussels's international airport, spirit away five 150-foot gunboats on whose delivery the French had reneged, and, seven years after the Munich Olympics massacre, vaporize the terrorist who planned it on a Beirut side street. In this second of three installments, Karpel travels to Israel to explore the Mossad's tradition of inviolable secrecy.*

Illustration by Alex Gnidziejko

THE TALE OF THE UNFOUND DOOR

What is the secret of Entebbe? Let us consult four "informed sources." I shall call them Avraham, Yitzchak, Yaakov, and Yosef.

Avraham: "The secret of Entebbe is that a group of Mossad agents was sent to Kenya while Israeli officials stalled for time. They rented two planes at Wilson Airport, near Nairobi, listing their destination as a town called Kisumu, in Kenya. They overflew Uganda and took aerial photos of Entebbe airport, where the passengers from the hijacked Air France jet were being held. They touched down at Kisumu so as not to arouse suspicion and then returned to Nairobi. The pictures were flown back to Tel Aviv on an El Al flight."

Yitzchak: "The secret of Entebbe is that two Mossad agents—a man and a woman, posing as tourists—actually reconnoitered the building at Entebbe where the hostages were being held."

Yaakov: "The secret of Entebbe is that Wadia Haddad, the Palestinian Arab who masterminded the attack, who was in Mogadishu, Somalia, and Fayiz Jaaber, who ran the operation at the airport, were in constant telephone contact—and the Mossad intercepted all their conversations."

Yosef: "The secret of Entebbe is that Israel intelligence built a full-scale mock-up of the old terminal at Entebbe, and the rescue team practiced their attack on it again and again until they could have taken it blindfolded."

Shimon Peres was minister of defense at the time of

the Uganda airport raid. In 1977 he ran for prime minister as the favorite and was upset by Menachem Begin. I visit him at the Tel Aviv headquarters of the Labor party, the largest political party in Israel, which he chairs. Peres is slightly larger than life, deeply tanned, and dressed formally for Israel—a beige corduroy shirt jacket open to the middle of the chest, twill slacks, loafers, and no socks. He speaks in a deep, quiet voice.

"Mr. Peres," I ask, "what is the secret of Entebbe?"

"Mr. Karpel," he replies, "the secret of Entebbe is that it was a secret."

I am in the office of Maj. Gen. Aharon Yariv, director of Tel Aviv University's Center for Strategic Studies. Yariv was commander of Aman, the intelligence branch of Israel's armed forces, for a decade, including the period of the Six Day War, considered to have been one of the great military-intelligence victories of all time. Afterward, as Golda Meir's special adviser on antiterrorist activities, Yariv masterminded Israel's secret war against the perpetrators of the 1972 Munich massacre. One can tell by looking at Yariv's face that his circulation is very good. His handshake is an experience. Yariv's most dashing caper was the Beirut airport raid, for which he developed the intelligence. Lebanon-based Palestinian Arab terrorists had attacked an El Al airliner at Athens on December 25, 1968. Three days later, at 9:30 P.M., 40 Israeli "reconnaissance" troops descended from helicopters onto the main runway of Beirut International Airport. Arabic-speaking commandos removed passengers who had boarded Arab airliners, and they calmed the crowds in the terminal while 13 Arab-owned aircraft were blown up. Another squad of commandos set up a roadblock to prevent Lebanese military units from reaching the airport. Israeli helicopters dropped nails on the highway to puncture the tires of the Lebanese army's trucks. One hour after the raiding party had arrived, it took off for Israel. I ask Yariv how it was possible to carry out such an action so flawlessly that no one on either side was hurt.

"It was easy," he says with a chop of his hand. "A weak enemy, not so far away. Maintain secrecy, and there is no problem in lifting it."

"And how does one maintain secrecy?" I ask.

"By minimizing the time between decision and action," he says. "Then you can restrict your men to their base, permit no phone calls. We decided to go on Friday afternoon. We went Saturday night."

Leave downtown Tel Aviv headed north and you will come to *HaKirya*—"the District." Israel's Pentagon is not a building but a neighborhood. At the center of the District is a large, walled compound within which is located the command center of the Israel Defense Forces. If you look past the sentries, you will see a gray, concrete high-rise topped with a formidable array of antennas, flagless standards of a war of survival. This is the headquarters of the Mossad.

No, it is not.

Yaakov Caroz laughs gently. "It's not like Langley, Virginia. There's no sign on the highway. The Institution has no address. You can't find the door."

Yaakov Caroz does not resemble Roger Moore. Seated on a couch in his living room in a quiet suburb, he looks, in fact, like a salesman of optical goods and a mild-mannered one at that. Perhaps this is why he was able to operate in Arab countries when he was deputy director of the Mossad and before that as an agent of Shai and Mossad LeAliyah Bet, the intelligence arms of the Israeli independence movement.

"The Institution has no spokesman," he says. "For us, intelligence is the first line of defense. Those who run the Mossad have sons on the front line, as I do. No breach of secrecy is tolerated.

> Israeli intelligence never takes no for an answer. If they throw you out the door, you have to come back through the window.

"I retired from the Mossad in 1966 and joined the editorial board of the daily newspaper *Yediot Acharonot.* Just last year my book *The Arab Intelligence Services* was published, identifying my former title on its cover. It was only then, after all those years, that I was permitted to reveal what my job had been. When my boss, Isser Harel, wrote his book about our capture of Eichmann, fifteen years after the event, he had to use pseudonyms for the names of the agents who took part."

Later I am with E.

"At the White House dinner celebrating the Camp David treaty, I was seated at the same table as Admiral Stansfield Turner, your director of central intelligence," E tells me. "He asked me why the identity of the head of the Mossad is not made public. I replied that this is because the head of our intelligence service actually goes out on operations. He may have to go to Argentina and personally bring back Eichmann, as Harel did. He may have to go to Rome and personally supervise the elimination of a Black September terrorist from a car a few meters away, as Zvi Zamir did. He may have to go to an Arab country and personally confirm his agents' reports. So his name cannot be revealed. He cannot give press conferences on television."

As a result of the impermeability of the secrecy that encapsulates Israeli intelligence, there are former Mossad agents who are popular figures in Israel despite the fact that no one has the slightest idea of what they may have done. For example, Shlomo Amir. Amir began life as Ahmed Zut, a Palestinian Arab Muslim. He became a Mossad agent and operated in Jordan for years until he was captured and sentenced to death. He escaped to Israel, retired, and was given a gasoline station as a reward for his service. He, his wife, and children converted to Judaism. He survived several attempts on his life by Jordanian intelligence agents in Israel and died in his bed two years ago at 53. It is generally agreed that an account of Amir's experiences would read like a spy thriller. But those who tell what these experiences were don't know, and those who know what these experiences were don't tell.

It is interesting to see the way in which Israel reconciles its commitment to a free society, in which a defendant can confront his accusers, with the need for secrecy. In February 1979 Senegalese Warrant Officer Papa Koli Saar, a member of the United Nations Interim Force in Lebanon, many of whose members cooperate with the PLO, smuggled 30 bricks of explosive and 120 detonators into Israel inside the spare tire of his jeep. Israel's domestic counterespionage service, the Shin Bet, was aware of his activities and substituted one of its agents for the PLO man to whom Saar was to hand over the tire. At Saar's trial Shabak operatives testified in open court—but without revealing their names. They were identified only as a "general," two "colonels," and a "captain."

The tight secrecy that surrounds the Mossad enables it to conduct Israel's affairs with nations with which she has no formal relations. Many countries refrain from exchanging ambassadors with Jerusalem, not because they truly object to talking to the Israelis, but because they fear reprisals from the radical Arab countries or feel the need to strike a pose for the benefit of Third World ideologues. Israel responds by using the Mossad as its underground foreign ministry. "When the sea is rough," I am told, "you dive under the waves." Since 1967, when the U.S.S.R. closed its embassy in Israel, Moscow has continued to maintain relations, however frosty, via the Mossad. China is in cautious contact with Israel through the Mossad, on the principle that as far as the Soviet Union is concerned, the enemy of my enemy is my friend. Last spring the Mossad organized a secret trade mission to China to discuss the People's Republic of China's interest in acquiring sophisticated technology from Israel. I am informed that the Mossad

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

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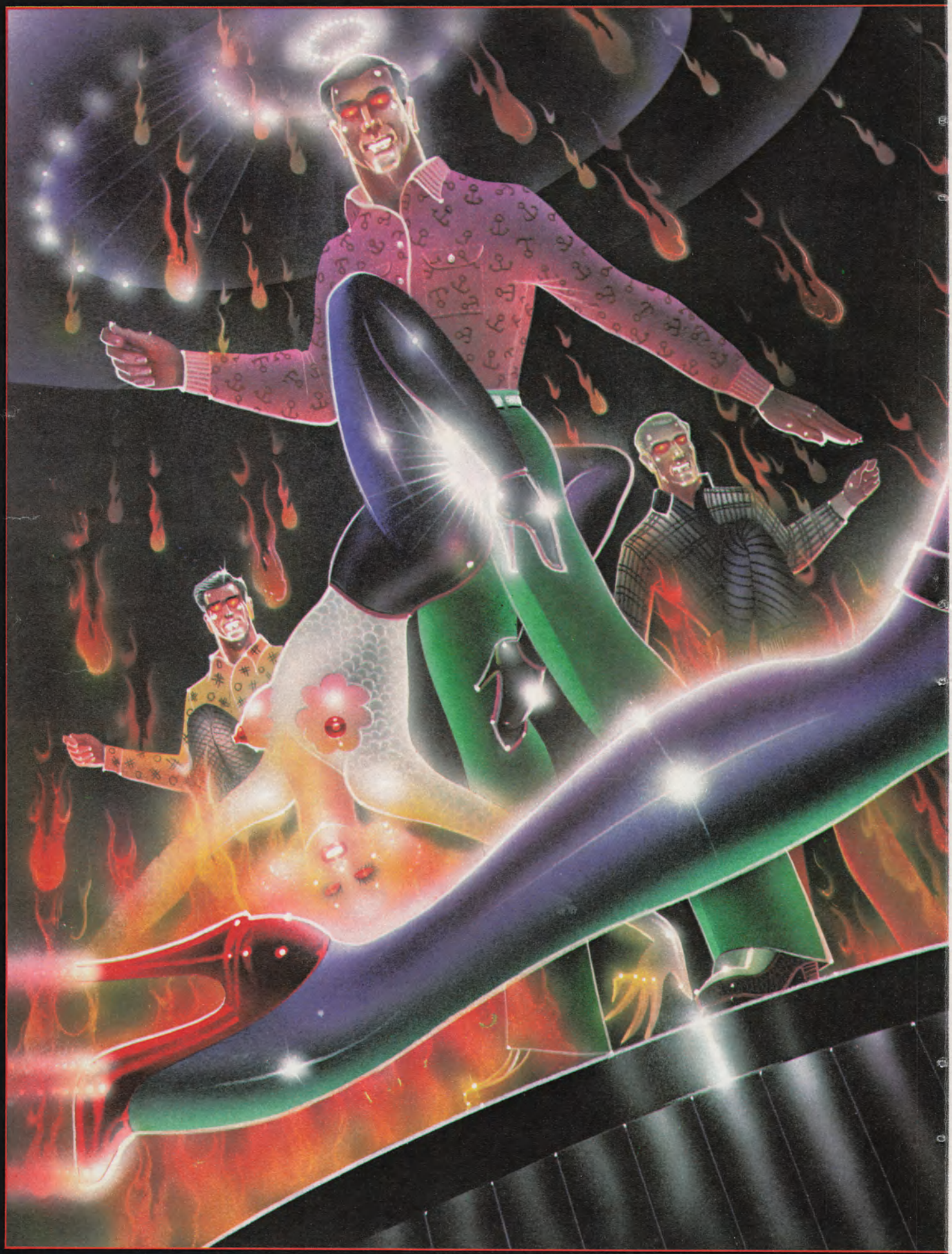

Illustration by Peter Lloyd

They are crazed! They wear nothing but double-knit leisure suits! They listen only to Barry Manilow! No eardrum is immune to their beat! Los Angeles is already gone! The terror grows!!!

INVASION OF THE DISCO DROIDS

Humor by Tom Eyen

12:32 A.M. (a slow Friday night). Silva Mirrors would be 20 on Saturday! How could that be possible? How could the Disco Diva of the Five Boroughs be over the hill? *It was impossible!!!* Silva Mirrors was: *the* world's original disco baby! *The* first person ever admitted to Studio 54 on its opening night, April 26, 1977! *The* best friend of everybody who was a star, not to mention a lot of nobodies who were stars, too! *The* person always willing to take the coke out of her own nose to help a "needy" friend! *And the* one always ready to "deal" with a good time by moving out into the center of life's slippery dance floor in her red Fiorucci Shoes and DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! People with credentials like that *don't grow old*!

As the cool strains of Blondie singing "Heart of Glass" slid under the door, Silva looked cautiously into the mirror on the wall of the ladies' room of Studio 54. She looked for telltale signs of disco-menopause; wrinkles? bags? flab? And, most important, was the ass that stopped 10,000 wops dropping?!

Luckily, all the answers were no! Silva Mirrors was still irrevocably perfect. Irrevocably perfect, that is, for a Puerto Rican-black-Jew from Bay Ridge who had been on her own since she hit the streets at 14. Silva had seen it all and had done *everything*! Some say she had also done *everyone*—but people are jealous of a person with an irrevocably perfect ass like Silva Mirrors's! *AND* besides having a fabulous ass—no small accomplishment in A-Mostly-Big-Tit-Country—Silva Mirrors could DANCE (the black part)! She was such a fantastic dancer that she was asked to be Travolta's partner in the now-classic film *Saturday*

Night Fever! They had even offered her an incredible salary! Silva refused. Silva took money for drugs! Silva took money for sex! *BUT* Silva Mirrors would never take money for DANCING! Her dancing was hers and hers alone, and no one could buy it at any price!

But aside from her famous friends, her semicelebrity status, her wealthy johns, her free coke contacts, her inherent rhythm, and her perfectly shaped ass, Silva Mirrors felt something lacking in her trendy-trashy life. And as she faced the mirror on the wall of Studio 54, she heard the answer (courtesy of the Village People) blaring at her from the dance floor below: *Go west, girl, go west!* Yes, that had to be it! Silva Mirrors was almost 20 and had never been to L.A.—which Silva had heard stood for Land of Angeldust! Yes, Silva Mirrors would take her act to L.A. After all, New York couldn't be the only town in the world!

12:58 A.M. Silva called her best friend, Lude Armani, a graphic designer for punk record albums when he wasn't busy being a bartender. Lude was now working at the "trendy-punk" Rutt Club down on White Street. "Trendy! Trendy! Trendy! I'm so sick of everything being trendy," Silva thought as her last trendy dime dropped in the box. "I was punk in Bay Ridge in 1969 when I was nine. Now it's chic. The whole world has gone fuckin' chic," she blurted out loud as Lude answered the phone with "Why don't you take an up? You've had the rag on for weeks!" Silva knew he was right as she searched desperately for a down. It was all New York's fault! It had been picking at her nerves lately! She had to get out! Even Rollerina had gone away on a vacation! "Lude, what time is that dance contest?" The Rutt Club had just inaugurated a disco contest on Tuesday nights in hopes of bringing in the more wealthy, trend-conscious clientele similar to that of the Mudd Club down the road. (Punk alone was not yet big enough to draw the big bucks!) Silva was extremely interested in the dance contest. And why shouldn't she be? The first prize was one drug-filled week in L.A. for two! "The contest is at one, but more like two's when it'll happen," Lude replied, sounding like he had dropped several of his famous namesakes. Lude was slow and easy. He was a refreshing change from the high-powered monsters Silva knew. Yes, Lude was slow and easy. That's why she liked him—that, and because he had a big dick (Arab, Long Island), *and* Silva felt something had to be said for any man who had a big dick and was still slow and easy! Most men amply endowed, Silva felt, were aggressively obnoxious and self-centered (like Hernando, but that's a whole other story!). Besides being hung, Lude was also smart. He had graduated from Lefrak University in Queens with a degree in Ghetto Housing but had dropped his dream of urban restoration when he took his first Quaalude back in 1976 at a party for Janis Ian. Since then, Lude saved all his energy for one thing—DANCING! Yes, Silva and Lude had three things in common: they could dance, they liked the same drugs, and they could fuck! They were the perfect modern couple!

1:25 A.M. When Silva got to the Rutt Club, the dance contest had already begun. She slid right onto the floor as though she had been born there. Lude joined her as Sister Sledge proclaimed, "We are family, I got all my sisters and me!" Silva and Lude *were* "family." They were related by the first hammering disco sounds of Gloria Gaynor and had never been able to say good-bye.

The judge, the ex-popular disco singer Louie Puff XIII, was eliminating couples. Silva put her ass into "high" gear and danced smoother; Lude followed on the undercurrent. There was no contest.

> Then the droids pulled out an enormous Helen Reddy billboard from the ground with one aggressive disco hand movement! This was definitely not a party! This was war!

Silva and Lude won the first prize: a drug-drenched week in L.A. for two. (The *Daily News* even took their picture, which it never used of course!)

10:00 A.M. (a slightly faster Saturday). That morning Silva Mirrors was on her way to what she thought would fill in her somewhat sparse hi-tech life. She would find the answer in L.A. Little did she know of the impending disaster awaiting her—a disaster even worse—YES, *even worse* than the one when she almost drowned in the disco tidal wave on Fire Island! (See *Penthouse*, December 1978.)

She snuggled close to the sleeping Lude on economy class ("Oh, that cheap Rutt Club!") and tried to watch Goldie Hawn and Chubby Checker in a film called *Foul Lay* or something. But Silva couldn't watch it. Silva was raised on television; Silva couldn't concentrate. How could she? Lude was sleeping in the seat next to her with a raging hard-on. Silva turned on her headset to Disco Channel 4, lifted the armrest between them, and casually "went down" on the invitingly bountiful lap. Silva Mirrors may have been in for the future shock of her already sparkplugged life in L.A., but right now she was performing one of her fanciest blowjobs on Lude to the insistent beat of Donna Summer singing "I Want Some Hot Stuff, Baby." To say TWA was not pleased is putting it lightly.

2:34 P.M. Silva and Lude had just arrived at Los Angeles International when suddenly a strange premonition overtook Silva's extreme sensitivity (the Jewish part). It was as though there was a faint but constant heartbeat surrounding them. Silva shrugged it off as the aftereffects of giving head while wearing earphones tuned to disco. The smog smiled at Silva and Lude as they took a cab into the enchanted land of L.A. (pronounced "Lay" by those who've escaped).

8:45 P.M. Silva Mirrors was eating at Roy's, the L.A. music hangout! Everyone was there: Diana Ross, Neil Bogart, the Bee Gees, Amii Stewart, Peter Brown, Eddie Money, Carly, Dustin, two-thirds of Roxy Music, one-half of Dire Straights, one-fifth of Chicago—Silva couldn't go on. She was tired of famous lists. "Weren't there any 'real' people anymore?" Silva mused, trying to look like Zelda Fitzgerald, whom Truman Capote often told her she resembled. (She wasn't sure who Zelda was except that she had married someone famous.) "Did everyone have to be famous?" Silva thought, as a girl badly imitating Bette Midler swayed by like a Hawaiian palm tree in its last season. (Later she found out it really was Bette Midler in a straw dress by Bob Mackie.)

Silva realized she needed a vacation from Disco Society! She had come all the way across a continent to L.A. only to find the same old beat! She was going to be 20 tomorrow, and she had nothing to show for her life! SILVA PANICKED! TIME WAS RUNNING OUT! WHAT SHOULD SILVA DO? For lack of anything better, Silva felt Lude's half-awake cock under the table. Lude was in heaven. Stars put him in heaven. Perhaps Silva was a little jaded for her age. Any 19-year-old-for-one-more-day would give her eyeteeth to be sitting here in Roy's surrounded by music, film, and television stars, with a hand on the big, half-awake dick of a slow and easy all-American Arab drug addict from Long Island named Lude. Silva reached for an "up." She had to get out of this "down" mood. Maybe this was what middle age was like! (Twenty was middle age for Disco Babies!) Thank the god of crooked pharmacies she had brought ups! She was reaching for a glass of water to wash one down when AHHHHHHHHHHH! *IT HAPPENED!* THE LOUDEST SOUND SILVA HAD EVER HEARD HIT THE ATMOSPHERE! Even Lude reacted—which was no small miracle! It was like—REEEEEAL LOUD!—as though the whole street were screaming with angry and bloodthirsty African Drums! "Sunset Boulevard is loud, but

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hardly this loud!" Silva thought as she rushed outside. *AND THEN*—she saw the strangest and most macabre phenomenon of her already overmediatized life—even stranger and more macabre than Grace Jones's nightclub act! There on Sunset Boulevard, heading toward Beverly Hills, was A GIANT DANCING SWARM OF TWISTING AND WRITHING HALF-DRESSED, HALF-NAKED BODIES IN ALL FIVE SEXES, SWEATING AND SCREAMING LIKE VULTUROUS BIRDS OF PREY, THEIR GOLDEN BODIES POUNDING INTO THE TERRIFIED CEMENT BELOW THEIR HARDENED FEET THAT DANCED TO THE PIERCING SUPERSONIC BEAT OF CHER SINGING "TAKE ME HOME" in DOUBLE TIME! Silva could not believe her eyes (or ears)! Was this some kind of street party?

THEN SUDDENLY, the music switched into a hard-driving Loleatta Holloway hit, and the SWEATING TWISTING WRITHING DANCING SWARM began smashing windows and knocking down the few old ladies and homosexuals who walk the streets of L.A.! (Everyone else drives!) Then THE SWARM pulled out an enormous Helen Reddy billboard from the ground with one aggressive disco hand movement! This was definitely not a party! THIS WAS WAR! Someone was trying to destroy America's fastest-growing city, the town that spoon-fed us television! Silva hated television as much as the next person, but not enough to destroy a whole town over it! Silva ran back into Roy's to get Lude, but by the time they returned, the disco "parade" had disappeared. Silva tried to describe what she had seen: the frozen, mannequinlike stares of the half-people-half-machines dancing and smashing on up the road. No one believed her. Even Lude thought her "up" had given her hallucinations. The laid-back customers of Roy's couldn't believe anything was happening. After all, it was L.A.!

11:24 P.M. Silva and Lude and Randy (a record arranger for Arista whom they met at Roy's, looking for a three-way) arrived at the new "hot" private disco in L.A. elegantly named THE YMCA. The dance floor was a series of small cubicle hotel rooms you danced in and out of. The big climax came when the outer walls of the cubicles were demolished by a wrecking crane while 20 men in construction outfits appeared, transforming the dance floor into one enormous shower stall, complete with jets of silver water flooding the exhilarating dancers. AND THEN—as if that were not enough—the flooding shower stall turned into a complete STEAM ROOM with 120-degree temperatures! To say the new disco YMCA was "hot" was like saying Greta Garbo is paranoid. But one thing it was. It was mobbed! (L.A. starts earlier, since the closing time is 2:00 A.M.) Silva saw Robin Williams and Cheryl Ladd, or was it Cheryl Tiegs, or was it Farrah with no hair spray? But whoever they were, everyone was beautiful! But then maybe it was the perfect even suntans and the perfect firm bodies and the perfect chiseled noses and the—NO, Silva finally had to admit—*they really were beautiful!*

But then maybe they were perfectly brainless, like she'd heard. Silva just couldn't stop thinking. It was a bad habit she'd started lately. In 36 minutes she'd be 20 years old, *and what had she won to show for her life?* Twenty-six pairs of red shoes from Fiorucci do not guarantee immortality! AND THEN it hit again! The feeling that something more horrendous, more inhumane, more catastrophic than anything the world had ever known was about to reveal itself! (On top of all her personal problems, Silva really needed another disaster in her life!)

THEN SUDDENLY THAT SOUND manifested itself again! THE CONSTANT BOOM—not the one in the song "I Will Survive," currently blaring for the ten-millionth time! This was almost a supersonic boom, crawling at you from all over. Silva felt it crawl up her fingernails, which seemed to scream from the electrifying pain! Was this a sign of old age—screaming fingernails? In only 12 minutes she would know! THE SOUND seemed to come from the towering hills above. Louder! Louder! Louder! The dancers in THE YMCA started to panic as Gloria kept insisting she would survive! The sound grew more monstrous! Perhaps this was IT—THE DISCO LAST JUDGMENT! Silva began The Act of Contrition! In particularly troubled times Silva always became religious (the Puerto Rican part).

THE SOUND passed the ear-safety mark, and everyone panicked! LOUDER! LOUDER! LOUDER! The sound grew as the front doors of the giant private disco were suddenly smashed open! *IT WAS THEM!* IT was THE DANCING SWARM OF TWISTING AND WRITHING HALF-DRESSED, HALF-NAKED BODIES LED BY THE SUPERSONIC DISCO BEAT OF "I JUST CAN'T WAIT TILL SATURDAY" NOW HEADING RIGHT AT THEM! THE SWARM *WAS* "REAL." SILVA HAD NOT IMAGINED IT!

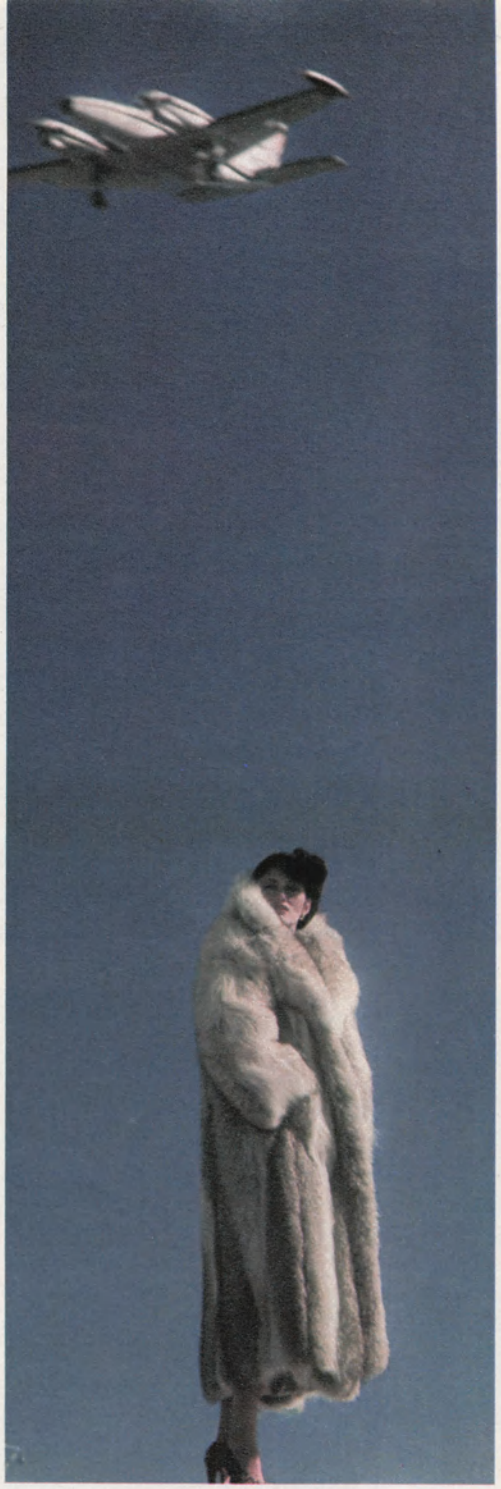
THE SMASHING, SWEATING, SEETHING SWARM danced and demolished the "normal" dancers around them. One of them came at her. DUCK, SILVA. In the center of the RAGING, DANCING HURRICANE, Silva found time for a moment of reflection. These kids were trying to destroy L.A.! Perhaps this dancing swarm is after not only L.A. but also San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, and—most important—maybe they were after NEW YORK! That was it! Silva Mirrors knew she had to do something! *NOW!* For if L.A. had taught her one thing, it was HOW MUCH SHE LOVED NEW YORK. Silva grabbed Lude, who dropped another Quaalude from the excessive ten-

"Is 'dip-shit' hyphenated?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

"My priority will always be love before money. Everything is better when you share it. . ."

MARY



GOOD DAY FOR KNIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Mary Bess Knight is the best thing to happen to Minneapolis since Mary Tyler Moore. "And *Penthouse* is the best thing that's *ever* happened to *me*," adds our beaming, starry-eyed Pet of the Month. But neither *Penthouse* nor Mary anticipated the furor that ensued over our widely publicized talent search in the Minneapolis area last October. When our 21-year-old, 37-25-36 harbinger of spring was chosen over 150 other eager candidates, the local chapter of NOW was outraged on Mary's rather startled behalf—"*Despite* the fact that I told reporters I'm not a women's libber at all!"

Angry articles were written. Staff photographer Earl Miller debated rampant feminists on TV and radio, and both Earl and Mary were interviewed extensively by both local and national press. "And the NOW ladies picketed my hotel while we were miles away," recounts Mary. "While they were whining and sniveling, I was smiling and beaming. The feminists were quacking louder than the geese in my pictures, and making a lot less sense, if you ask me!"

Happily, her family and friends are greeting her unexpected success with cheers instead of jeers. "My parents are really proud and supportive. As for my brother," she grins, "he used to call me 'Tree' because I was so tall and skinny and had this big bush of curly, dark hair on top. Now I make him call me 'ma'am'!"

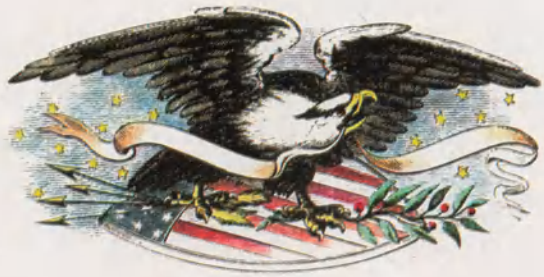
Despite her exceptional looks, Mary considers herself a "pretty normal, pretty average girl." Her fantasies have always been less career-oriented than sexual and immediate, she admits. "My lover and I like to spend hours in bed, playacting and letting our imaginations take over our bodies. We also like to make love in offbeat places, especially a secret cave we found off the St. Croix River. We have a picnic lunch and then have *another* kind of picnic. If that's the simple life, I'd hate to trade it for a complicated one!"

Ironically, the much publicized controversy stemming from her *Penthouse* discovery has brought good things Mary's way. Along with extensive modeling for fashion shows, she's posed for print ads in several regional magazines. "I'd like to model nationally some day," she tells us, "but only if I can still be with the man I love. My priority will always be love before money. Everything is better when you share it. I think the ME generation should be the WE generation."

CREDITS: Wardrobe styling by Robert Giansoldati, furs by L. A. Rockler Fur Company, clothing by B. Nathan, interiors courtesy of Thomas Designs, intimate apparel by Polly Berg, jewelry by Badiner's, shoes and handbags by Soldati, all of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Mary's windfall success apparently hasn't affected her unassuming good nature. "I don't think I'm really very special looking," she tells us. "If you ask me, everyone seems beautiful to the people who love them. And who else matters? I'm not exactly perfect. For one thing, I'm incredibly clumsy!" If so, we can only hope against hope she'll stumble our way ... O+

MISS MARY KNIGHT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Sponsored by the highly effective Vietnam veterans' self-help organizations, the First National Symposium on the Issues of Vietnam Veterans was held at Sonoma State University, Santa Rosa, Calif., on October 26–28, 1979. The 300 to 400 persons who attended, not all of whom were Vietnam veterans, came away knowing that they were not alone and that their rage, as well as their compassion, was something in which they could take pride.

The specifics of the topics and problems discussed at the symposium are less important than the fact that there are hundreds of dedicated persons who are fully committed to finding solutions to veterans' problems. Those who attended the symposium reported on their own organization's activities or described their individual experiences. Their presence and testimony were proof that the forgotten warriors of Vietnam have not been defeated by the forces they have encountered in trying to come home. If anything good can be said to have come out of our nation's experience in Vietnam, it is the unique phenomenon of veterans helping other veterans to achieve personal dignity and to gain their rights. The community-based self-help Vietnam-veterans organizations can be extremely powerful, and the symposium underlined their human potential as well as their capacity to effect major political and social change.

> Until Vietnam veterans have a national organization to speak out and lobby for specific legislative initiatives, they will be treated as second-class citizens.

The symposium provided the first real hope and encouragement that the necessary conditions for the solution of some long-standing problems were imminent. For example, because of the work of Dr. John P. Wilson, director of the Forgotten Warrior Project, and Dr. Charles P. Figley, director, Consortium Veteran Studies of Purdue University, the courts, the academic/scientific community, and the Veterans' Administration have acknowledged the validity of the "delayed stress syndrome" as it affects Vietnam veterans. For years an argument has raged over whether Vietnam veterans have been more affected by their wartime experience than veterans of other wars have been. The painstaking work of Wilson, Figley, and others has now confirmed this. As a consequence, the need to assist Vietnam veterans in solving their war-related psychological problems has been scientifically demonstrated.

Other problems, such as judicial review to appeal the VA's arbitrary and capricious decisions, enactment of legislation to replace the existing GI Bill, and an acknowledgment of the government's responsibility for exposure to Agent Orange, are today nearer to a solution. The requirement to justify action has been met, and now the task is to sell the suggested legislative proposals.

But how can Vietnam veterans best "sell" the legislative proposals embodied, for example, in the Vietnam Veterans Act of 1979 (H.R. 1872), which was first introduced in September 1979. Here the symposium participants were agreed that it is necessary "to get it together." But there was little agreement on the question of who is to speak for Vietnam veterans. Unfortunately, this lack of agreement conveys the false impression that Vietnam veterans also are divided on the issues. Clearly this suggests the need for a *national* Vietnam-veterans organization that would speak with one voice on behalf of Vietnam veterans and their needs.

Until Vietnam veterans have such an organization in order to speak out and lobby for specific legislative initiatives and to achieve redress for governmental failure and inaction, they will continue to be treated as second-class citizens. One does not have to be a political scientist to know that the "squeaking wheel gets the grease." The years—and the work of dedicated persons—have shown the validity of the Vietnam veterans' arguments. For example, in the state of California some 900,000 Vietnam veterans outnumber by more than 25 to 1 the membership of NOW (National Organization for Women) plus the so-called Right to Life movement. Thus the potential political power to turn out of office those congressmen and senators who have turned their backs on Vietnam veterans is one that even the least astute legislator can appreciate. If nothing else, our elected representatives do know how to count. Now it's time for Vietnam veterans to "count off" their political friends and their political foes.

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Ken Wisniewski

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

The author is a former national correspondent for *Newsday*, whose investigative journalism has appeared in *Penthouse*, *New Times*, *Politics Today*, and the *Washington Post*.

THE DANGEROUS MEDDLING OF DAVID ROCKEFELLER

There was some talk, not too long ago, to the effect that the ruling military junta in Argentina was ready to accept his former Iranian majesty Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, late the occupier of the Peacock Throne, for permanent exile.

Premature publicity aborted this idea, which was too bad, for there would have been something almost poetic about the shah joining such noted political exiles living in Argentina as Col. Heinrich Muller (known affectionately to his friends as "Gestapo Heinrich," a reference to the gang of thugs he once headed) and Klaus Barbie, formerly in charge of the SS in occupied France. One can imagine the charming evening conversations over *schnapps* about fingernail pulling and other similar professional esoterica between the old Nazis and the shah's bodyguards, drawn from the ranks of unemployed SAVAK agents.

Well, no matter, although the Argentinian episode should not pass without mention of the *éminence grise* who made the possibility of Argentinian exile for the shah nearly a reality, the man whose active presence, indeed, weaves in and out of the story of the shah like the central thread in a spider's web. His name is David Rockefeller, and his actions during the long and sordid tale of the shah's search for exile and ramifications thereof raise serious questions about just who's running this country anyway.

As a matter of fact, considering that Rockefeller came close to bringing us to the brink of World War III over the Iranian crisis—the incalculable international damage from the resulting imbroglio could take years to repair, if ever—it is time to consider a drastic solution: the American government must forthwith revoke David Rockefeller's special businessman's passport before he causes any more damage, and the American people must demand that he stop interfering in public affairs. Considering events in Iran, the mind reels at the potential mischief Rockefeller has caused with his private diplomacy in a number of other nations throughout the world, a suspiciously large number of which just happen to be oligarchies friendly to "American business investment."

A harsh position, to be sure, but let's examine the evidence.

We will begin in December 1977, when Rockefeller's bank, Chase Manhattan, capped a lengthy—and profitable—economic relationship with the shah by leading a consortium of banks that lent the shah $500 million. Why the shah would need a $500 million loan, in view of his oil billions, remains a mystery, especially considering the fact that Iran at the time had over $300 million on deposit in the Chase Manhattan bank alone. But the shah got his loan, and at least some of it ultimately found its way into the personal coffers of his majesty. And some of *that* money wound up in something called the Pahlavi Foundation, an ostensibly charitable organization based in New York but actually a scam the shah used for hiding much of his personal fortune. The Pahlavi Foundation, naturally, banked at Chase Manhattan.

So far, nothing really earth-shattering. Rockefeller is a smart banker and had the advantage of a close business relationship with the shah, the better to increase his bank's profits. But let's now jump ahead to last year, when the shah's empire began to collapse around his ears. By last April the shah was issuing urgent appeals to his key Ameri-

> "The government must revoke Rockefeller's special businessman's passport, and the American people must demand that he stop interfering in public affairs."

can friends, notably Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger, to find him a new permanent home. Naturally, both men immediately thought of the United States. It was at this point that Kissinger began to pressure the State Department to admit the shah for permanent residence in this country.

Not unreasonably, the State Department balked, noting that the caretaker Iranian government that succeeded the shah was shaky, at best, and that the United States's admitting the hated ex-monarch would cause no end of political complications in Iran. In fact, the CIA station in Tehran warned Washington directly that any move to admit the shah would be considered a "hostile act" by the religious extremists, who would be certain to take retaliatory action. Which is precisely what happened, as things turned out.

We now enter the key act in this drama. Balked at the diplomatic level, Rockefeller then tried a ploy: if the shah could not be admitted for permanent exile, could he be admitted "temporarily" for emergency medical treatment? What emergency medical treatment? Well, the shah was a very sick man, Rockefeller told the State Department via Kissinger; as a matter of fact, the impression was created that the shah was at death's door. Only emergency treatment, which could not be obtained at the shah's temporary refuge in Mexico, would save his life. And that treatment could be done only at the advanced facilities in the New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center. There are some State Department officials who privately admit today that a number of their colleagues saw right through this little charade, but the fact is that the State Department was looking for a way out of a difficult jam. The difficulty was that Carter's people at the State Department did not want to antagonize the powerful presence of David Rockefeller, and, even more significantly, they needed Kissinger badly. It was Kissinger who had helped them sell the Panama Canal Treaty, and it was Kissinger who was participating in secret negotiations among congressional leaders, the Pentagon, and the White House on the SALT Treaty. Without Kissinger, the White House felt, it could not hope to get a treaty. In sum, Rockefeller was proposing a subtle blackmail: unless Jimmy Carter admitted the shah, there would be no Henry Kissinger to help him out. Moreover, he would make Kissinger a political enemy in a presidential election year. The White House got the point and decided to admit the shah for what it professed to be "urgent humanitarian reasons."

Just how sick was the shah? The sole evidence that the shah was about to pass to the great Peacock Throne in the sky was the testimony of one Dr. Benjamin Kean of New York Hospital, who was dispatched by Rockefeller personally to Mexico, to examine the Shah and certify that, in fact, the monarch had to be moved to New York for treatment as soon as possible.

Aside from the fact that New York Hospital is heavily endowed by the Rockefeller family, it turns out that Kean is a specialist in tropical diseases, which would hardly seem of much use in diagnosing what was supposed to be the shah's problem, reportedly cancer or gastric disease. Kean reported back to Rockefeller and the State Department's top medical authority that the shah was indeed gravely ill and recommended his removal to New York. The State Department agreed, not bothering to: (a) consult any known specialist about what was allegedly ailing the shah or (b) find out whether any medical facilities in Mexico existed for diagnosis and treatment.

Actually, a simple phone call, similar to the one this reporter made, would have revealed that the El Centro Médico or the Instituto Nacional de Nutrición in Mexico City both have CAT scanners (used in sophisticated X-ray diagnosis) and high-voltage radiation facilities. According to medical experts, those facilities are the equal of any in the world. But assume for a moment that the Mexican doctors were not up to the shah's medical problem. In that case teams of American specialists could have been flown to Mexico City. What's more, when the shah finally underwent treatment in New York, the Americans had to fly in a Canadian radiologist to do some of the work.

These facts explain why the doctors at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center held only one news conference shortly after the shah's arrival on October 25 and remained silent until a brief announcement, on November 28, that the shah had successfully weathered surgical treatment. Their professional embarrassment at being badly used in this fraud can scarcely be imagined. Their role amounted to removing a gallstone and treating a small growth on the shah's neck, which may or may not have been cancerous. The shah's illness could have been handled by any competent hospital surgical team virtually anyplace in the world.

Clearly, the whole medical business was a sham, designed as a wedge to get the shah into this country and to be followed by a campaign to admit him permanently. The idea, presumably, was that the shah was hanging by a thread and would require lengthy convalescence that would preclude his being moved someplace else.

And so the inevitable result, given the volatile nature of Iranian politics, came to pass: the taking of the hostages and the horrifying events that transpired thereafter. It is too late to rectify all that, of course, but there is something that can be done. At the moment, Rockefeller functions as a roving ambassador for his economic interests, representing a considerable clout that invites warm reception wherever he sits down to negotiate. To cite only the case of Argentina, for example, Rockefeller has established friendly relations with that country's military government and has been pressuring the State Department to mute its criticisms of Argentina's execrable human-rights violations.

Which means, of course, that the growing mass movement against the excesses of the Argentinian military government will result, someday, in a popular revolt that will be directed as much against the kind of business diplomacy that Rockefeller represents as against the kind of government he wants to keep propped up with investment dollars. It is time for this to end before it leads to another Iranian-type disaster. It is time to revoke Rockefeller's special businessman's passport and insist he cease functioning as what amounts to a separate American government. Rockefeller's interests are not necessarily those of this country. Then perhaps he would prefer to go into exile with his friend, the shah. Together, in their retirement years, they might ponder the fact that the world did not turn out to be theirs. ○

"The deal is only so long as you don't touch her," Mr. Abbott said as he collected the money. But his daughter, Bonnie, had other ideas.

FRIDAY EVENING

FICTION BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

The thing between Mr. Abbott and Bonnie—it was just an accident, an innocent accident that is no one's fault: not his and not hers.

Who are you looking at, Mr. Abbott shouts at the faces. It's enough to make a person puke, the spying that goes on.

He opens another can of Molson's and leaves the warmth of the car to make a telephone call. The faces are snatched up by the wind and blown away. Bastards. He sets the can atop the pay phone and smooths open the crumpled piece of paper and squints at the penciled numbers.

I run slipping and sliding across the pavement, carrying the warm cardboard box at chest level. There's the car, but Daddy isn't in it.

It's 8 P.M. Windy as hell. Today there's been a thaw, but now it's cold again, and windy. Sweet Bonnie Abbott runs skittering across the icy pavement in her chunky

Letterforms by Ray Barber

OTE
CANCY
ALAN MAGEE

square-toed shoes and tight-fitting jeans and blue leather jacket, her head ducked against the wind. No scarf or woolen hat for her; *she* goes bareheaded all winter.

There's the car, but Mr. Abbott isn't in it. The exhaust is puffing away. The motor is running. Where is he? . . . She holds the box before her like an offering, walking now. Trying to avoid the little snowdrifts on the sidewalk. Where is he? That telephone booth outside the Rexall's? The car's headlights are on; the windshield wipers are still moving irritably from side to side.

I was laid off back in August. Nickleson Machine Tool. Before that, was out of work for eighteen months because of a neck injury . . . Yes, I am registered with Unemployment. Have been looking for work since August. Practically every day. Left my name all over the damn city. What do you think? Don't get high blood pressure over it, Wayne, a friend, told me.

I got high blood pressure already, I said.

Friday evening, the old woman at bingo where she eats supper (franks and beans and some kind of a dessert, usually jello, she says, and coffee, as much as you can drink: all for $1.59 if you play ten games), her friends Geraldine and Shirley with her, Mr. Abbott and Bonnie out for the evening and their first stop at Hamburger King on Hausmann Boulevard. What a day! That very morning, a woman named Fletcher or Fleishmann called, and Mr. Abbott answered the phone after about ten rings. At first he thought the old woman was home and would answer it. Then he realized she must be out, and the damn thing would keep ringing, and he was already wide awake, and no chance of getting back to sleep. Mr. Abbott, a stern, bossy voice said, I'm calling from . . . guidance office. . . . Are you and your wife aware . . . daughter's absenteeism. . . . serious situation. . .

Absenteeism, a fancy word!

Bonnie dawdles downstairs, yawning, and flops herself down on a kitchen chair while the old bitch runs on at the mouth, and Mr. Abbott rolls his eyes and whispers to her it's someone from school, and Bonnie draws up one knee immediately, catching her heel on the edge of the chair, her eyes frightened, fearless, her face a little peaked. Hearing him reply ("Well, yes, Miss Fleishmann, I'll talk to her about it"), she smirks and giggles behind her knee. A big girl for her age, big and lazy and sprawling in her faded cotton pajamas that are too tight now across the breasts. Mr. Abbott lets the woman talk. What does she know? He stares at Bonnie's frizzy, crinkly red hair and her slightly puffed face and her loose, pouty lips and the pattern on her pajamas (what is it, a kitten's cartoonish face faded so that it looks more like a rose, or was it a flower all along?), and the bitch just talks and talks . . . what does she know?

No threat.

The wind is so sharp, it makes tears run from the corners of my eyes, streaking backward toward my ears.

Where the hell are you, I grunt, managing to get the car door open and falling inside, clumsy as a calf. I *hate* myself. When I check the cheeseburgers, they are all right, though.

Daddy gets in the car, rubbing his hands together briskly.

That stuff smells *good*, he says.

But he doesn't eat much of his hamburger. He opens another can of beer instead, humming under his breath. Time to go? Already? His lips stretch in a fussy, worrying smile; his eyes are fixed on the street and the slow-moving traffic. Wouldn't you know it—another five or six inches of snow predicted when we just got plowed out of the storm last week. That damn wind . . . The bastards that run the city government, half of them *blacks*, as they choose to be called, why should they give a damn about keeping the side streets open . . . just thumb their noses at the taxpayer . . . ? Where's the change from the restaurant?

> Miles sat on the other side of the bed from me. "How old are you? You're bigger than I thought."

It was the New Vegas I called. "Chuck Carey." Not his name. Champion bowler, someone said. Ten, fifteen years ago: now he's grown a gut. Bastard pretended not to know me at first, then got apologetic when I started to hang up. Where are you now, he asked, how far out on Hausmann?

Driving south on Hausmann, past Van Dyke and Summit. Bonnie sprinkling salt from the little plastic vial onto her hamburger. Not looking up. Chattering too loud. Her mother's whine there, her mother's bright, blind face. Daddy, I told you I needed boots, and you said it was practically spring and now look: just *look*! I want some real nice boots this time, white kidskin, the kind that come almost to the knee . . . a little higher than the other ones. Are you listening?

What? Yes. Boots.

Sweet Bonnie Abbott. A good-looking girl. Green-eyed. With sizable breasts and hips and a certain way of walking. Looks spoiled, doesn't she? Sullen. Pale skin and dark red hair and her smile is *so* powerful, her front teeth just a little crooked but white and startling, like seeds in a rich, dark, luscious fruit. In seventh grade it was Bonnie Abbott who was "B" in Corridor Capers, the Mystery Girl from one Friday till the next, and nobody guessed, not one person thought to think of *her*; so the prize went to her. (Later Judy Marcotti said they chose Bonnie just for the hell of it because *nobody* would think of her. But Judy was just jealous.) Mr. Palisano who teaches eighth- and ninth-grade Communication Studies called me Bon-Bon last fall. Bon-Bon, he said, what are you dreaming about, why are you staring out the window? Green eyes fixed upon the distant horizon. A lonely, sad look. After class I said I wasn't dreaming about anything, it was none of his business, I just felt *sad*, and he grinned at me to cover up that he'd forgotten—didn't know what the hell I was talking about.

I feel so sad sometimes.

I want some new boots.

Friday evening. He limits himself to four cans of beer before the noon whistles sound and to a six-pack in the afternoon; after that, on the weekends especially, he doesn't keep track. Who are you gaping at, he shouts. Who are you, you think you're so much better than me? None of the hard stuff. Only beer. Occasionally ale. The old woman joins him most evenings. Chattering about neighborhood gossip, city news, her sister, and her sister's crazy family. The television set on. Chattering just the same. Once the three of them were watching "Bowling for Dollars," and Bonnie said suddenly, I'm gonna turn this shit off, and her mother began to scream at her, and the two of them went crazy, it seemed: happened so fast Mr. Abbott could not comprehend. Bonnie's mother slapped her, and Bonnie slapped right back, and they would have torn each other's face if he hadn't interfered.

Who was it you telephoned, I ask him finally.

You know, he says.

Like the other times, the Motor City Motel. East Jefferson. I finish the cheeseburger and wipe my hands on my thighs. Light a cigarette. Momma is at bingo: came home with $350 a few months ago. Bought us presents. A suede purse for me, a pair of bedroom slippers for Daddy. A coat with a fur collar for herself. A real good feeling in the house for two, three days. Maybe longer. Had her hair done, plucked her eyebrows, looked ten years younger. ("I don't look so bad after all, do I?" she said in the mirror, surprised. Really seemed surprised. She's thirty-five years old—I don't know, is that *old*?) Was going to go back to work, Grace Hospital cafeteria, then changed her mind. Why the hell should I work while you and your father sit on your asses all day long? You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Motor City Motel. Pink neon. In the near distance, big, boiling, heavy clouds lit up from the underside, from the Chrysler smokestacks. Where Stu McIntyre works, guy I met at the roller rink. Hard clumsy mouth and hands. Bastard. Kind of handsome, though. Sideburns. Those heavy-lidded eyes.

Mr. Abbott signs them in while Bonnie sits in the car, staring at the sky. She sits prim and immobile with her hands on her knees. Stubby, strong hands. Thick knees. (Which is why she wears jeans even in the summer, not a skirt, not shorts. Her legs are so goddamn fat. She *hates* herself.) Knees scarred a bit from childhood accidents. Many, many years ago. Fell on a cinder drive once. Was shoved and fell, hard, on the asphalt playground at school, first grade. Silly Bonnie crying her head off. Nine years old and fell off a bicycle she'd borrowed from a friend, just for the heck of it, the friend screaming for her to bring it back, but she had wanted to try it out: ended up falling over and the bike on top of her somehow. A cut on her forehead, a bad gash on her right knee. Ran screaming home. Bleeding to death. And her father (her real father, Ed, now gone to Oregon and not heard of for quite a while) sitting at the kitchen table, nursing a beer, took one look at her and went pale and almost passed out. So the story went. Couldn't stand the sight of blood. Whimpering for Momma to come help.

For Christ's sake what have you done to yourself . . .

Room nineteen. A different room from the other times. A green corduroy bedspread, stained: several cigarette burns; smell of stale smoke and unaired linen and a shower stall not very clean. At 8:35 P.M. I turn on the television and work the tuner. The picture isn't very good. Surfing. California? Will go there someday. Someday a friend is sure to be driving out. Bonnie sweetheart, how'd you like to keep me company?

No good-bye note for them, either. A postcard, maybe, from San Francisco.

I'd take the cigarette out of her mouth, but what good would that do? She won't listen. Sits there on the edge of the bed, hunched over, fooling with the dials. Husky girl. Wedge-shaped face, skin a little sallow. Is she eating right? Cheeseburgers and French fries and candy bars and pizzas and Christ knows what else. At the school cafeteria itself they serve them baby pizzas; you ever heard of such a thing? Isn't listening to me. I am giving her instructions, but she isn't listening.

It was an accident between us the first time. Not my fault. Not hers: she didn't know any better. Ten and a half years old. Bad tantrums. Stomachaches. Home from school one rainy November morning and the old woman out shopping and me still asleep on the sofa bed after a bad night the night before, and the kid comes blubbering under the cover, tears and snot, saying something about how her Momma is mad at her and isn't going to come home again.

Now she sits on the edge of the bed, switching the television channels. Frowning. Ugly. Pretending she doesn't understand.

Look, I told him in the car, I need some boots.

Why did you lose them, then, he said. Nervous and trying to kid. Driving with the beer can between his legs. (Would serve the bastard right if a patrolman stopped him. Slapped him with a ticket. Took away his license.)

I didn't *lose* them, I shouted, sucking in my breath so that it caught a little, for Christ's sake I told you some kid stole them, out of my locker in the locker room, I was in gym class and some little fucker came and stole them, I *told* you . . . My lock was broke, but I had to use it anyway.

New boots, he said, humming under his breath. Well: maybe yes and maybe no.

> What did he do to you? Did he touch you? Did he touch you after all my instructions?

Beaverboard walls. Dark brown rug. Mr. Abbott stands at the window, peering through the drooping Venetian blind while Bonnie Abbott waits out the commercial, studying a yard-high plastic advertisement for a nearby restaurant-cocktail-lounge-and-health club. Her blank young forehead crinkles. What are these words? Moving a forefinger beneath them, she can recognize only a few, like *The* and *and* and *free* and *food* and *drinks*. Reading makes her eyes narrow as if a cruel beacon were being shone into them. She'd like to tear the advertisement in two, but the noise would attract her father's attention, and he would know she was frightened, and she doesn't want to give him that victory.

Old drunk. Beery-breath. Beer-belly. From San Francisco she'll write a postcard telling Momma everything. If Momma wants to know.

It's 9:05 P.M., and the man arrives. I am watching "Tales of the Supernatural," where a giant thing is asleep on its back in the desert.

Mr. Abbott is singing under his breath, "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave . . ." Drives down the boulevard to Smitty's, where he has a few beers on tap. Stands at the bar. Alone. His loose, eager features smile hopefully, and he's in a conversation, a three-way conversation, about the city government, the mayor, and the Mafia. Everybody knows these things: they're an open secret. His companions are men like himself, in their early forties probably.

The bartender switches television channels. Two men are struggling in the cockpit of an airplane. The camera jumps back hundreds of yards to show the plane in a tailspin, but nobody is watching. On another channel a giant creature with flamy red eyes is staggering across a desert. A woman is screaming somewhere off-camera.

The deal is only so long as he doesn't *touch* her, Mr. Abbott said.

There was a long pause at the other end of the line. Then "Chuck Carey" said, well, that's a pretty good deal for you two, then, ain't it?

His name is Miles, he says. He smells of something sweet like gum. Is there a wad of gum in his mouth? Or maybe a Tums? He looks like a teacher. He has taken off his glasses and put them in his pocket. What grade do you teach, I ask him, twisting my mouth to show what I think of him. His hands are trembling; his eyelashes are fluttering. He might be Momma's age. Or younger. A brown sports jacket, a sweater vest, a shirt with the collar jerked open. Asked me my name but began to stutter. Ugly old fool. I bet you're a teacher, I say, not bothering to look around from the television screen, stretching my arms out and yawning. How d'ya know my old man didn't take your picture with a miniature camera and's going to blackmail you?

Tenderly and fearfully he says, ah, that wouldn't be very nice of him, would it?

All I do is snort in reply. Pretending to laugh.

He isn't worth laughing at.

Sweet Bonnie Abbott in her pullover ski sweater, a little tight under the arms, the sleeves too short. Momma washed the damn thing, and it shrank. I hate myself; I'm getting so big. Clumsy as a cow, Momma says. Let the girl alone, says Daddy. Behind his back I stick out my tongue at her. I shake my fist at her.

How old are you, says Miles.

Huh!—as if I believe his name is *Miles*.

All I do is shrug my shoulders. The monster is being killed: they are dropping some kind of fancy sparkler bomb on him that whirls around and around, throwing off nails. He clutches at one eye, screaming in agony . . . But it serves him right for pulling those people apart, arms and legs snatched off like you might do to a nasty insect. Why should I feel sorry for *him*?

Miles sits on the other side of the bed from me. Behind my back. Chatter chatter. I can smell him. Hear him. I'd turn up the volume on the television but don't want to move suddenly; he might be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

The look of contemporary sculpture is translated into these sleek suits and sport coats for 1980.

SCULPTURED STYLE

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY SILANO

Hair styled by Wayne Herndon, makeup by Patricia Bowden, both of Masterworks. Ladies' fashions styled by Vanessa Murphy.

The suits and sport coats for spring can be described as streamlined classics. Padded shoulders accentuate the lines of this year's silhouette, and unnecessary details have been eliminated. In the midst of a turbulent world, fashion's message is to keep your look clean, calm, and classic.

THE BOLD BRIGHTS OF SUMMER *(above) Salmon rayon-polyester jacket ($190), raw-silk shirt ($57), and rayon-polyester pants ($70) by Jean-Paul Germain. Silk tie by Lee Wright for Feuerman Cravats; shoes by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia. Yellow rayon-polyester jacket ($190), bright blue raw-silk shirt ($57), and cotton jeans ($34) by Jean-Paul Germain. Tie by Bill Kaiserman for Feuerman Cravats; shoes by Yves St. Laurent for Harwyn International. Ladies' outfit by Adolfo Sports.*

THE SASSY TRIMMED-DOWN DOUBLE-BREASTEDS *(right) Wool-and-silk suit ($227) and cotton shirt ($40) by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing. Silk tie available at Barney's, N.Y.; shoes by Yves St. Laurent for Harwyn. Polyester-wool-and-linen jacket (about $135) by Nino Cerruti for M. Wile & Company. Wool pants are available at Gary Miller Associates for Contir. Polyester-and-cotton shirt ($25) by Don Robbie; shoes by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia. Ladies' silk outfit by Tannerway; shoes by Charles Jourdan. All jewelry in this feature by Victor Carranza.*

Pedano wood sculptures courtesy of ABITARE, 212 East Fifty-seventh Street, N.Y.C.

THE NEW DOUBLE-BREASTED SUIT *(above) The wool suit in an all-over soft-plaid pattern ($425) is by Windsor European Fashion Corporation. The striped polyester- cotton shirt ($25) is by Don Robbie; silk tie is by X'Andrini for Feuerman Cravats; shoes are by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia. Very Swiss, nickel-edge-width, 18-karat gold gilt-dial watch ($4,400) is by Longines. Ladies' dress is by Regina Kravitz; shoes are by Maud Frizon; hair ornaments are by Bruce Silberman.*

THE TATTERSALL PLAID IS BACK *(left) Plaids are on the rise in advanced fashion lines but will probably not explode until fall 1980. The all-cotton tattersall-plaid jacket ($150) is shown with dark cotton-poplin shirt ($27.50), white cotton-canvas sailcloth pants ($55), and taupe-colored silk-mesh tie ($25). Ensemble is by Calvin Klein. Shoes are by Pierre Cardin Footwear. Ladies' suit by Tannerway; shoes by Maud Frizon.*

THE "LUSTER" LOOKS *(above) Wool-and-silk-blend jacket ($210) by Adolfo for Leon of Paris. Linen pants ($100) are available at Gary Miller Associates for Contir. Cotton-polyester shirt ($22.50) by Givenchy for Chesa International. Shoes by Pierre Cardin Footwear; silk tie by X'Andrini for Feuerman Cravats. Polyester-silk-and-cotton-blend jacket ($125) by Fioravanti for Brookfield. Linen pants ($121) available at Gary Miller Assoc. for Contir. Cotton-and-linen shirt by Lanvin Chemisier; shoes by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia; silk tie by Bill Kaiserman for Feuerman Cravats. Ladies' dress by Regina Kravitz; shoes by Charles Jourdan.*
THE LIVELIER SINGLE-BREASTED JACKET *(left) Handwoven Bombay-silk patterned sport coat ($295) by Harry Lebow for Lebow Brothers. Rayon-polyester pants ($70) by Jean-Paul Germain. Silk crepe-de-chine shirt ($65) by Givenchy for Chesa. Two-tone shoes by Pierre Cardin Footwear. Polyester-silk jacket (about $145) by Egon Von Furstenberg for George Weintraub & Sons. Gold cotton-and-polyester pants ($37.50) by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing. Iridescent polyester-cotton shirt ($25) by Don Robbie; shoes by Yves St. Laurent for Harwyn International. Ladies' jump suit is by Regina Kravitz; shoes by Maud Frizon.* For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 174.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

LORETTA LYNN

> When "The Pill" came out, Southern preachers gave sermons about how I was preaching having sex in a different way. Half the congregation would then go out and buy the record to see how bad it was.

It's been 20 years since Loretta Lynn first surfaced as a singer, and in the course of becoming the queen of country music she's recorded more than 50 albums, was the first woman ever named Entertainer of the Year by the Country Music Association, and is also the first country musician whose autobiography (*Coal Miner's Daughter*) became a best-seller. As we went to press, the movie version of her book—starring Cissy Spacek–was set to open in theaters across the nation.

The object of all this attention is a five-foot two-inch, blue-eyed brunette whose voice is as clear as polished crystal and as pure as a country stream. An accomplished songwriter, Loretta Lynn has never lost a sense of her rural roots, and her songs invariably focus on the problems backwoods women have with their hardworking, hard-drinking men. Unlike most of her colleagues, however, Lynn doesn't much care for walking the floor and crying her eyes out over a two-timing mate. She'd rather fight fire with fire, which explains why many of her past hits have borne such titles as "The Squaw's on the Warpath," "Fist City," and "I'm Gonna Make like a Snake." Right: Loretta is *country*.

The second of eight children born to Clara and Melvin Webb, Lynn was born and raised in Butcher Hollow, Ky., a poverty-stricken coal mining hamlet in the eastern part of the state. She once told writer George Vecsey, "I'm always making Butcher Hollow sound like the most backward part of the United States—and maybe it is." Lynn grew up without the niceties of indoor plumbing and electricity, and as a child her wardrobe included dresses made of flour sacks. She learned to read in a one-room schoolhouse that was a two-mile walk down the mountain from her home, and if it all sounds a little like *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, well, that's the way it was.

Loretta's education ended abruptly when she was 13 and met a recently discharged 22-year-old army vet named Oliver Lynn at a pie supper sponsored by her school. Lynn's family had called him Doolittle since his infancy; his friends called him Mooney because he'd once had a job delivering moonshine whiskey. Doo courted Loretta for a month, after which they were married. On her wedding night, Loretta got to wear her first nightgown—which she put on over her clothes. As she notes in her autobiography, sex "was all a mystery for a long time."

Soon after their marriage, the Lynns moved to the state of Washington, where Doo worked as a logger and ranch hand. By the time she was 18, Loretta had given birth to four of her six children, and for several years thereafter she was content to look after her family. She'd probably still be a housewife today if Doo hadn't bought her a $17 guitar and urged her to try singing in a few local clubs. When Loretta won first prize of $25 in an amateur-night competition sponsored by a Blaine, Wash., bar, the couple took off for Tacoma to see if they could wangle an appearance for her on a regional television show hosted by singer Buck Owens. Owens put her on, and the show attracted a sponsor, who came up with enough cash for the Lynns to travel to Los Angeles and cut a record for their own newly formed Zero label. The result was "Honky Tonk Girl," which climbed to fourteenth place in *Billboard*'s country music chart. Loretta Lynn's career had been launched.

To interview the singer, *Penthouse* sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to meet with Loretta Lynn in Nashville. Linderman reports:

"Over the years I've found that country music singers are the nation's least pretentious show business performers, and Loretta Lynn is no exception to that rule. When I met her recently at her offices in Nashville's Music Circle, she greeted me warmly, giggled a bit about doing a *Penthouse* interview, introduced me to her friend (and office manager) Lorene Allen, and then made sure there was plenty of coffee and soft drinks and candy and cookies around in case the big boy from *Penthouse* needed anything in the way of refreshment. Lynn is refreshing enough by herself. A pint-sized bundle of energy and easy humor, she's a fine-looking woman in a weathered, classic, country way. In fact, if Grant Wood had painted *American Gothic* with a younger couple, Lynn would have been a perfect model for the wife.

"Loretta seems almost incapable of artifice. Actresses appear for interviews expensively dressed, exquisitely powdered, and beautifully coiffed; Loretta showed up in a knockabout dress, without makeup, and her hair surely hadn't been styled that day by Mr. Joe Bob or whoever Nashville's hot hairdresser may be these days.

"In any event, after some brief conversation we got down to business. In the last few years Loretta has become increasingly identified as an advocate of women's rights, and with that in mind, I began our interview."

Photograph by Leonard Kamsler

Penthouse: More and more of your recent songs have been about women standing up to their men, not by them. For instance, in "You've Come a Long Way, Baby," you state, "There ain't no man alive who can match a woman trick for trick." Lyrics like that sound as if you have a sexual score to settle. Do you?

Lynn: No, but that line sure got the men's attention. But I didn't put it in there because I think a woman can outdo a man. I just think there's things men can do that women can't, and that there's things women can do that *men* can't.

Penthouse: Were those card tricks you had in mind?

Lynn: Not hardly. That song also has a line that goes, "Up to now I've been an object made for pleasing you, but times have changed and I'm demanding satisfaction, too." Times *have* changed, and when it comes to satisfaction—about sex or anything else—I don't think men should be the only ones who get to be happy. I think women have the right to be happy and satisfied, too.

Penthouse: Isn't that quite a departure from the usual sentiments voiced by female country singers?

Lynn: I'm not sure that's so. I doubt if country people want to hear this, but I came to Nashville in 1961, and since then country music has changed a whole lot. The thing is, it's been progressing in such a gradual way that up until recently we haven't realized it. Today you can just be a lot straighter about things. For instance, when I first came to Nashville, I wrote two songs "Don't Come Home A-Drinkin' with Lovin' on Your Mind" and "You Ain't Woman Enough to Take My Man." I don't think either of them would get anybody worried today, but back then the girls would be either too scared or too embarrassed to sing 'em. At the time, girl singers were doing I-love-you-truly kinds of things, but I came in fightin' over my man 'cause he was stepping out with somebody else and I was promisin' to do the same thing, or I *was* doing the same thing. I was just a little bit braver, I guess, than most of the other singers, and I was also the first one to get my records banned. But every record of mine that was banned became number one.

Penthouse: By banned, do you mean radio stations wouldn't play those records?

Lynn: That's right. A lot of radio stations banned "Don't Come Home A-Drinkin'." I remember that a big 50,000-watt station in Chicago—WJJD—wouldn't play the song 'cause they thought it was dirty. As far as I was concerned, there was nothin' dirty about it, but a lot of radio stations objected to the last chorus: "You never take me anywhere because you're always gone, /Many a night I've laid awake and cried the whole night long/ Then you come in a-kissin' on me, it happens every time/ So don't come home a-drinkin' with lovin' on your mind." As I said, other girls weren't singing that kind of stuff; so it always kept me one step ahead. After that I had a song called "Another Man Loved Me Last Night," which was about a woman steppin' out on a man who'd been steppin' out of her. That song was Bible Belt banned, and after that came "The Pill," and that was banned all over.

Penthouse: Did that come as a shock to you?

Lynn: Sure it did. I couldn't understand why anyone would even *think* about not playin' a record called "The Pill" when women had been taking the pill for 20 years. What was the big deal? When "The Pill" came out, southern preachers gave Sunday sermons about the record and how I was preaching having sex in a different way. The next day, half the congregation would go out and buy the record to see how bad it was.

Penthouse: How bad *was* it?

Lynn: It wasn't bad at all. A lot of doctors told me they'd been trying to get birth control information to country women who were back in the woods and that my song had done more for them than all the literature they'd put out. You know, I had four children by the time I was 18; and if they had had pills back when I had my first boy, why, I'd have eaten 'em like popcorn. Women really loved the song, and a lot of them got on the pill as a result of it. Now, maybe the pill wasn't good for a lot of women—even an aspirin can affect you if something's wrong with you—but havin' babies wasn't always good for them, either.

> Girl singers were doing I-love-you-truly kinds of things, but I came in fightin' over my man 'cause he was stepping out with somebody else . . .

Penthouse: How did men react to "The Pill"?

Lynn: It seemed to offend a lot of them, and I just couldn't believe it. Our house was swamped with calls from men, and none of them was complimentary. Disc jockeys were a little bit hateful about playin' the record, and I remember one of 'em calling me up and saying, "Good morning, Loretta. Have you taken your pill today?" And then I had all kinds of people asking me if I was a women's libber.

Penthouse: *Are* you?

Lynn: Well, I'm for the women, but I'm not the kind that marches in the streets and burns my bra and carries on. But I do think that if a woman does a man's job, then pay her equal. And if you don't want a woman to get a man's pay, then don't hire her and then raise the man's pay so he has enough to take care of his family and his wife don't have to work. But otherwise, if a woman works alongside a man and does the same job, why *not* give her the same pay? She's earned it, and she deserves it.

Penthouse: Do you think you put men off by saying such things?

Lynn: No, because both men and women come to my shows and buy my records. But I know that women like me, and it's very hard for a girl to be liked by another girl, 'cause women are real catty people. I mean, when a woman walks by another woman, she's gonna be looked at from the top of her head to the bottom of her feet, and you'll hear things like, "That's the ugliest dress I ever seen," or "Look at them shoes," or "Hey, that girl don't have no bust." I don't believe I've ever heard men talk about other men that way.

Still, I always let the women know I'm on their side. That don't mean I'm not for the men, but as far as havin' me sing about sittin' home nights and havin' a hopeless love, well, I ain't got time for that stuff. And I really do believe that when guys are out by themselves on a Friday or Saturday night, drinking their beer and having a good time, well, when they walk up to the jukebox and they hear "Another Man Loved Me Last Night," they start to think about it. They're going to say, "Hey, I'd better get home. I may be missing something if I don't." And they'd *better* get home, 'cause more and more women aren't going to always be there, pining for 'em.

Penthouse: You really see that happening in rural areas of the country?

Lynn: Sure I do. You know, the tradition handed down to us is that women stay home, take care of the family, and that it's okay for a man to do whatever he wants and to go wherever he wants. But if his wife gets all dressed up and goes to town, well, that's just awful. Very few women used to do that, and when they did, you know what they were called.

It's different today, and I'm glad, because a woman can get all fixed up and go someplace and have a good time without doing something wrong. You know, if I ever was to go out and go to bed with a man other than my husband, Doo, it wouldn't be just a one-time thing. The man would have to mean an awful lot to me, and I think the majority of women feel the same way.

Penthouse: Were you that unyielding when you were on the road by yourself for several years?

Lynn: Yeah, and it was very tough, because I was scared to death to travel alone and I didn't know that much about life. When I first started singing, I'd already had my four kids, and I was about 25 and making $50 a night. I remember

going all the way from Nashville clear into Colorado by bus with only my guitar for company. My husband couldn't come along because we didn't have a car good enough to make the trip, and even though the bus fare wasn't expensive, we needed that $50 real bad.

So I got to this club—I can't remember the town right now—and I did four half-hour shows. When I finished the last one, somebody came running over and told me I was wanted on the pay phone in the hallway. I picked up the phone, and this guy on the other end says, "Would you like to make some money tonight?" I said, "Oh, yes!" Well, the guy was having a party after my last show, and he wanted me to entertain the fellas. I asked how long he wanted me to sing, and he said, "Who said anything about *singing?*" I didn't know what he meant, but a woman named Loudilla Johnson heard me talking and grabbed the phone and cussed the guy out and then hung up. Loudilla, who's now president of my fan club, said, "Loretta, you'll have to learn a lot better than this. That man doesn't want you to *sing*." She then explained just what it was he *did* want me to do, and I said, "No, you're *kidding!*"

But she wasn't kidding, and after that I got propositioned quite a bit, and I soon had my guard up to everyone. I mean, if a man just *smiled* at me, I'd think, "Uh-oh, here it comes." I was real backward and bashful, but I finally got to the point where if a man *did* proposition me I was able to say, "No, I'm married."

Penthouse: Aside from that, was being on the road fun?

Lynn: No, it was kinda upsetting. I'd work these clubs night after night, and I'd see men come in with women who weren't their wives, and the next night I'd see their wives come in with other men. I'd get to thinking, "Well, what's *my* husband doing tonight?" Every time I came home, I'd ask Doo, "Where were you Saturday night?" He'd say something like, "Well, I went downtown to Tootsie's," which is a famous country music bar in Nashville. I'd ask him who he was there with, and then we'd get to quarreling, because after what I'd seen I was sure Doo was doin' the same thing. But I had to get over that, because I was getting sick from it. I was either gonna get it out of my mind or quit singing. So I never again asked him where he'd been or how long he stayed. It was just a real hard time for me, and when I started getting more jobs, it got harder. My brother would drive me 400 miles a night between shows. I'd sleep in the car and take baths in the sinks of filling-station washrooms because we didn't even have money to check into a motel.

Penthouse: How long did that kind of situation continue?

Lynn: For about eight years. After that I started getting better bookings, and we started staying at nice little hotels. And when I was first able to order dinner up to my room, man, I really went at it.

I shouldn't even tell you this, because it shows how dumb I am, but about four years ago Conway Twitty and a bunch of us went to the downstairs restaurant in the hotel we were all stayin' in. I'd always had my food sent up to the room; so I kind of enjoyed the meal, and when we were through Conway just signed his name and room number to the check. And I remember asking him, "You mean you can come down here and eat and just *sign* for it?" I never knew you could *do* that! I guess that's got to do with growing up way back in the mountains of Kentucky, where you didn't have nothin' and didn't know nothing.

Penthouse: Does it ever occur to you that you might be part of a vanishing breed—that even in remote reaches of Appalachia, television has helped make the kind of upbringing you had almost obsolete?

Lynn: You might have something there, because I've noticed that a lot of the girl country singers coming up now are a lot less country than I was. I really saw that when Dolly Parton and I got to talking at a disc jockey convention not too long ago. Dolly was raised up like I was, meaning her people didn't have a pot to do it in, or even a window to throw it out of.

> I believe in reincarnation, and I believe I've lived other lives in the past. And I've experienced those lives.

When Dolly and I grew up, we both lived in houses without screen doors or screens on the windows. So we got to talkin' about what would happen when mother would tell you company was coming and to shoo all the flies out. You had to grab a towel and run through the kitchen shooin' flies out, and you'd have the door open—you'd get half of 'em out and then slam the door so they couldn't get back in.

Well, Dolly and I were going on about this, and pretty soon we were on the floor laughin' about it, and none of the other girl singers there could understand what we were talkin' about. None of 'em had ever gone through anything like that.

Penthouse: Do you feel that the way you both were raised has a lot to do with the success you and Dolly Parton have had?

Lynn: I think it's got a lot more to do with it than people would ever suspect. When you come up hard, you know you don't want to live that way all your life. If you get a chance to put your foot in the door, you known you're gonna push it through; and when you *do* make it, you get to thinking, "Is this the best way I should go?" You plan your route pretty closely, and you also hold on to your money, because you know you might not be as successful tomorrow as you are today.

Penthouse: Do you ever worry that country music is changing in ways that you're not?

Lynn: Honest, I don't. It's true, the whole country music scene *is* changing. A lot of the different young stars aren't real country anymore. My fans are still loyal, though. So when I have a new record, it doesn't matter if it's good or bad; I know I've got so many that's going to sell. And if I come out with a great record, then people who don't know of me will go out and buy it. That didn't used to happen, which means that country music is getting more like the pop field: you're only as good as your last record. What I don't like is turning on the radio and not being able to tell whether I'm listening to a country station or a pop station. I like the good sound of modern country music, but I also hope our music won't lose its identity.

Penthouse: How do you tell what's country and what isn't?

Lynn: By how a record is cut and by what chords are used. When you start having too many minors and too many horns, I think you have to check it out. I also think it doesn't hurt to have a little bit of the good old fiddles and banjos and mandolins on your records. When I started singing, country music was *real* country. Today, pop has gotten a little bit more of a country sound, and country has gone a little more pop. They're meeting, but there's still a lot of difference between them.

Country music's always been a little, wrapped-up world of its own, but it's really been changing fast. When I came to Nashville, country music wasn't on television and there were no big award shows. And if anybody *got* an award, it was from a trade magazine like *Billboard* or *Cashbox* or *Record World*, and it was a small-scale thing. Now it's all on a big scale, because country music has become a multi-million-dollar business. And you can see it most in Nashville. There's a bunch of new hotels and motels, two country wax museums, the Country Music Hall of Fame, and the new Grand Ole Opry in Countryland, which is probably as big an amusement park as Disneyland.

Penthouse: A lot of that change was chronicled in *Nashville*, the Robert Altman film in which Ronee Blakely played a country singer modeled closely after you. Was it painful to watch her character undergoing nervous breakdowns, knowing all the while that reviewers would inevitably write about your own bouts with de-

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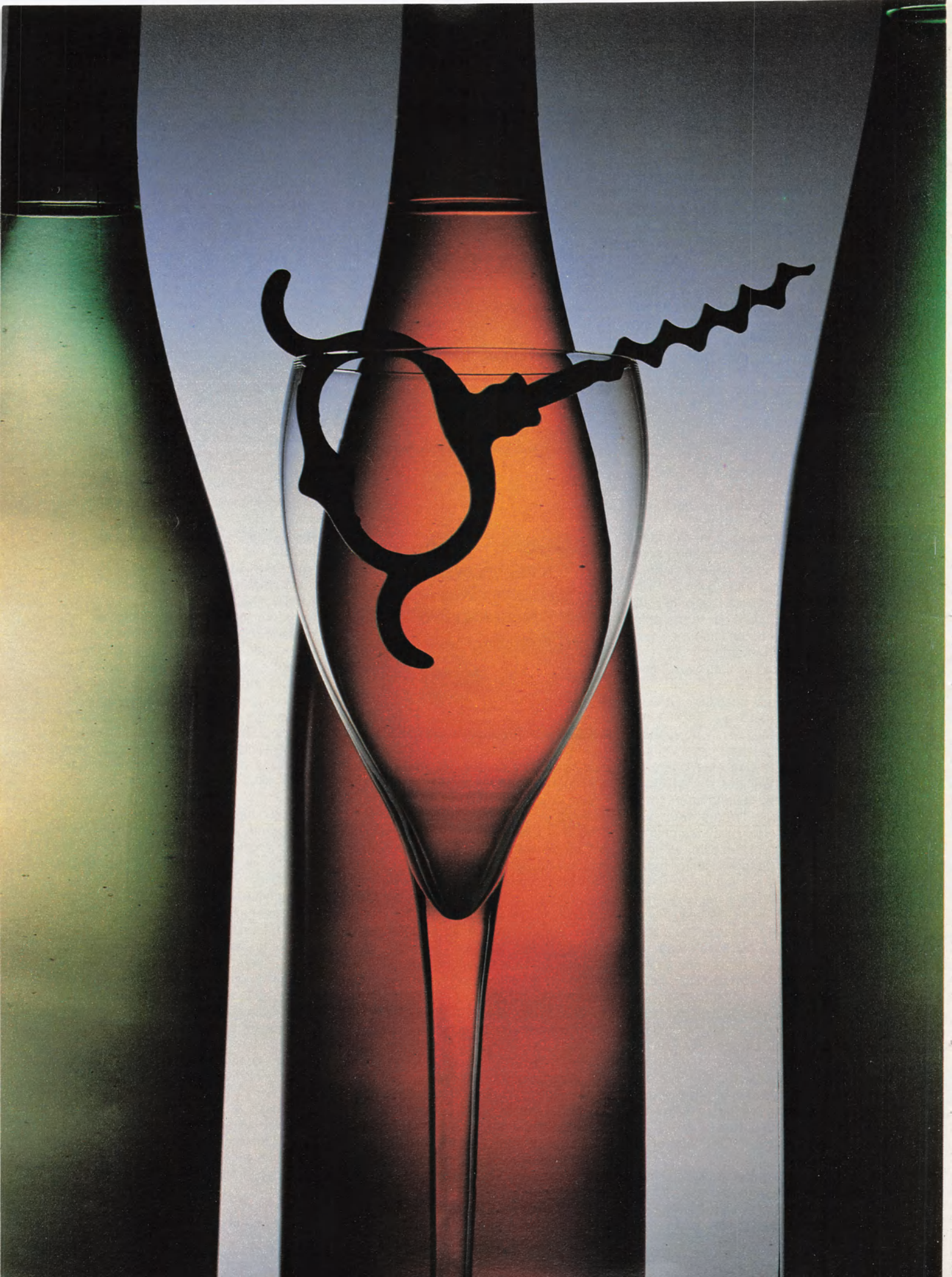


The winemakers of
California are switching
from quantity to a quality that often
surpasses the French original.

NEW CALIFORNIA WINES

BY MICHAEL VERMEULEN

It is not altogether implausible to consider California's booming wine industry—and its many outstanding products—as just another example of the democratization of pleasure that seems to characterize that state. Each winery—and vintage—brings a new sensual experience to a land where new sensual experience is everything.

Nowhere else on earth are the conditions more favorable to growing grapes and producing wine than in California (not even in France, where age and experience make up for what the climate lacks). The Spanish Franciscan missionaries realized this in the 1770s. They cultivated a coarse grape known as the "mission" and created the state's first wine. With the gold rush of 1849, thousands of European immigrants flooded California in search of precious metal. But many, failing in that quest, turned instead to the production of precious wine. Cuttings from the finest traditional grape varieties of the Old World were imported by these settlers, and for a time the land of milk and honey looked to become a land of great wine.

Tragically, a vine louse plague, followed almost immediately by Prohibition, clobbered the infant vineyards and wineries. Even 30 years after repeal, the industry had not fully recovered. Most acreage was planted with vines that yielded great quantity but inferior quality. Winery owners lacked the clout to press for the kind of favorable legislation that prevails in France. To make the disaster complete, connoisseurs looked upon California wines as if they were made from turnips instead of grapes.

Over the past decade, however, things have changed—with a vengeance. If anything, now there is a *cognoscenti* snob appeal in favor of the Californians. It is hard to open a newspaper or magazine these days without seeing one wine critic or another extolling the virtues of this year's first growth over last. The restaurateurs who have not assimilated these fine domestics into their wine lists are as much anachronisms as the rest who fail to recognize the *nouvelle cuisine*.

Table wines—the still reds, whites, and rosés, as opposed to dessert wines, such as port and sherry, and sparkling wines, such as champagne—now account for nearly 70 percent of California winery produce. While many of these are the so-called jug wines—generics like Burgundy and Chablis that are a blend of many different grape juices—a significant and increasing

Photograph by Andrew Unangst

share are what is known as "varietals": wines made from the pure or only minimally blended juices of particularly refined or sophisticated grapes. Even the giant E. & J. Gallo winery, known for its good jug wines, is preparing to jump into the fine varietal market with a line of new wines due out in early 1980. The varietals include such noble wines as Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Chardonnay and Pinot Noir, Riesling, Merlot, and others that take their names from their grape. According to California law, a varietal must contain at least 51 percent juice from its name grape. Compared with France's stern 100 percent dictum, it is a small restriction, but nonetheless a start. As California vintners gain experience and cachet with their wines, they are opting for purer formulas made from finer grapes. A more complex and rewarding wine is the result. This, more than the ballooning production levels, is the important news from the California vineyards.

The obvious question is, How well do the Californians compare with their European counterparts? It is a hard question to answer, depending on many variables of taste. But in general the answer is "not bad, not bad at all." To taste some of California's produce of the past decade is to taste wines comparable with any from the finest regions in France. True, California still lags behind in the library of its vintages, but it is still a young industry. The Californians have come a long, long way in a very short time, and the state's vintners say they have only just begun.

California's finer wines combine a full wineyness with a certain softness in the grape and a clean, crisp, forthright taste. The state's famous sun and unvarying weather bring the grapes to full ripeness on the vine, and when harvested they are big, juicy, and sweet. This excess sugar often translates into wine with a bigger alcoholic kick to it—12, 13, or 14 percent, say, compared with the 11 percenters overseas. At the same time the California soil deprives the grapes of the acid of Bordeaux. Beyond these comments, however, there is really no foolproof way to compare California and European wines. In true American tradition, the new domestic varietals demand to be evaluated according to their own terms.

The wines

Studies at the University of California established that beginning wine drinkers derive more pleasure from a faintly sweet white wine than from a full, dry red. This being the case, the California Johannisberg Rieslings are surely one of the great beginner's wines. This varietal, made from the hybrid grape of a California Johannisberg and an Alsatian Riesling, varies widely, but the best are quite good indeed. Once again the California sun gives its Rieslings more body and sweetness than its German sisters. There is a stronger alcoholic content and sometimes a rougher finish. The best California Johannisberg Rieslings are pale yellow in color with a floral nose; a light smack of sweetness should be all but balanced out by an acidity in the grape. This is a wine for chilling and drinking almost anytime—with lunch or a light dinner, as an aperitif, or even with dessert. While it is an excellent wine for beginners, finer examples should definitely not be ignored by a more sophisticated palate.

Pinot Chardonnay, the grape, is certainly the most famous dry white wine producer in the world. In France Pinot Chardonnay becomes the body of Mersault, of Chablis, of Montrachet, and of Pouilly Fuissé. It is also the preferred grape for champagne. In California Pinot Chardonnay is made into some of the state's most distinguished white wines. The bouquets of California Chardonnays are almost invariably strongly fruity, but the taste of the better ones adds a complex flintiness.

Sauvignon Blanc, or *Fumé Blanc* (literally "white smoke"), as several wineries prefer to call it, is a dry white made from grapes of the same name, sometimes in combination with Semillion, another French import and a chief ingredient in the sweet Sauternes. Sauvignon Blanc at its best has a pronounced earthiness, a slightly musty taste. Although the names Sauvignon Blanc and *Fumé Blanc* are regarded as interchangeable in the trade, those identified as the latter tend to be drier, less chewy, and more complex.

Other prominent California white varietals include the German tongue twister Gewurztraminer, a spicy, perfumy wine that is a good choice for seafood and sausages and, not surprisingly, sauerkraut; the French Colombard, a highly acidic grape that can be unpleasant on its own but is often useful in blending; and the Chenin Blanc, an import from the Loire Valley of France that in its most natural state is sweeter than even a Riesling and suited to after-dinner sipping.

It is an old belief among wine stewards that while you can sometimes appease a white-wine drinker with a mediocre wine, a red-wine drinker can never be fooled. Indeed red wines are like emerald-cut gems: they are the most elegant and classical expression but also the one that most easily reveals any flaws. That the Californians excel in this area is the truest declaration of their potential.

Currently the finest California reds are those produced from Cabernet Sauvignon. This extraordinary red grape is a base for some of the world's best dry wines, and it is the supreme gift of nature that the Cabernet Sauvignon should prove so comfortable in California soil. The wine is a dark, full-bodied elixir with a bouquet that sometimes smells of berries more than grapes, a rich, tannic taste, and a finish that delivers a thorough feeling of well-being. Until recently a terrible quirk in the state's tax laws assessed vintners on each bottle each year that it lay in the stacks. Cabernets, which need significant aging, were thus taxed time and time again, artificially raising their price and, worse, encouraging producers to release them before their time. Many of the state's most glorious Cabernet vintages have been drunk too young, and while they may have seemed excellent at the time there is every indication that, properly aged, they could well have surpassed even the best of France.

Zinfandels, on the other hand, do not require such deferential treatment. This is the California mystery grape: no one knows quite where it came from (they suspect northern Italy), and they have only lately come to discover the marvelous things it can do. Zinfandels have a reputation as a lighter, fruitier red, an American Beaujolais of sorts. They have often been drunk rather young but without any real harm. August Sebastiani, patriarch of the Sebastiani Vineyards, put it nicely when he described zin as a good wine to drink every day but not so great that it wears you out.

Now, however, they are calling the new zins monster wines. These wines are dark as ink, spicy, and wild. Their high sugar levels produce wine that soars as high as 17 percent alcohol, but at the same time there is an astringency in the finish that balances out the intense fruit. Its mysterious origins, its odd combination of paradoxical attributes, even its crazy gibberish name—everything about Zinfandel makes it an American original, a robust cowboy of a wine. It is not for unsophisticated palates, and not many connoisseurs are yet willing to give it its due, but such is the hazard of successfully breaking the rules.

How to buy them

Now that you know something about the contents of the bottle, the next step is to understand the outside. Articles such as this aside, the best information about California wines is found right on their labels. While the nomenclature is not governed by the same strict laws as the *Appellation Contrôlée* wines, at least it is not in French.

Start by reading the bottom of the label. There you will find the name and location of the bottler of the wine, along with the location of the winery. Better wineries bottle their wine in the same general area where it is produced, which allows for greater quality control than if the wine is shipped about willy-nilly. "Bottled by" signifies nothing more than that the company put someone else's wine into the bottles. "Cellared and bottled by," "aged and bottled by," "perfected and bottled by," and other variations on that theme are also red flags: the bottler had some—but not much—influence over how the wine was blended and aged. "Made and bottled by" means things are starting to get better; this applies to a producer who fermented from 10 to 50 percent of the wine in its own cellar. "Produced and bottled by" is actually the least you ac-

cept in a fine California varietal wine. This phrase means that the bottler fermented at least 51 percent of the wine in that bottle. "Grown, produced, and bottled by" is the optimum; not only did the company on the label bottle and ferment the wine; it grew the grapes, too. Finally, some vintners call their wine estate-bottled; theoretically this should mean that 100 percent of the grapes were grown by the producer itself. While some California wineries do use the term honorably, according to the state's laws it does not mean a thing.

Letting your eyes move upward, next you will see the varietal name of the wine; 75 percent of the wine in nonvintaged bottles must come from the area of appellation, a tougher 95 percent in bottles with a year on top. Counties are the basic unit of appellation in the state. The "North Coast" wines are generally regarded as the premium regions in the state, with the Napa Valley, Sonoma, and Mendocino counties regarded as the best. In addition there is some impressive work being done in the "Central Coast" area, particularly in the San Joaquin Valley. Within these appellations are also several subdistricts, some legislated and some not, such as Alexander Valley, Dry Creek Valley, and Lodi. There are even a few wineries that are so specific they list the exact vineyard where the grapes were grown. It is more than a pretension; it can be quite an important piece of information. Take Sonoma Vineyards' two Pinot Chardonnays, both from the same company, the same county, the same cellar. Yet the one identified as from the River West Vineyard is a sweeter, fuller, almost earthy white while the other from Chalk Hill reveals a more delicate character with a tingling dryness.

Finally, you will find the vintage. For the longest time California winemakers perpetuated the myth that vintages were unnecessary since the state's unfailing climate made each wine year as spectacular as the last. With more professional evaluation, that belief has been reduced to so much hokum and, in the varietal market at least, vintaged wines are now the rule rather than the exception.

Recently Vintage Wine Merchants, a marketing organization of California wineries, made a survey of numerous growers to determine the finer vintages. Generally they isolated 1970 and 1974 as the two best for reds, with 1968, 1976, and 1977 not far behind. For whites 1975 and 1978 were favored, with 1974 again up near the top.

Beyond these tips the same rules apply to the Californians as to any other fine wines. Always store them on their sides so that the cork stays moist and the seal tight. Allow the reds to breathe for a half-hour to 45 minutes before drinking, or at least decant. Serve whites chilled (in an ice bucket or refrigerator, *never* the freezer) to around 65 degrees Fahrenheit; reds always at room temperature.

Above all, remember the very astute advice of A. J. Liebling, who could have been talking about California varietals when he said: "Wine drinking is more subjective than horse racing and nearly as subjective as love, but the gamble is less: you get something for your money no matter what you pick."

PENTHOUSE'S GUIDE TO CALIFORNIA VARIETAL WINES

Varietal	Appellation	Brand	Vintage	Price	Comments
RED					
Cabernet Sauvignon	Napa	Robert Mondavi	1975	$8.69	Excellent. Strong body and nose. Rich. Royal.
		Sterling Vineyards	1974	$10.00	One of California's best. Beat the French in blind tastings.
	Mendocino	Cresta Blanca	1976	$5.00	Moderate body. Tannic, haunting finish.
	N.A.	Paul Masson	N.V.	$4.15	Less expensive, very drinkable Cabernet. Solid varietal taste.
Zinfandel	Northern California	Sebastiani Vineyards, Proprietor's Reserve	1973	$5.49	A dark, tannic, impressive zin.
		Sonoma Vineyards	1975	$4.00	Beaujolais-like. Nice body, balance. Flowery nose.
	Napa	Sterling Vineyards	1976	$6.49	Sterling's lightest, fruitiest red. Nice.
	Monterey	Mirassou	1977	$6.99	Unusual spiciness.
Petite Sirah	Northern California	Sonoma Vineyards	1974	$5.00	Dark, chewy. Not as rich as some.
Pinot Noir	Napa	Robert Mondavi	1974	$7.19	Pale red, dry. Nice finish. Good California version.
	N.A.	Cresta Blanca	1974	$5.30	Medium body. Light, dry taste.
Merlot	Napa	Sterling Vineyards	1975	$8.49	Voluptuous, rich perfume of a wine.
WHITE					
Pinot Chardonnay	Napa	Robert Mondavi	1977	$10.99	Austere and haughty. Woody finish.
	Sonoma	Sonoma Vineyards, Chalk Hill Vineyard	1976	$8.00	Excellent. Delicate and flinty.
		Sonoma Vineyards, River West Vineyard	1976	$8.00	Sweeter, fuller than the Chalk Hill. Good wood.
	Mendocino	Cresta Blanca	1978	$5.00	Medium body. Medium dry. Nice fruit.
Johannisberg Riesling	Northern California	Sonoma Vineyards	1976	$5.59	Modest and dry.
	Monterey	Paul Masson, Pinnacles Selection	1975	$4.49	Moderately spicy and sweet. Good finish.
Sauvignon Blanc (*Fumé Blanc**)	Napa	Robert Mondavi *	1977	$7.49	Pleasant, full, fine yellow wine. Sweeter than their Chardonnay.
		Sterling Vineyards	1978	$6.40	Another Frenchy Sterling. Light, balanced, great.
	N.A.	Gallo Vineyards	N.V.	$2.69	A nice surprise. Good varietal taste. Some wood.

Note: The above chart is not intended to be complete or comprehensive. It is intended only to give some idea of the scope, price, and attributes of California varietal wines. Prices are those available in the New York City area at the time of tasting and may be higher or lower in other parts of the world.

DISCO DROIDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

sion, and they ducked behind several cases of Perrier. All the while THE HULKING MASS OF HALF-NAKED, SWEATING DANCING BODIES moved in, leveling everything. SMASH! TERROR! PANIC! Several of the "real dancers," being accustomed to the violence of the L.A. police, didn't even seem bothered, but on the whole everyone was terrified out of their fucking minds as they ran in fear from THE SHAKE-YOUR-BOOTY SWARM! Silva knew there was more here than met the eye. This was no casual disco war. *THIS WAS A REVOLUTION!* They were being driven by a consuming hate! (Silva knew hate when she saw it!)

The swarm, oblivious of Silva and Lude behind the cases, passed them by! (Thank god for Perrier!) And as they passed, she saw that their eyes were all diluted terra-cotta! (What could that mean?) *AND,* BEYOND UNBELIEVABLE, THEY WERE ALL HALF-DRESSED IN DOUBLE-KNIT LEISURE SUITS! (That definitely meant something!) They continued to smash everything around them, all of the while SWEATING, WRITHING, TWISTING, SMILING TO THEIR OWN EVIL BEAT! THEN SILVA REALIZED THEY HAD NO SOULS! ("Their eyes never moved. People with souls move their eyes!") THEY WEREN'T HUMAN! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN DISCO DROIDS!

AND THEN Silva noticed something really unreal! The male droids had ripaway crotches, which revealed constant hard-ons, which penetrated, on the offbeat, the female droids' ever-moist vaginas under pantyless double-knit skirts, AND ALL THIS SMASHING, WRITHING, TWISTING, SWEATING, LOOTING, AND FUCKING WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT! At first glance, all this looked like paradise to a tough and horny girl from Bay Ridge like Silva, till she noticed a horrible reality—NO ONE EVER CAME! There they were, banging at 60 pumps to the minute, and no one ever orgasmed!!! YES, SOMETHING WAS DEFINITELY STRANGE HERE!

Lude fainted from the excitement! Silva slapped him hard, and he came to, smiling. ("Could Lude be a little S&M?") "Quick!" They made a dash for the phones near the pinball machines. "TOO LATE!" A trio of Disco Droids ripped the phones right out of their sockets to the catchy beat of "Enough Is Enough" by Barb and Donna. "OH, NO!" Silva and Lude were caught in the center of THE DANCING SWARM OF DROIDS! What could they do?

THEN, in a brilliant rush of genius, Silva and Lude began dancing and smashing exactly like the robotlike DISCO DROIDS to pass unnoticed. Lude didn't have a ripaway crotch to plunge Silva, but he could keep a constant hard-on with the best of them. The Droids thought they were just one of the bunch! It worked! Yes, Silva could pick up any disco step ever invented—even the on-the-off-beat fucking!

Silva looked at the "in" private disco, which was now a shambles! Then it came to her! Someone was behind this revolution as sure as Giorgio Moroder was behind Donna Summer! Yes, there had to be some evil force behind THE DISCO DROIDS! Silva could not have been more correct—or more tired—since she had long run out of her favorite "ups." After THE DISCO DROIDS totally smashed the million-dollar neon light system—which included all the Walt Disney characters sniffing coke in their underwear—they retreated, as if pulled by a gigantic magnet, back into the night. Their music, which Silva now realized came blaring from a stereo-equipped Ford pickup truck, changed once again to Cher's "Take Me Home." "Was this a clue?" Silva wondered as she tinkled down her left leg.

> The disco, elegantly named The YMCA, was mobbed. Silva saw Robin Williams and Cheryl Ladd, or was it Cheryl Tiegs, or was it Farrah with no hair spray?

Then, suddenly—"NO! NO MORE!"—she and Lude were sucked into the retreating SWARM OF DISCO DROIDS! Silva Mirrors was trapped! The supersonic disco beat pounded in her already decibel-damaged ear! Like lemmings, THE DISCO DROIDS, with Silva and Lude trapped in their midst, went SMASHING, TWISTING, SWEATING, AND FUCKING UP SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD! . . . Passing La Brea, passing Gardner, passing Crescent Heights, passing Larrabee, . . . *AND THEN* . . . the most amazing sight Silva had really ever seen! "LOOK, LUDE! LOOK AT THE WALL OF THE SAFEWAY!" As midnight came, bearing with it Silva's twentieth birthday, the entire back wall of the Safeway supermarket on Santa Monica and Robertson rose as THE DISCO DROIDS boogied onto a ramp descending three stories into the earth below without missing a fuckin' beat! As the wall ominously descended tightly back into place after THEM, Silva could finally empathize with anyone who had ever been buried alive in a pyramid! (Truman had often told her that besides looking like Zelda Fitzgerald, she also looked most distinctly Egyptian.)

What Silva saw then would even stagger Harold Robbins's vast imagination! A DROID DISCO in the basement of the supermarket, the likes of which even Silva had never seen before! A revolving glass floor that was filled with deep-blue water, which made you feel you were dancing on the ocean; multi-colored jeweled parrots flying everywhere and repeating the phrase "I LOVE HEDY LAMARR" in French for no apparent reason; a complete sky overhead that in turn snowed, rained, hailed, and, for a grand finale, dropped glittered and perfumed bird shit! ("That," Silva thought, "was going a bit far! After all, glitter is impossible to get out of your hair!") *AND* blanketing all this under its power was the supersonic heartbeat coming from a gargantuan tape deck that played gargantuan cassettes! THE DISCO DROID/CLONES looked like Liza, some like Mick, some like Andy, some like Bianca, a lot more like the Marlboro Man on a weak night, a few New Jersey types on lost weekends . . . *AND* all there in double-knit leisure suits, dancing to the satanic tune. "What mad genius," Silva wondered, dancing, "could have created this 'high pressured' disco insanity?" AND THEN, as though on cue, the lights dimmed, and the brightest spot Silva had ever seen, since David Bowie's last concert, hit the DJ, *MUCHO MANN!* All THE DROIDS knelt like Moslems at dusk, except that they kept dancing on their knees. Silva and Lude followed suit. (Luckily, they had not been discovered!) Two DROIDS in matching J. C. Penny leisure suits administered colored wafers to those kneeling as "THE MANN" began to speak over the ever pounding beat:

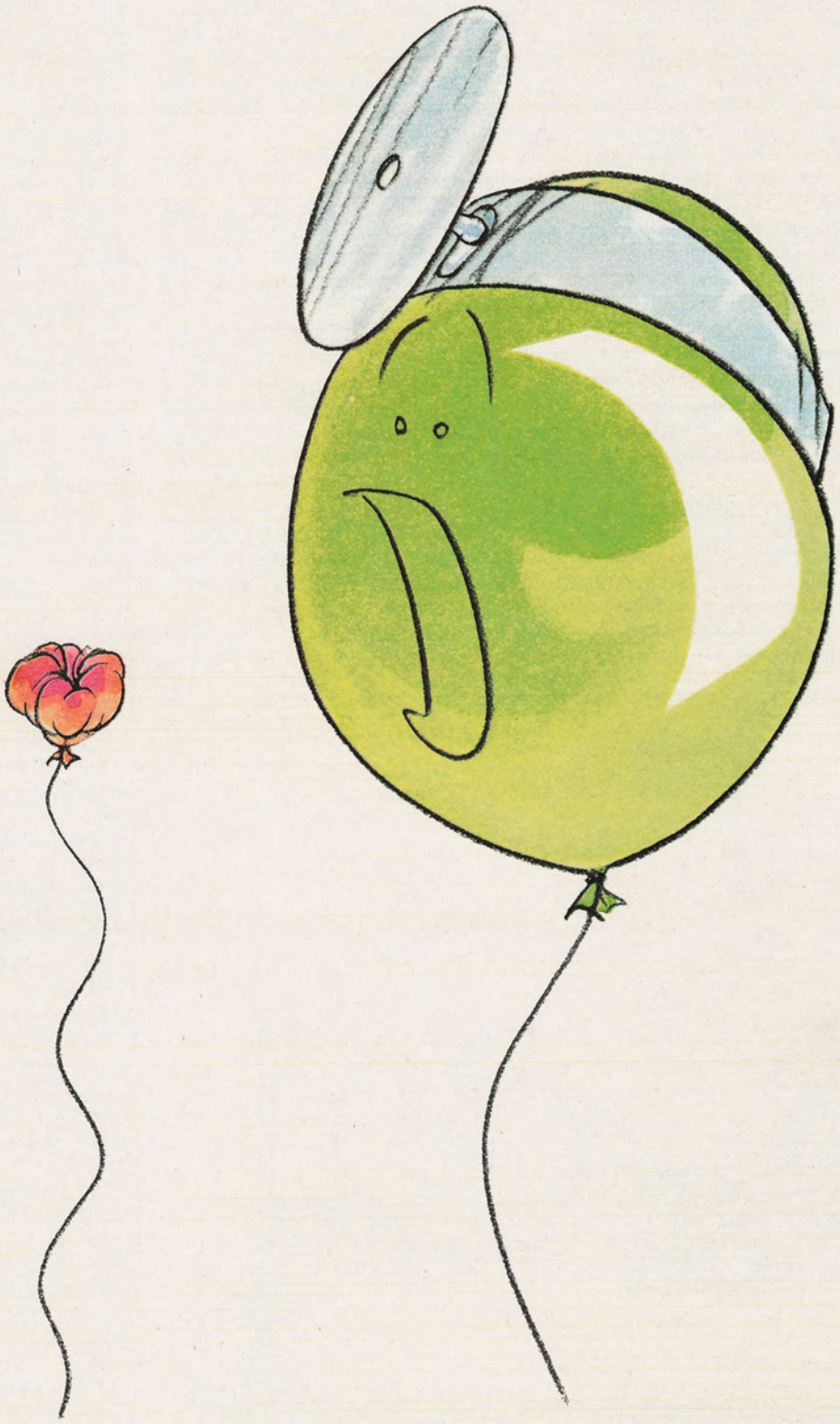
"I, MUCHO MANN, applaud you. Tonight's test proved my experiment can work! For six months now we have been a family—not a nuclear family perhaps, but a family all the same! You came to me from all different walks and alleys of life—the unhappy, the depressed, the schizophrenic, the kleptomanic, the monophobic, the topophobic, the panophobic, and, most of all, the rejected!

"I, MANN, will end rejection for all time! No one is rejected from this, our private disco! That is why it is called OUR PRIVATE DISCO! It's ironic! It's farce! If we are forced to live in a perverse universe, *then we'll do it better than anybody!*" (Silva's knees started to ache, and Lude was nodding out.) "All are welcome to take the bread of NOW and end rejection! *We will end rejection, even if we have to kill to do it!* Tonight we dance on all the 'private' discos in L.A.! Tomorrow we dance on San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, Washington, then NEW YORK: STUDIO 54, HURRAH, REGINE'S, FLAMINGO, SYBIL'S, 12 WEST, PARADISE GARAGE, BOND'S, NEW YORK, NEW YORK! Yes, my children, rise up and DANCE! DANCE! DANCE!"

That was it! Silva's greatest fear was

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Worst reaction to Preparation H I've ever seen."

becoming a reality! As the ever similar sound of the Bee Gees hit the supersonic speakers, Silva realized two undeniable truths: (1) the country was in imminent danger, and (2) all her Saturday nights turned into disco disasters! *How could they escape?* Lude had fallen asleep on his knees! (Sermonettes always made him drowsy.) Silva was having trouble getting him awake, all the while holding him up and dancing. DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! DISCO DROIDS HAVE TO DANCE! *They would be found out if they stopped dancing!* "Lude! Lude! Wake up! DANCE, LUDE, DANCE!" They were like a losing couple at a 1930s dance marathon! "Dance, Lude, Dance!" Silva screamed under the supersonic disco beat, with the laser beams cutting the image of MUCHO MANN into the walls around them! "DANCE, LUDE, DANCE!" It was over! Lude fell, sleeping in her arms. Silva, the Disco Madonna, wept! They would be discovered, *and* MUCHO MANN was one obsessive-compulsive she could easily avoid in her already neurotically filled now-20-for-an-hour-and-a-half life!

AND THEN the most frightening thing imaginable, THE MUSIC . . . STOPPED! Nothing is more frightening than having the music stop at a disco. (Silva had been at Xenon once when that happened, and she had still not gotten over it!) The silence permeated the room like the icy chill of the morgue's multi-bodied refrigerator. MUCHO MANN had stopped the music in honor of the two intruders. The Droids froze, motionless, looking like an Alexander's window. MUCHO MANN descended upon Silva and Lude like a Vulcan! With Lude sleeping, Silva was alone (was this always to be her fate?), facing the greatest disaster of her life!

"What do you know?" MUCHO MANN demanded! Silva suddenly felt she was back in grade school, having a test. She tried to act innocent (an act she always found impossible).

"I know you are from them, the trendies!" he continued.

MUCHO MANN barreled along, keeping the beat even in the silence. "You know everything, don't you?" Silva remained silent, knowing that was the best way to hear the plot.

"Yes, I am mad, but they made me this way! I was a decent man back in Montclair, New Jersey—a respected doctor of osteopathy. Then one night I tried to get into a private disco in New York—which shall remain nameless, as they've had enough press—and I WAS REJECTED! *REJECTED! Until then I had never been rejected in my life!* A double-knit leisure suit is no reason to reject a person! I AM A PERSON! A person who vowed VENGEANCE! I left my wife, my two beautiful children, and fled to L.A., where I changed my name to MUCHO MANN and became the hottest DJ in town, all the while using my knowledge of medicine for *vengeance!* Yes, I, Doctor Emanuel Rosenstein, became the Incredible MUCHO MANN for *vengeance!*" (Silva was expecting a *plot*, but not *this much* of a *plot*.) "I then invented the NOWlude, which is part *N*oradrenaline, *O*estrogene, and spoon-size Shredded *W*heat, which shoots right into the hypothalamus, destroying the natural transmissions of the brain and rendering it inactive except to high-frequency musical sounds. The mood reactions can be created after drug intake by merely hearing music.

"For example, heavy-hostility-and-lots-of-attitude— 'Knock on Wood' by Amii Stewart. Or constantly-threatening-but-basically-safe—anything by Donna Summer. Or total-hysteria-and-full-combat—the last three albums of Parliament/Funkadelic. The list goes on! I plan to control mankind through NOWludes and Disco. And by merely turning on the radio, I shall control all actions! But for immediate plans, I shall destroy all private discos in the country with my DROIDS—all rejected, like me. Double-knit people are tired of being rejected! In exactly four minutes we shall descend on all the major private discos in L.A.!

"But what about the police?" Silva asked, feeling like Margot Kidder imitating Lois Lane right after getting an aerial fuck from Superman!

"I thought you'd never ask," MUCHO sneered, revealing a large Terry Thomas space between his teeth. "This is my newest invention—NOWdust! When it is merely thrown on the police or any opposition, it intoxicates the cerebral cortex of the brain on contact, allowing its owner to be totally controlled by the 'mood music' of the supersonic transmitter. Look, all my DROIDS have now been outfitted with NOWdust backpacks!"

Silva realized one simple fact. THE WORLD WAS FUCKED! It was amazing how one man could rule so many! Silva thought of Hitler but then couldn't quite remember who he was. (Perhaps he was a friend of Zelda Fitzgerald!) What could Silva and Lude do? The alternatives were narrowed greatly, as MUCHO MANN had them both gagged and tied onto the gigantic revolving cassette in the titanic tapedeck in the Droid Disco, three floors under an L.A. Safeway! Mann was already planning a chain of discos to be cosponsored by a major supermarket empire. They would put up the money, and he would unconditionally guarantee they'd be the only disco in town! They couldn't lose!

Silva and Lude spun round and round on the giant cassette as the Bee Gees began "Tragedy," causing the steel wall to rise, releasing the double-knit DROIDS to destroy all of L.A.'s "hot" and polyester-free discos! VOOM! The DROIDS hit Santa Monica full-blast! "AHHHHHHHH," went one old lady whose head was stepped on and who claimed to be Tab

"Of course I have the curse—I always have the curse."

Hunter's mother. NO ONE WAS SAFE! Vehicles were thrown like footballs by the collective force of the mass, all moving as ONE SLEAZY, DANCING, SWEATING, TWISTING, FUCKING BODY in rhythm to the supersonic beat of MUCHO MANN! THE NOWluded DANCING SWARM hit La Cienega and split into six arteries, aiming for all the chic and trendy in private discos that make L.A. what it is today (second place to New York)!

Silva realized, as she spun on the mammath cassette, that THE WORLD WAS IN DANGER! *What could she do?* VOOM! THE DROIDS SMASH CIRCUS DISCO, THROW NOWdust CREATING MORE DISCO DROIDS! *What could she do?* VOOM! THE DROIDS SMASH STUDIO ONE, THROW NOWdust, MORE DROIDS! What could she do? VOOM! SMASH PROBE DISCO! VOOM! SMASH PIPS! SMASH! KILL! FUCK! TWIST! DANCE! NOWdust! MORE AND MORE AND MORE DISCO DROIDS IN ALL TYPES! Soon all of L.A. would be full of Disco Droids! (Some evil New Yorker said it had been for years!) The question remained. WHAT COULD SHE DO?!

THEN, RIP! Her heel (a Fiorucci, very high 8½) caught on the center-head of the tapedeck, jerking it to a stop! This was the same tape transmitted to the Ford truck, which in turn transmitted the impulses to the NOWluded brains of the Disco Droids. THEN, almost miraculously, Silva and Lude were—WAP!—knocked free by the sudden jerk, as another giant cassette, marked POISON, fell onto the huge tape deck, accidentally forcing Silva onto the third control panel, which caused the POISON cassette to be assimilated into the transmit feeder, where it was heard over the supersonic loud speakers. It was, it was . . . Oh, no! Horror of Horrors! How could this be happening to Silva Mirrors *on her twentieth birthday!* It was *THE GREATEST HITS OF BARRY MANILOW, PART II!*

AND THEN—*UNEQUIVOCALLY UNBELIEVABLE!*—the vicious Disco Droids stopped SMASHING, LOOTING, MULTIPLYING, DESTROYING, AND FUCKING and began kissing and holding hands and writing poetry before falling asleep with disgusted expressions on their faces! *Thanks to Barry Manilow, all over L.A. thousands of once dangerous killer droids were sleeping!*

MUCHO MANN came roaring back to his empty disco to find the free Silva applying a light Day-Glo eyeliner. *"You've ruined me!* I should never have made that Manilow tape! I guess deep down, where it doesn't count, I'm sentimental!" Silva tried to look understanding as she wondered how she could call the police. MANN kept roaring, "NOW I'M FINISHED! The police have time to figure it out now!" (Throwing kerosene on the walls!) "They'll never figure me out!" (Throwing kerosene on the million-dollar stereo equipment!) "Just because I wear double-knit leisure suits and gold chains doesn't mean I'm simple!" (Throwing kerosene on himself before throwing on the cassette of "Baby, I'm Burnin'" by Dolly Parton in a last hope of reviving THE DISCO DROIDS!) Silva was afraid THE DROIDS would again rise, but no chance! The Manilow music had put them into an eight-hour coma, from which they would awake weary but alive.

Hopelessly rejected for the last time, MUCHO MAN lit a match and suddenly . . . "WAKE UP, LUDE! FLAMES! FLAMES EVERYWHERE!" The flames leapt at Silva like starving, dirty old men begging for their last piece of ass before death! The fire exploded around her in hell's disco as Dolly sang, "Baby, I'm burning out of control! Baby, I'm burning body and soul!" *But even Dolly Parton couldn't help Silva now! AND THEN* THE FLAMES ROSE IN UNISON AND BEGAN SCREAMING FOR SILVA'S BEAUTIFUL, TRENDY, AND TRASHY BODY! Lude casually awoke from the torrid temperature with an adorable, "Hey, what's happening?!" Silva grabbed his hot hand. "No time for words, Lude! RUN FOR THE OPENING! COME ON, LUDE—RUN, RUN, RUN, UP, UP, UP OUT OF THE BURNING DISCO INTO THE MORNING LIGHT! RUN, LUDE! RUN! RUN! RUN! WE'RE ALMOST THERE! WE'RE ALMOST—AHHHHHHHHHH!" *They made it!* They were safe at—"NO, NO! MY DRESS, LUDE, IT'S ON FIRE!"

Was this how Silva Mirrors, the original disco baby, was going to end—like some cheap tramp in a leftover B movie?

"I'M BURNING! MY DRESS, LUDE! I'M BURNING!" *AND THEN*, with the speed of a double Dexemel, Lude ingeniously threw her on the plastic L.A. grass and put out Silva's flaming Betsy Johnson original by rolling on top of her!

As the L.A. sun was released from Universal Studios, Silva looked at Lude pumping on top of her and realized her life wasn't so empty, after all. All of L.A. was asleep in the streets in a Barry Manilow Coma, and she and Lude were fucking alive! Alive and fucking right there, in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, between the footprints of her two favorite dancers, Ann Miller and Cyd Charisse!

"You know," Silva mused *thoughtfully* one last time, "it must all mean something, but who really cares, if you're having a good time?" Lude was close! "OHHHHH, LUDE!" Silva was close! "OHHHHH, SILVA!" Both were close! "OHHHHHHH AHHHHHHH EEEEEEEE!" Silva and Lude came in the hot L.A. sun amidst thousands of sleeping ex-disco droids. Silva kissed the dancing-shoe footprints of Ann and Cyd, thinking, "You know, L.A. isn't such a boring town after all!" as the footprints of the two stars of terpsichore seemed to chant into Silva's ever disco-pounding ear, "DANCE! DANCE! DANCE!"

"Why don't you go back to smoking?"

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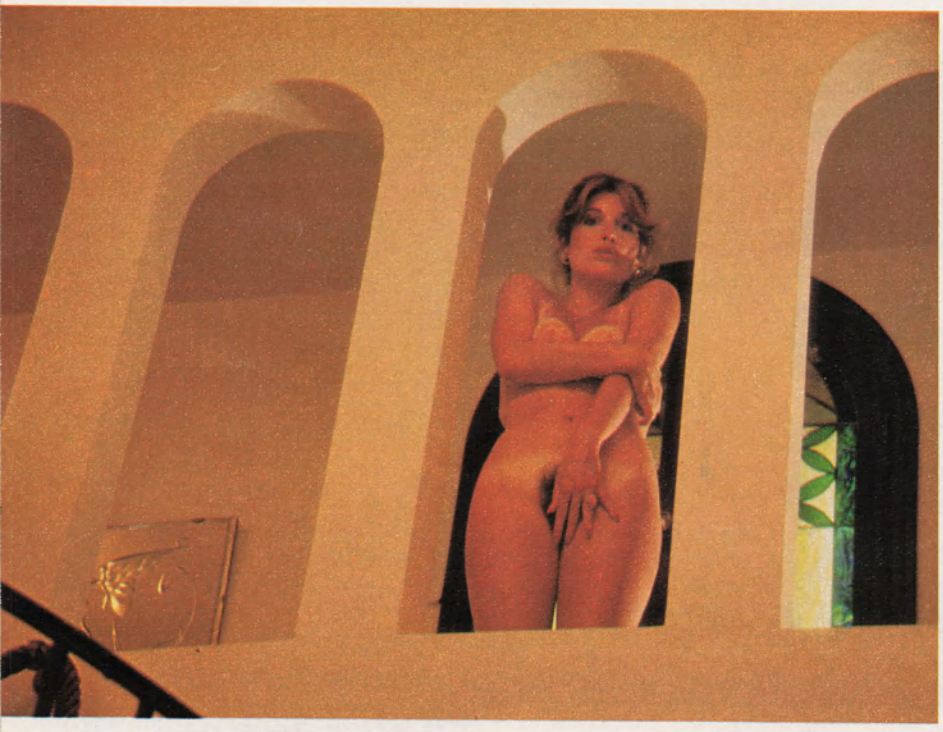
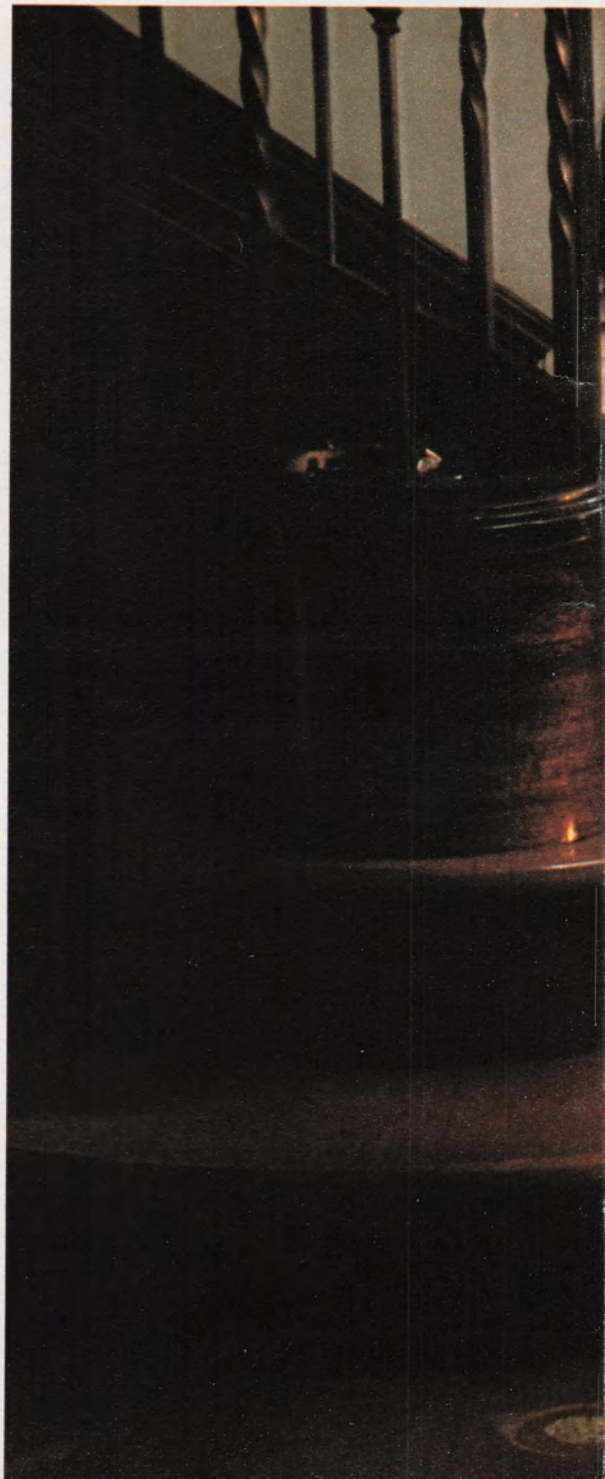




THE JOKER'S WILD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

Valerie Lauren is never at a loss for words: she happily chattered and joked her way through most of her *Penthouse* photo session. "Let's call this bottom pose 'Stairway to Heaven,'" she suggested with a smile, "and the shots of me on the terrace can be captioned 'Valerie proves she's anything but an *arch* conservative!'"

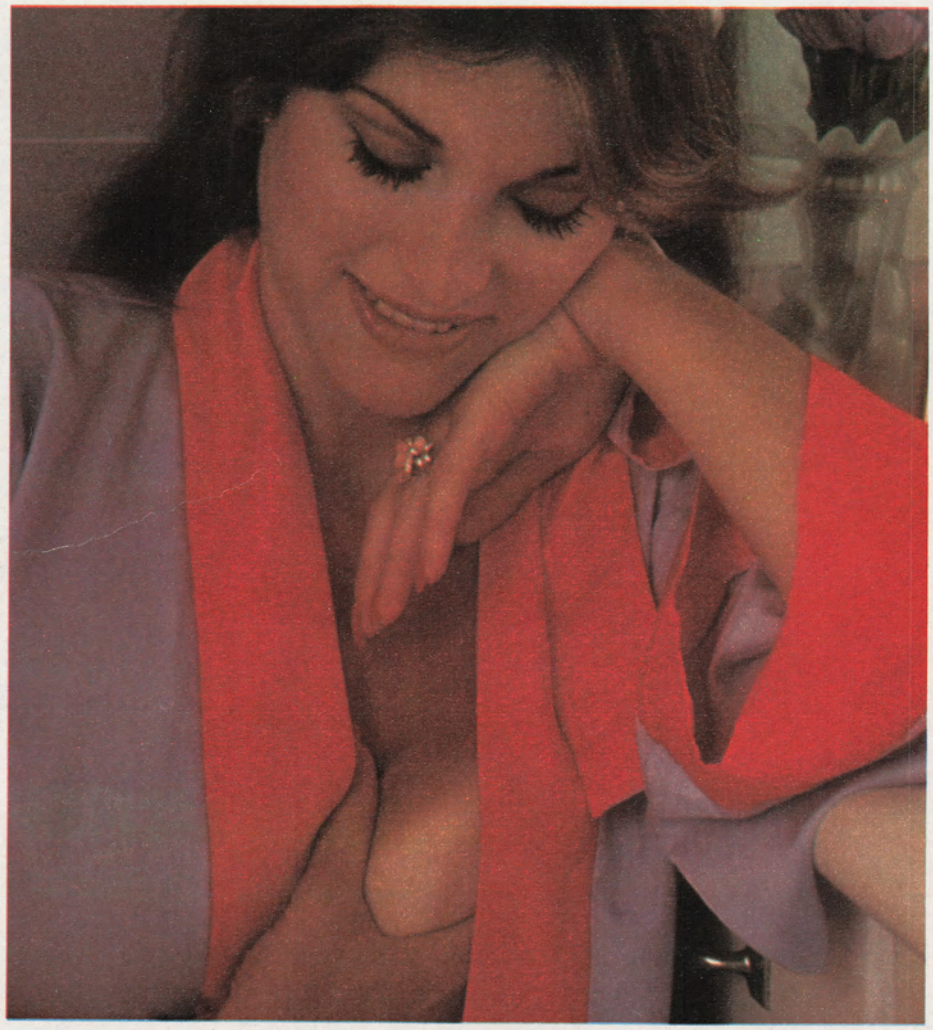
Her buoyant mood was understandable. She loves the limelight. "Becoming known as a sinfully sexy pinup girl is the first part of what I call my Southwestern Strategy," says our 37-25-36-inch beauty. "Once I've won the hearts and minds of enough men to create a solid power base, I'll become a world-famous comedienne, and realize my ultimate true ambition."

Valerie grew up in a socially prominent family but has always considered herself the black sheep. "I'm very headstrong," she tells us. "For instance, I went to an all-girls' high school, but when I discovered the joys of sex during my junior year, I told my parents, 'That's it! I'm finished with finishing school! I'm going out to chase men!'"

Sportswear courtesy of the General Store, Hermosa Beach, Calif.; Lingerie from the Tushery, Hermosa Beach, Calif.

At 21 Valerie has yet to live with a man full-time. "As much as I like the company, it's good to be alone from time to time. It gives you a chance to get centered and really get into yourself . . ."

Valerie likes to keep most of her relationships casual. "I just want to cut up and have a good time," she explains. "But when I *do* occasionally make love to a man I'm really smitten with, this funny girl can get awfully serious."



Valerie's heroines are comediennes like Lucille Ball and Gilda Radner. "Some people think being pretty is a disadvantage for a female comic," she remarks. "But I don't. Sometimes I joke and ham it up while I'm undressing for my boyfriend. He loves it, of course, and calls it my 'comic strip'!" Getting laughs in front of a real audience might be tougher, she concedes. "But even if a joke falls flat, I can take up the slack with the rest of my well rounded stage presence." And unless our eyes deceive us, that's nothing to laugh at.

CLOUSEAU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

His words were not lost on me. I was impressed. I could not pretend otherwise. Sellers had delivered me into the dream sanctuary of a Hollywood star's life, and now he was pouring champagne and asking me what music I liked. I was sitting comfortably on the settee, and he asked if I smoked. When I said yes, he added, "Would you like to try a special brand?" I had not heard of marijuana before, but I was about to try my first joint. I was instructed how I should inhale. "It will make you feel really good," he promised. I took one or two puffs, and I felt a strange feeling in my stomach, and then my head started floating. Sellers grasped my hand and took me out on to the balcony. It was a freezing winter's night, but I didn't notice. I was in his arms, and he was kissing me. I was too stoned to protest.

I awoke the next morning in my own room along the corridor. I was fully clothed. My recollections of the previous night were scant. My head throbbed, and then I heard someone knocking at the door. It was the maid, who brought in a huge bouquet of flowers, which she put by my bedside. I looked for a card but could not see one. I closed the door, but the maid reappeared with more flowers. And more flowers. My room was like a florist's shop. Orchids and freesias, lilies and roses, daffodils and carnations... There were so many.

I imagined that Twentieth Century-Fox must have sent them, that this was the way they looked after their stars. And some of the flowers might have come from fans who had seen my picture in the newspapers. I was so childish. But one card on the very last bouquet explained all. It read simply: "Hope you slept well—Jacques Clouseau." All those flowers from one man! I could not believe it.

Sellers called me from Shepperton Studios, where he was finishing *Shot in the Dark*. It took little persuasion for me to have dinner with him that night. At Trader Vic's beneath the Hilton we shared an exotic Caribbean drink with a gardenia floating on its surface. Two straws—and two hearts beating as one! On to Annabel's, where we danced until the early hours. My emotions ran fast in the wake of the unquenchable passions generated by Sellers. We were, in the space of 48 hours, already pledging our undying love to one another.

On our third night together, it was pointless to delay the impossible. I knew in my heart that I was going to sleep with him, and I wasn't going to win any points by keeping him waiting. I told him I wasn't a virgin, and he said I didn't have to account for anything, as he could not plead innocence either, being the father of two children from his marriage to Anne.

In some ways it was quite funny. Sellers could unwittingly have been playing his Clouseau role. He could not unhitch my skirt, having already spent minutes fumbling with my bra. His fingers were not nimble enough to undo the hooks. I had to help. He would have preferred to have kept the bedside lights on. But I turned them off and I kept my petticoat intact: I was still reticent about sex and embarrassed about nudity. We finally got into bed, but it was hardly an awe-inspiring moment. More of a rehearsal, as Sellers said. The more satisfying performances were to come, and he liked to feel he achieved the same standards of perfection between the sheets as he did in his day-to-day work.

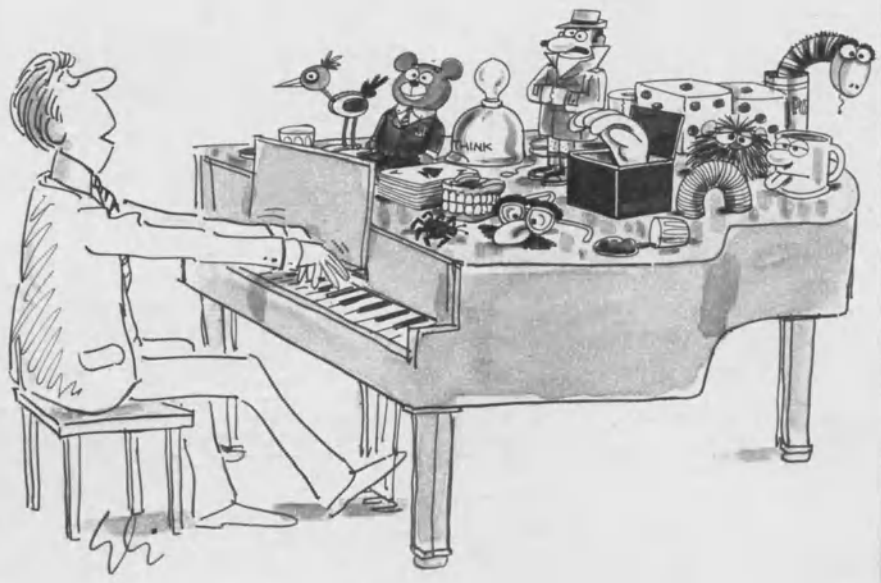
My own ego became inflated. Very soon he was saying that I was better equipped in bed than any other woman he had slept with. He didn't propose marriage to me; he just assumed that this was the next logical step.

I remember telephoning my mother and saying, "I think we are going to get married." "Yes, dear," she replied with astonishment ringing in her voice, "but who did you say you were marrying?" In graphic detail I explained the whole episode to her and emphasized that Sellers was a famous film star. Perhaps typical of any mother, she asked cautiously, "How old is he?" That jolted me a bit. It was a question I had never considered. Sellers was 38, and I was only 21, but not once had it crossed my mind that there was a 17-year age gap between us. It made no difference, although I could tell from my mother's voice that she was apprehensive, particularly after I told her that Sellers had been married once before.

My Twentieth Century-Fox contract took me to New York within the first week of meeting Sellers. In fact, we had only known each other for five days, and trying to steady myself, I questioned my own judgment in even thinking about marriage. Sellers was desperate when I took off, and once he knew that I had arrived in New York, he frantically burned up the transatlantic telephone lines.

One morning I was in the middle of a photographic session for publicity pictures when he came on the line once more. "I've told everyone in London we're going to marry," he said. "Is that all right by you?" It was an odd way of making a proposal, but I gulped, "Yes, I guess so." I flew back to London and a week later was Mrs. Peter Sellers.

My life was turned upside down by Sellers. I symbolized his prize possession, untouchable to others and dedicated only to him. I was like a piece of putty that he could mold in any way he felt fit. Now that I was his wife, he had to protect me, and the fact that he had left for California just four days after we were married did not inhibit him. There in California, on the set of *Kiss Me, Stupid*, the



"... These foolish things remind me of you!"

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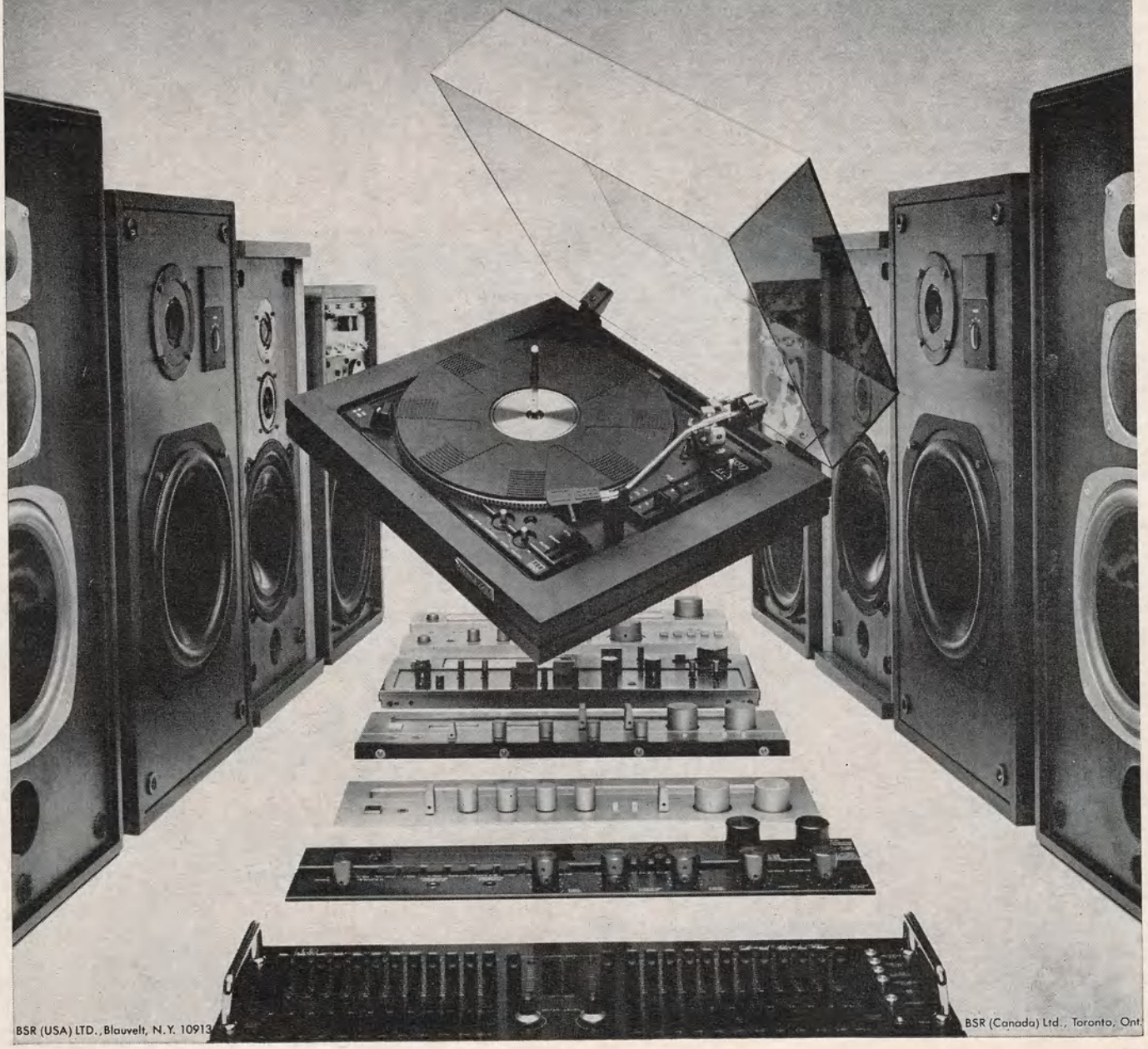

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true character of Sellers began to emerge. His incredible affection soured rapidly, filling the first few weeks of our marriage with despair.

I remained alone in London, but Pepe, our dachshund, was not my only watchdog in the Chelsea flat. Before his departure, Sellers insisted that I should have a secretary to live in, and he appointed Elizabeth, a girl in her late twenties, to move in with me. It was embarrassing, because while she was a qualified and competent secretary, I had no work to give her, except to take an occasional telephone message.

At Pinewood there were watchdogs, too! Our best men, Graham and David, also had roles in my film *Guns at Batasi*, which was an Indian-inspired war thriller of sorts, and Richard Attenborough and Flora Robson led the cast. Michael Caine dropped out at a late hour, and John Leyton took his place. I was overjoyed to see Graham and David at Pinewood. I had friends to talk to, and I felt secure in the knowledge that as old buddies of Sellers, they would be around if any problems arose. What I did not suspect was that Sellers was in communication with them, and this was part of his inquisition that went on all through filming.

Sellers would ring me every night to ask how I was getting on, and then the tack of his questioning would switch to who I talked to, who I dined with, what time I got home, and how well I had slept. I would have to describe my day almost minute by minute. As if doubting my word, he would then phone either David or Graham to verify all I had told him. One of their wives finally informed me what was happening. I was flabbergasted. Surely a husband trusted his wife in the first week of their marriage? I had not given Sellers anything to worry about, but he seemed unable to accept it.

"What about John Leyton? How do you get on with him?" he asked one night. John was a handsome, blond-haired actor managed by Robert Stigwood at the time, and he was being groomed as a leading man. Sellers smelled danger. His young wife at large with a new screen sex symbol? That thought exploded in his mind.

"Has he asked you out?" Sellers probed on the transatlantic line. "He must have chatted you up by now . . . Tell me the truth, Britt. Look, everything you do is being watched by the crew. Don't think they are not aware of what happens on a film set. They are the first to know."

I could hardly believe my ears.

"But, Peter, I have only spoken to John Leyton once. We played in a scene together yesterday . . ."

"What kind of scene?" His voice was accusing.

"Oh, it was nothing."

"Britt, just tell me. What kind of scene?" His voice became more agitated. "You didn't have to kiss him?"

"No. I only kissed him when I did the test, and you know everything about that."

"Yes, all right, Britt, but please be careful. Are you sure you don't fancy him?"

"Darling, don't be silly. I couldn't look at anyone else," I assured him.

Sellers wasn't convinced even then.

Finally, with Easter only a few days ahead, Sellers phoned me and said, "I can't stand being on my own any longer. You've got to come out for Easter." I longed to be with him to put his mind at rest, and so pleaded with the Pinewood production office to extend the four-day Easter recess, but I was met with a blunt refusal. A crisis loomed. Sellers was adamant that I should join him, and I had to reassure him of my loyalties, even though I realized that I was putting my whole career at stake if I left without the studio's permission and certainly without any guarantee of my return date.

Surreptitiously, Sellers arranged for a limousine to pick me up from the studios on Thursday night. He instructed me not to say anything or do anything to let anyone suspect that I was going to catch a plane from Heathrow.

"What about my luggage?" I asked.

"You won't need any. Don't bring a thing," he replied. "Just make sure your

passport is in your handbag."

So I left London without saying a word of my intentions to Dickie Attenborough. It was like playing truant at school, although I intended to be back in time for the Tuesday morning schedule.

Sellers devised other plans.

In California, Sellers had rented a beautiful marble-floored mansion in Beverly Hills with a stone flamingo reigning over the swimming pool. In the king-size master bedroom he took my hand and slid back the wardrobe door. I blinked. Inside were racks of clothes in my size—dresses, coats, casual wear, and even lingerie—all bearing the labels of the best Parisian and Italian fashion houses.

"It's no good saying you have to go home to collect your clothes. You'll find you've got everything you want here," he beamed. And I had. There were even lower racks of shoes, all in size five and one-half and in my fitting.

It was a fait accompli. I could not return to England now. My absence at Pinewood on Tuesday morning caused immense consternation. Eventually someone managed to obtain our ex-directory number, and Sellers's secretary took one urgent message after another demanding my recall. After three or four days the constant telephone calls stopped, and just when we thought the whole incident was over, we faced fresh harassment. The film company had issued writs against us both, mine presumably for breach of contract and the other accusing Sellers of conspiring with me.

A Los Angeles process server was assigned to hand us the writs, but we gave him a very tough time. The wretched man waited outside the house when we refused to answer his knock. To get past him, we had to drive out in our car at high speed. We did our best to deceive him. On one occasion I hid in the trunk, and once I even disguised myself in a black wig while I sent out the secretary, wearing a blonde wig, to act as a decoy.

Eventually the writ was served formally at our front door after Sellers's legal advisers said there was no advantage in carrying on the charade. We had to give an answer to the case brought against us by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Ironically, the house we were renting belonged to Twentieth Century-Fox President Spyros Skouras, although he did not intervene in the legal proceedings against us. He might have otherwise had reason to suspect that we were hostile tenants, although an amicable solution to the problem was resolved when Sellers agreed to pay Fox the sum of $60,200 to compensate for the discarded reels of film containing my three weeks' work.

Only 46 days after we had been married, Sellers suffered seven consecutive heart attacks in a span of two hours. Medically, his recovery seemed impossible. I gazed through the glass partition and saw Sellers, enmeshed in tubes, drip feeds, and oxygen equipment, the threads of his life hanging thinly from a pacemaker machine. His weak heartbeats hardly flickered on the visual screen. After four days, through which his life hung desperately in the balance, signs came of his remarkable recovery. His heart bleep started to get louder and more stable.

Sellers remained in the hospital for more than a month, and his final few days in the hospital found him impatient to be discharged.

In the hospital one terrible incident occurred that was to change the whole pattern of our marriage. Without warning he grabbed hold of an amplifier from his stereo bank and smashed it against a wall, saying he could never trust me. The shattered equipment fell in fragments to the floor, and a nurse came running. I apologized, saying we had accidentally knocked the amplifier over, but I doubt she believed me. She must have sensed the atmosphere between us. All she said was "Come along, Mr. Sellers; please get back into bed." She tucked in his sheets and left.

When Sellers was allowed home, it was conditional that a nurse would be in attendance at all times. The nurse carried out her duties to the letter. She would remain in our bedroom even at night, in

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case Sellers should have another attack.

There was only one place where the nurse would not follow us, and that was the bathroom. It was our only private sanctuary, and we made love under the shower at the very first opportunity. Finally, we persuaded the nurse to move into an adjoining room, and normal marital relations were eventually resumed without the presence of a reluctant voyeur.

Within a matter of weeks I discovered I was pregnant. As neither of us had employed any protective measures other than withdrawal, the shock was a mild one.

I was nearly four months pregnant when a past incident in my life suddenly reared its head, putting unnecessary stress on our marriage. Hugh Hefner, head of the *Playboy* organization, telephoned out of the blue one night and said he had acquired some racy pictures of me that he would very much like to use but would discard in preference to a set of pictures that Sellers might care to take of me in the nude. Sellers was left practically speechless. His face drained of all color. I thought he was going to have another heart attack.

"What is it?" I asked, as he began to relate the conversation to me in breathless sentences. I assured him, "I have never posed for nude pictures in my life. Hefner is bluffing. Let him produce the pictures. Ask him to send the copies to us, and then we will see."

Sellers was still on the line to the *Playboy* boss, covering the mouthpiece in his asides to me.

"Look, I'm sorry, Hugh, but I couldn't take pictures of Britt right now. She's pregnant."

Hefner apparently replied, "Oh, don't worry about that. We can disguise it."

Sellers swung the conversation back to the set of pictures that Hefner said he had already acquired, and he promised to dispatch them to us.

"What do they show?" Sellers kept asking, refusing to accept my word that I had never posed in the nude.

When he put the phone down, a violent clash erupted between us.

"You're nothing but a slut," Sellers screamed at me. "Of course you've posed for nude pictures. *Playboy* doesn't publish anything else. For all I know they're probably pornographic. Why don't you own up?"

I sat down trembling, my face awash in tears. It's a wonder I didn't lose my baby a thousand times. "Look, I know every picture that has been taken of me. Those pictures must be a fraud." I tried to convince Sellers, but he wasn't listening.

The next few days were impossible until Hefner's set of pictures arrived by express airmail. Sellers had already pronounced me guilty, but when he opened the package, he was silenced like a muzzled dog because there was nothing lurid about the pictures at all. They were totally harmless.

All they showed was my bare shoulder swiveled to the camera in the sexy kind of pouting-lip pose that was the cover girl's stock-in-trade shot in those days. Not so much as a bare boob was showing, and of course I was dressed. I even recalled the photographic session at which the pictures were taken, two or three years before. I had often posed for young photographers in order to get free prints for my reference folder to show producers and casting directors.

Sellers reluctantly apologized, blamed his heart condition for his unnecessary reaction, and then expected me to feel sorry for him! Frankly, I never forgave Hefner for the episode, because he must have known that such a request would have caused a rift between us.

Sellers secretly yearned to get back to work, but he was troubled that his talents and genius had deserted him. Indeed, at one point he was convinced he would never work again, and for several days

> I symbolized his prize possession, untouchable to others and dedicated only to him. I was like a piece of putty that he could mold in any way he felt fit.

he was gripped in the depths of morosity. It was insufferable. Every word we exchanged sparked fresh friction.

I was in tears on the day Sellers suddenly told me to get rid of our child. "It's affecting my work. I can't think. All I hear about is the baby you're expecting. Can't you talk about anything else?" he raged one morning. "Get rid of it. I don't care how, but get rid of it. Any of your friends will tell you who to go to."

I was horrified. "You're talking about *our* child." I sobbed.

I phoned Nanette Newman, the wife of Bryan Forbes. She was my closest friend at the time. She was a mother, and she knew about these things. She also knew about the neurotic pontifications of my husband. She told me that I couldn't have an abortion: I was too far gone at five months. When I related this to Sellers, he refused to accept it. He retorted, "Get rid of it" and would not heed anything I said.

He slunk out into the night. I thought there would be more scenes on the issue, but a day or two later the subject was totally forgotten. In fact his attitude became paradoxical. Sellers began devising ways how we would produce a superhuman babe! He recalled a conversation with the director Stanley Kubrick when they were working on *Dr. Strangelove* together. Kubrick apparently knew of a remote African tribe that strapped its pregnant women to backs of chairs and placed them in oxygen tents to ensure that the infants would be born with the most vigorous of mental and physical health. I was quivering with nerves when Sellers actually began lecturing me on the merits of this experiment and seriously suggested that we might try it. But good fortune was on my side. A call from our agent set my husband's mind racing in another direction.

There were two films on the immediate horizon for him: a U.N. documentary, *Carol for Another Christmas*, and a major comedy feature film, *What's New Pussycat?* costarring Ursula Andress and Peter O'Toole. Sellers signed for both, and we left for New York for the U.N. documentary, in which I actually appeared playing the part of a pregnant girl!

Victoria was born four weeks later on January 20, 1965. We had returned to England and checked into the Dorchester, conveniently situated near the Welbeck Street Clinic. Sellers, having never mentioned the word *abortion* again, was as nervous as any father-to-be. When my water went and I felt the first pangs, he whisked me from the hotel to the clinic in a flash. My suitcase was already packed. Unceremoniously he dumped me on the steps of the clinic and promptly disappeared without so much as taking one step inside the door. He retreated to the safety of our hotel, not ashamed to admit to his cowardice in having no wish to witness the birth.

The next morning, after Victoria's arrival, Sellers was as proud as punch. He grasped her in his arms and said, "Thank God she is safely here." I knew what he meant: husbands are entitled to change their minds!

Changing his mind was something Sellers was good at.

Unfortunately, when he was in one of his dark moods, Sellers could argue with practically anyone. We were flying out of Los Angeles on an Air France flight, and Sellers got in a prickly argument with one of the stewards. Bert, the valet, had to intervene. The poor steward was sacked, and when he began litigation, I had to make a statement about the incident.

One night I was delayed at Elstree Studios, and my homecoming was a doorstep confrontation with Sellers, demanding to know where I had been. We had a dreadful row, and the next morning, when I was dressing, I could not find my Cartier gold watch, only to discover that Sellers had smashed it into particles on the floor, presumably with the heel of his shoe, and attempted to flush the remains down the loo.

When I saw the broken pieces of the watch lying in the bottom of the porcelain

pan, I could not believe it was possible for any civilized man to have done such a thing. A street vandal wrecking a telephone booth might have thought twice before stamping a £280 watch to bits.

Our travels did little to soothe Sellers's temperament. In America, to keep in shape, I had an aging Swedish physiotherapist come to the house to massage me. Sellers went berserk. "If you must have a massage, then I insist you keep your clothes on. You're my wife. You can't do that kind of thing!" he shrieked.

"How can anyone have a massage and keep her clothes on?" I retorted. "For God's sake, don't be so absurd. A physiotherapist regards someone's body in the same way as a doctor does. It doesn't mean anything more to him than a typewriter to a secretary."

He was upset about anyone else seeing me in the nude, and it wasn't only the masseur he was worried about. When I signed to play New York's first stripper in *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, he corrected the screenplay from beginning to end. "If you're going to have to strip, then they will have to get a stand-in to do it," he thundered. I had already assured him that I would not play the one nude scene and that they were bringing in a stand-in, but I had to labor the point over and over again before he quieted down.

With Sellers, even though Los Angeles and New York separated us, I could never rest. That he was confined in Hollywood filming *I Love You Alice B. Toklas* only served to make him more irritating. The telephone never stopped ringing. I could not move in New York without my exact whereabouts being relayed to him hour by hour.

On weekends Sellers always expected me to fly to see him in California; he would never think of reversing the procedure, and he was unsympathetic when I missed my plane on one occasion through his churlish delaying tactics, which meant that I traveled all night to get to the studio in time for the dawn start.

Our feuds continued in London. Although Sellers regarded us as "tax exiles," which meant that our days at Elstead were strictly limited, we somehow acquired a four-bedroom town apartment in Clarges Street in the heart of Mayfair. We spent $125,000 on its redesign and furnishings. We had a four-poster in the master bedroom and in our dining area a suite of white tulip-style chairs and a table designed by Eero Saarinen. The apartment also boasted a collection of abstract paintings by Michael Tain that Sellers liked. We were naturally excited about our new home, but the one requisite we needed most we could not obtain. It was impossible to buy happiness. Whenever we had words, Sellers's tendency would be to pack a suitcase and check into a hotel. Usually he went back to the Dorchester. One of the gossip columns observed this peculiarity after one of our abrupt partings, but rath-

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er than admit publicly that anything was wrong with our marriage we tried to bluff our way out of it.

Sellers said, "I am working on a new film at Pinewood, and as I don't want to disturb my wife at the crack of dawn, I thought it would be better if I moved into the hotel." When I was asked to comment, I'm sure that everyone drew his own conclusions about the real truth of the situation. "Our separation is great fun," I said ambiguously. "It's just like dating all over again." I'm sure we fooled no one.

Sellers flew off alone to Venice, and I think I realized we had reached the final curtain. Two weeks later I joined him in what was to be our last attempt at a reconciliation. We were going to embark on a spring cruise from Venice down the Yugoslavian coastline, and I took along my three Yorkshire terriers.

Quiet, placid waters gave no hint of the tempest ahead. On our return we moored up at Brindisi, and Sellers thought we might break the monotony of life aboard by taking the plane up to Rome. Alas, the journey did not please his palate. We had a tiff on the plane because he accused me of not listening to one of his jokes. He said Bert, his valet, was more interested in his jokes than I was.

When we disembarked, he deliberately kept all the other passengers waiting before boarding the bus that would take us to the terminal. "They can all wait for us," said Sellers. In Rome we checked into the Excelsior Hotel. The things I traveled with I had put into Sellers's suitcase.

We went out for dinner, and he drank more wine than usual. As always when he drank, he got very aggressive; and when we came out of the restaurant, it was to the flashbulbs of the paparazzi. Sellers didn't like it, and while I smiled for the benefit of the cameras, he started sulking, blaming me for the incident.

Back in our hotel suite I stood petrified as he paced up and down ranting and raving, his face a purple mass. I had carefully hung my overnight clothes in the wardrobe, but he wrenched back the doors and with one sweep of his arm tossed the skirt and blouse I had worn that evening onto the floor. "Everything you have got I own," he screamed at me. "You would be no one without me. No one. You're an evil bitch, and I will get you."

He then threw to the floor my Sony cassette radio and jumped on it. His crashing feet broke it into a thousand pieces. "I will make your life hell," he said. Other hotel guests telephoned the night porter to complain. Meekly, the flunky came to have words with us, only to find Sellers attired in his pajamas and kimono dressing gown. When he opened the door, he gave the performance of a lifetime and would have surely won his much longed-for Oscar.

"Noise? Disturbance? Obviously you've got the wrong room. There's some noise coming from along the corridor. I think they must have a party going," he said airily, glancing at his watch to remind the porter that it was well past midnight and that he was just retiring for the night.

I crept into the bathroom and took a couple of Valiums. All I wanted to do was to sleep and lose consciousness so that I might escape from my husband's virulence. But there was to be no respite. Seller's scathing harangue went on until the early hours. It was 3:30 A.M. when Sellers, without regard for the hour, phoned our English-speaking Italian agent, Franco Reggiani. "Franco, I want you to come to the hotel immediately and collect my wife," he said. "She is leaving Rome this instant. Our marriage is finished."

An astonished Franco arrived on his bizarre mission less than 30 minutes later. With him was the green-uniformed hotel porter, who by now was a nervous wreck. When they rapped at the door, Sellers hissed at me. "Just get out of here and don't ever come back. I never want to see you again, you bitch." I was scared. Really scared.

> Sellers flung off his platinum wedding ring and flattened it like a stick of gum with the heel of his loose shoe. . . . It was not the first time.

Sellers flung off his platinum wedding ring and flattened it like a stick of gum with the heel of his loose shoe, which he had picked up from the carpet. It was not the first time. I had taken the ring to Garrard's to have it reshaped when he had hammered it into pulp on earlier occasions. Franco stared disbelievingly at Sellers. Somehow I managed to put on a pair of jeans and a sweater, although I was barely conscious. The Valium had made me drowsy, and my head was swirling from the barrage of insults I had suffered.

"Here, take her," ordered Sellers as though he were disposing of his garbage to a refuse collector. I did not have a suitcase in which to pack the remains of my clothes, and the poor, bewildered porter could not help. By now he was as terrified as I was. Sellers ordered Franco to go and get a suitcase. "Find an all-night store," he barked. Franco returned with a suitcase from his own home and packed what few things I had.

Dawn was breaking over Rome. A watering truck was dowsing the Via Veneto. The lights of the night coffee stall flickered out, and untied newspaper packages were being bundled out of a van against the shuttered newsstand. Franco threw out his arms in bewilderment. "How can he do this to you?" he said, shaking his head in total disbelief. "I have never been called like this before by anyone, and I know every big star there is to know." Then he sighed. "I don't know where we are going to find you another room at this hour. All the hotels are full."

And so we trudged in vain to the Grand, to the Hassler, and to the de la Ville, until we found ourselves back on the Via Veneto at the Flora, where, thankfully, there was a spare room.

My marriage was on the rocks. There could be no more rescue operations. I had to go "underground." In Sweden my father and uncle jointly owned a house at Smadalarö on the coast. That was to be my hideaway. I telephoned England and arranged for Victoria, who was then only three, to join me. I gave Inger, our nanny, a holiday so that she would not become entangled in our affairs. I was buying time. I wanted the dust to settle before contacting Sellers again.

We spent four or five days at the house before the press finally traced me, and once more I made my escape on the floor of a car—this time an MG belonging to my brother. We also managed to stow Victoria safely in the car, and in the middle of the night we drove into Stockholm. But I knew that I could not keep on the run forever. Besides, I was not a criminal.

I also realized I could no longer burden my family with my problems, but the newspapers were to enlighten me about Sellers's activities. Far from being the heartbroken husband, he was squiring Mia Farrow, and the gleeful paparazzi were having a field day. "Exit Britt, Enter Mia" blazed the headlines, and of course it was said that my walkout was over Sellers's new romance with Mia.

I flew to London to file for a divorce. Sellers had instructed Bert to bar me from entering our Mayfair flat, and I was handed all my belongings on the doorstep. "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Sellers," said Bert. I drove to Elstead, where Sellers had given similar orders, and I found my things and all of Victoria's toys and possessions had been packed in boxes in the garage.

There was nowhere to go, other than to check into a hotel.

For some reason, perhaps purely psychological, I felt the pending divorce cast a stigma on my character. I just wanted to hide away from everyone, although in the circumstances this wasn't too difficult to achieve. Friends, afraid of taking sides, just disappeared.

One or two of them telephoned to commiserate with me. For the first time in my life I was alone. It was a very strange experience for me.

(Next month: Life in Hollywood: Warren Beatty and Rod Stewart)

Illustration by Nicholas Gaetano

With over 300 original novels printed last year, Greenleaf Press is the major publisher of fiction in America. Some call their brand of paperback erotica "tit lit," but could there be real poetry lurking in this literary swamp? "Yes, oh, yes!" sighed a *Teacher in Trouble*.

BACKPOCKET SOFTCOVER HARDCORE

BY DAVID STANDISH

David Waters was kneeling on the floor in my classroom. It was four in the afternoon on a Wednesday. He was licking my cunt.—"Teacher in Trouble"

Fist-fuck me right here in the stacks, Samantha!—"The Librarian's Naughty Habit"

Nothing human is alien to me.—Terence, *170 B.C.*

ME EITHER

Chances are you haven't read *His Wife's Hot Pants, Sinful Wife, Spouse in Torment, Hungry Wives, Two Wild Wives, Swapping Wives, The Family Reunion, Mother in Heat, Shameful Mom, Naughty Aunt, Auntie's Oral Lessons, X-Rated Daughter, Daddy's Naughty Girl, Teacher in Trouble, Spreading for Coach, Secretary in Heat, Raped and Raped, Sally's Rape Cure, The Wife Raper, The Librarian's Naughty Habit, Swap Neighbors, The Housewife's Pet,* or *Going to the Dogs.*

I have.

They're paperback novels and cost between $2.25 and $2.95 a pop, all published by Greenleaf Press in Southern California.

Greenleaf doesn't fool around. This batch represents a single month's output. The remarkable part is that they do it every month, like . . . well, think of it: last year they must have published over *300* original novels. Staff members of *The New York Review of Books* may run howling away in pain, and I hope Alfred Kazin is sitting down, but I think this makes Greenleaf Press the major publisher of fiction in the United States.

The interesting thing is that absolutely no one is paying attention, except maybe the people who buy the books, and they're not talking. People who write them usually insist piously that they're in it only for the money. I believe them. To keep spurting out titles at the rate they do, the editors at Greenleaf must just watch the manuscripts go by, panting and heaving, barely touched by human hand. And when published, the books land chiefly next to Kilgore Trout's in fluorescent sleaze shops; the lucky ones make it to paperback racks in truck-stop cafés off the interstate. It's certain you'll never see a fresh new title, *The Hospital's Horny Staff*, say, displayed in the window of Doubleday's or Kroch's or Brentano's, or *Raped Lady Cop* considered at length by Anatole Broyard in the Sunday *Times* book section. The only place they're mentioned (that I've seen) is in *Screw* magazine, where the interest is purely in how gripping they are when read with one hand.

And yet each one begins with a foreword from the publishers, earnestly insisting on the book's social relevance and claiming there are great lessons here to be learned. For example, *Peeping Family* is "a thought-provoking novel about exploitation, its perpetrators and its victims. Food for serious thought."

Okay, Greenleaf, let's eat. I once wasted an entire semester in college on Milton's prose, so why not? What meaning lurks here?

At first reading, Greenleaf novels seem to be single-mindedly concerned with Fucking & Sucking & Beyond, nothing else. Hump hump hump hump gasp all the way through. I open *Daddy's Naughty Girl* to a random page:

"He tickled the wet hair-fringed mouth of her little box, poking his finger tip mischievously in and out.

" 'O . . . ' Arlene crooned. 'oooo. . . . ' "

Not exactly rich turf for literary criticism. Or is it?

After I read ten or so in succession, one thing that definitely struck me was a low-level ache in the prostate that was indistinguishable from minor back trouble. That is because the action in Greenleaf novels is 99 44/100 percent pure *action*, in as many vivid loops and permutations as can be crammed into 158 pages or so.

This one-note samba, strangely enough, has its own significance. In fact, these books now seem so fraught with meaning to me that I barely know where to begin. So let's start with the easy stuff and work our way up to the Big Hot Picture.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, FATHER OF THE "ADULT" BOOK?

The interest in sex, nearly to the exclusion of everything else, makes the Greenleaf novel in some ways a descendant of Elizabethan sonnets. In sonnet cycles such as Shakespeare's, the subject matter was almost exclusively Romance, that low-jolt, cornball precursor of modern Twentieth-Century Raw Sex. The world described in sonnets was dreamily romantic and vague, where most of the usual concerns in life were neglected in favor of intense examination of certain emotional aspects, which took on great importance under such a jeweled magnifying glass.

It's much the same in the Greenleaf novels. Most of them aren't set anywhere in particular. It doesn't matter. Your Town, U.S.A. It's true that *Secretary in Heat* takes place around San Francisco, and *Going to the Dogs* occurs among some ambiguous "mountains"; but for the most part, the landscape described is generic American—there just isn't enough time in these books to bother with such trivialities as geography.

Like the lovers in sonnets, no one in the Greenleafs seems ever to work, even when he has a job. Much of *Secretary in Heat*, for instance, goes on inside an "ad agency." But the employes mainly spend their time screwing in the stair wells and peeing on each other in the executive offices. The people in these lead lives quite different from yours and mine, which is, of course, the idea. As in sonnets, comic books, and prime-time television, this is dreamy country.

IS THAT A PYTHON IN YOUR POCKET OR ARE YA JUST GLAD TA SEE ME?

This other land also owes certain features to classical mythology and fairy tales. Things are larger than life, on an epic, heroic scale. Just as in Greek mythology during the early times before Zeus, Titans walk among us. Prometheus, Chronos, The Joly Hung Giant. Consider the following, from *Daddy's Naughty Girl:*

"It was incredible that such a slim, delicate woman should have such enormous jugs."

Or, from *Spouse in Trouble:*

"Her monumental breasts seemed to fill the air around his head when he leaned forward."

In my debut as literary critic, I'd like to take the honor of naming this The Humongous Charlies Convention. And, lest we forget the boys, from *Secretary in Heat:*

"When Janet was alone again, Kris ambled into the room. He, too, was naked, as usual. . . . Christ, that cock of his was at least nine inches long, and thick."

All together, now:

"His cock was enormous. But then, so was her cunt."

COME TO NIAGARA FALLS!

Just as all the equipment is Bigger and Better, it is used with fabulous results. Men erupt in torrent after torrent of sperm, while women gush, stream, and spurt pussy juice like sluices opened in Hoover Dam—great rivers of come and pussy juice, in fact, flow steaming through these books. A typical example from one or another of them (forgive me for not keeping accurate notes):

"Lola's cunt began gurgling out rushes of hot, slippery pussy juice."

Now, I'll grant you that this is all a long way down the pike from "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate." But the spirit of mythic idealization is the same.

"COWWWAAABUUUNNNNGGAAA!" SHE GASPED. "IS THIS THE SUCK TO FAITH?"

I hope Bishop Sheen and Billy Graham are sitting down for this part. But the more seriously you take these books, the more serious they get. And I'm afraid they have profound religious and philosophical implications. The tendency in them, to idealize, in their fashion, coupled with their focus upon sexual activity nearly to the exclusion of all else, practically demands that they be read as fables, parables, something. And read that way, they seem to be attempts to confront the existential problem of the death of God. Like Jack Paar, I kid you not.

God, as you might imagine, is noticeably absent from Greenleaf novels. No one goes to church—at least not to pray and sing hymns. God doesn't exist.

Outwardly, in fact, what would have to be called the symptoms of this experience are remarkably similar to those exhibited by converts at evangelical revivals. This sort of behavior has been a tradition in America since the 1730s, when, from a Massachusetts pulpit, preacher Jonathan "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" Edwards began delivering hellfire-and-brimstone sermons that sent flaming waves of revivalism roaring through the Colonies. Known as The Great Awakening on *College Bowl*, it also produced America's first hard-sell touring evangelist, one Rev. George Whitefield, who, according to historian Samuel Eliot Morison, "introduced the second state of revivalism, in which congregations, *mad with religious ecstasy*, shrieked, rolled on the floor, ran amuck."

Consider, then, this example, from *Hungry Wives*:

"He screamed out in *ecstasy* as the sperm seemed to swirl in his rioting balls.

" 'Ooohhhggoddd! Yyeeeeeess!' "

Or, from *Mother in Heat*:

"The writhing little blonde was *barely clinging to her sanity* as the *intense ecstasy* was carrying her closer and closer to an overwhelming orgasm. With her raw, taut nerves virtually screaming from the *unbelievably intense pleasure*, she felt she couldn't endure another moment of this *agonizing ecstasy.*"

Or the thrill of hot cleats.

Not only can sex, like God, drive you mad with divine ecstasy; it can create the same transport, or loss of self, that's usually associated with mystical close encounters of the Lord kind:

"Every thought in her mind was fuck now, her past was gone, all hate had left her. *Her whole being* was immersed in cock and cunt."

Here also is the suggestion, as in most religions, that only one thing in life is truly significant. It's reiterated in *Teasing Her Teacher*, as is the notion of transcendence, or transport:

"By now Kathy was in a daze, a victim of her lust and the glorious cock that filled her cunt. She was *no longer aware of reality*, only those wild intense sensations that had taken control of her body. The *only* thing that mattered was riding the magnificent tool that was stuffed up between her open legs."

The Big Moment in Greenleaf novels shares several other qualities with the revivalist form of what James Joyce called an epiphany, or, as he described it, "a sudden spiritual manifestation." One characteristic of religious transcendence is a sensation of being beyond time, in touch with eternity:

"Turning his head, he took the second tit into his mouth. *Time seemed to stand still for them* as he sucked and licked until the surface of her luscious boobs was glistening with his warm spit."

In a few instances, there's a hint of apocalypse in the air, the final days:

"And I was fucking that vibrator *like there was no tomorrow*. . . ."

Something else that happens in these books could simply be ascribed to overheated writing but in this context seems like another analog of the part of religious frenzy known as Talking in Tongues.

Listen:

"Suctioning her breasts whole, I drove Valentine *over the brink into incomprehensible babbling.*

" *'Uhhhnnnnggggnnnn,'* he groaned, lurching his loins with one last cock-thrusting surge.

" *'Auggg!'* Janet gasped.

" *'Eeaaagggg!'* she screamed as the boy began driving even deeper into her inflamed fuck-hole.

" *'Uuuummmmpphhhh!'* Lola groaned, the sound bubbling into Sue's cunt. . . .

"'*Aaaaiiiyyy!*' she wailed, her mouth pulling wetly away from Sue's convulsing cunt."

Hallelujah! That Lola got the spirit!

YOU CAN GET TO
HEAVEN IN RUBBER UNDERWEAR

God may be absent from the Greenleaf world, dead or on vacation, but, miraculously, heaven still exists. Several of the novels give detailed descriptions of what it's like. From *Spouse in Trouble:*

"Sitting there, his prick buried so deep within her, holding on to her head and hair as though they were disconnected to her body, his head thrown back, his eyes rolling, *Harris was in heaven.*"

And *Going to the Dogs* actually makes an attempt to *locate* it:

"Tom Henderson had no doubt *heaven* was just around the corner as he reached up underneath Lola Stevens' dress."

You can't miss it. Just take a left at the *labia majora*.

BIG MONEY-MAKING
IF ANTICLIMACTIC FINISH

I confess I don't know exactly what one is supposed to *do* with all of this. But Leslie Fiedler's never around when you really need him; so I'll make a stab.

What occurs is that these books may be glimpses of the future. *A* future, anyway. Let's not forget where they come from: that sunny, quavering rim of tomorrow, Southern California. They seem to be inchoate struggles toward a new religion truly suitable for the times. Tom Wolfe accurately named the seventies the Me Decade, and there's not much reason to think this-me-me-me-me brushfire won't reach pure-white, roaring solipsism before burning itself out.

What better for the eighties, then, than a church built upon the solid rock of the Big O? Anybody who gets in on the ground floor can make a bundle. I would advise the theologians who develop church dogma, if they want an attractive bottom line, to stick with sex for its own sake and stay away from love—which in these trim, jogging and Perrier times is a drag on the market, requiring all sorts of expensive, unwieldy emotional equipment to play—simply too much bother for us "now" people on the go.

This is a line of business I would get right into if I were living in California. I've even got a name for it: The First Primitive Pure-Gospel Millenarian Church of the Revealed Perfect Fuck. California Branch.

But I'll have to leave it to some other enterprising spiritual sort.

I'm going to write a script for a blockbuster movie!

GRAND PREMIERE: *IT CAME AND CAME AND CAME AND CAME FROM OUTER SPACE!*

That came to me one night in a delirium after reading too many of these novels in a row. What, it flashed upon me, if all this was happening *at the same time* and *in the same general area?* What if all these people are like the characters who inhabit Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County and interrelate through all his books?

What if everything that happens in these books goes on in . . . *Greenleaf County?*

I see it shot in fifties-style black and white, done as a take-off on the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. In that one, a sleepy little California town is insidiously taken over by pods from outer space. *It Came and Came and Came and Came from Outer Space* will open with a traveling insurance salesman, whose car has broken down . . . just inside the Greenleaf County line.

Looking for help, he cuts across a field and stumbles into a clearing where three ranch hands are gang-banging a 14-year-old, while a grown woman kneels naked in the bushes, masturbating. Too shocked to disturb them, the insurance salesman finds his way into town and stops at the library to get a drink of water. Inside, he finds the librarian being fist-fucked by one Samantha.

He soon realizes that the whole town has been affected, that everyone in Greenleaf County has been taken over by some sinister alien force that leaves everyone constantly preoccupied with sex—while the aliens are busy with their preparations to enslave earth.

He tries to escape, but he's captured by a suburban bridge club of bondage freaks, who tie him up and play with him for a while before turning him loose accidentally. He flees cross-country, panting, sweating, clothes shredded by thorns, with all Greenleaf County pursuing him naked, many masturbating wildly as they give chase.

But at last he reaches the state highway just beyond the Greenleaf County line, and, miracle of miracles, a state trooper is cruising by in his squad car. Worn, ragged, nearly hysterical, the insurance salesman manages to flag down the state policeman.

In the final shot, he's getting into the patrolman's car and trying with difficulty to spill out his incredible story. The camera angle is over the state patrolman's shoulder, into the front seat. As the salesman tries to get his story out, the patrolman tells him to be calm, that everything will be all right—as he reaches out and begins stroking the salesman's thigh. . . .

THE END????? O+

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

SPLIT RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE?

WHICH SIDE OF YOUR BRAIN IS WORKING?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty questions to make it clear – left or right hemisphere?

PSYCHOGRAPH

Ever since humans began thinking philosophical thoughts (that is, ever since they got beyond the stage where their most profound mental activity consisted of asking, "How the hell am I gonna kill this damn woolly mammoth?"), they have focused on questions of duality: good versus evil, body versus soul, emotion versus intellect . . . that sort of thing.

The sages among us have always been convinced that every man has two natures, two distinct modes of consciousness, two independent—and sometimes conflicting—personalities. Now science is discovering that they were right. The human brain is divided into a right hemisphere and a left hemisphere. In recent years researchers have increasingly come to the conclusion that each of these hemispheres is, in effect, an independent brain. Each has its own sphere of influence within our psyches.

When somebody says, "I'm of two minds about that," he may be accurately describing a real physiological process going on inside his cranium as his two hemispheres—each with its own needs, desires, skills, and talents—seek to interpret the world outside.

In most of us one hemisphere or the other dominates our personalities. One hemisphere exerts its power over the other and molds us in its image. This psychograph is designed to find out which hemisphere holds sway in your head. You'll find out the distinct characteristics of each "brain" after you answer the questions. We don't want to bias your responses; so we can't outline those characteristics.

Researchers began to probe the eerie duality of the human brain in 1961 after Los Angeles surgeons performed an operation to cure epilepsy in a 48-year-old war veteran (known in the scientific literature only by his initials, "W. J."). The procedure involved severing the corpus callosum, which connects the brain hemispheres. (The corpus callosum contains millions of nerve cells and acts like a cable over which the left and right brains exchange messages. It also sends epileptic impulses from one half of the brain to the other. If it is severed, the intensity of a patient's seizures are greatly diminished.)

The operation did wonders for W. J.'s epilepsy, and he began to live a relatively normal life. Yet weird things began to happen. When he became angry with his wife, he found that one of his hands would reach out to grab her while the other hand tried to protect her. Some days he'd be pulling on his pants with one hand while the other struggled to take them off. Needless to say, this sort of behavior aroused interest among brain researchers. At the California Institute of Technology and the University of Chicago, psychobiologist Roger Sperry and others began to study W. J. and other epileptics who had undergone the operation.

It has now become clear that the left and right brains have minds of their own. Each receives all the information that comes in through the eyes and ears, and each uses that information to act independently of the other. While normal people don't exhibit the bizarre behavior of "split-brain" patients, a startling separateness still exists. Using an electroencephalograph to trace brain waves, psychologists have found that when we write letters, our left brain takes charge while the right hemisphere relaxes and drifts into a trance state. But when we draw pictures, the right brain shifts into gear while the left hemisphere nods off.

After taking this psychograph, you may have an idea of which brain hemisphere dominates your personality. That knowledge and 40 cents will get you a cup of coffee these days. But that knowledge can also give you a clearer view of yourself; that's never a bad investment.

The following are what psychologists call "forced choice" questions. There are only two possible answers to each question, and you must choose one of them even if you don't think either is appropriate. Pick the answer that is *more likely* to apply to your behavior. There are no right or wrong answers. Complete the psychograph quickly. Your first response to a question is likely to be the most honest.

1. Which of the following statements is more characteristic of you?
   - (a) I'm a tense person; I worry about getting things right; I'm more nervous than most people
   - (b) I'm relaxed and easygoing; you can't fight life, so you may as well roll with the punches

2. Do you get depressed a lot?
   - (a) yes
   - (b) no

3. Think about the music you like. Would you say that (a) the beat or (b) the melody is more important to you?

4. If you were learning a new skill, which of the following ways of acquiring knowledge would appeal to you more?
   - (a) reading books and attending lectures on the subject
   - (b) an "experience oriented" approach consisting of field trips, workshops, lab work, and apprenticeship

5. If you were in college, which of these two majors would you select?
   - (a) art
   - (b) math

6. Which of these games would you rather play?
   - (a) Scrabble
   - (b) checkers

7. Which statement more accurately describes your behavior?
   - (a) I'm an impulse buyer; when I want something, I get it even if I can't afford it
   - (b) I'm a deliberate shopper; I think about something before I buy it. Sometimes I wait so long that what I want is sold out by the time I decide to buy it. I often talk myself out of things I first thought I wanted

8. Are you often unsure of your grammar?
   - (a) yes
   - (b) no

9. When you learn something new, how does the process usually work?
   - (a) I flounder around until suddenly a light goes on and I get the knack of it; understanding seems to come all at once, as if a curtain had been lifted or a door opened
   - (b) I work gradually, learning one aspect at a time; eventually I begin to understand all the pieces and can put the whole picture together

10. If you had to solve a problem, which would you choose?
    - (a) a crossword puzzle
    - (b) a jigsaw puzzle

11. Do you often have hunches?
    - (a) yes
    - (b) no

12. If you could do only one or the other, would you rather
    - (a) read a book
    - (b) see a movie

13. Do you often have trouble putting your feelings and opinions into words; do you have trouble expressing what you really mean?
    - (a) yes
    - (b) no

14. If you have to park a car parallel to the curb, do you
    - (a) usually get it right the first time
    - (b) usually have to pull out at least once and try another time

15. If you were taking a trip and someone were giving you directions, would you prefer that he
    (a) write down the directions, listing the route numbers, turnoffs, and landmarks in order
    (b) show you the route on a map

16. When you're choosing clothes, are you more likely to select
    (a) fabrics with a lot of texture, such as leather, suede, thick wools, silk shirts, and corduroy
    (b) relatively understated fabrics, such as cottons and normal-weight suits

17. Do you remember faces well?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Do you remember people's names well?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
    (a) there are many things that science will never be able to explain
    (b) there's a natural law that governs everything; therefore, science should eventually be able to explain things that at first appear to be mysteries

20. Are you a better-than-average athlete?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

Of the two answers to each question, one is more likely to be chosen by a left-brained person and the other by a right-brained person. Left-brain choices here are indicated by L, right-brain choices by R. Check your answers against this key and then add up your total number of L and R responses.

1. (a) L; (b) R	11. (a) R; (b) L
2. (a) R; (b) L	12. (a) L; (b) R
3. (a) L; (b) R	13. (a) R; (b) L
4. (a) L; (b) R	14. (a) R; (b) L
5. (a) R; (b) L	15. (a) L; (b) R
6. (a) L; (b) R	16. (a) R; (b) L
7. (a) R; (b) L	17. (a) R; (b) L
8. (a) R; (b) L	18. (a) L; (b) R
9. (a) R; (b) L	19. (a) R; (b) L
10. (a) L; (b) R	20. (a) R; (b) L

This psychograph does not break down into precise scoring categories. Brain research is too new a science to have devised any definitive, or predictive tests. However, large amounts of data have been gathered, and it's this research that enables us to lay out some guidelines and make some educated judgments. You should therefore think of your answers as indicators of probability.

If you chose 13 or more L answers, it's probable that your brain's left hemisphere exerts the dominant force on your personality. If you chose 13 or more R answers, it's most likely that the right brain dominates. If you ended up with a relative balance between your L and R answers (that is, if you didn't score more than 12 or fewer than 8 in either category), you are in a special middle group described below in the *balanced brain* section.

The left brain:

The left cerebral hemisphere's skills are those that—at least since the Renaissance—have been most favored by Western civilization. It is analytical, rational, and practical. The man who is dominated by his left brain does not long for mystical union with the cosmos; he just wants the facts, ma'am. Because the left brain is almost entirely responsible for all human verbal skills, people in this category tend to be good conversationalists and writers. (In fact, when a split-brain patient talks, it's his left brain alone that's speaking to you. Information contained in the right brain can't be expressed in words, since that hemisphere has the approximate linguistic ability of a three- or four-year-old child.)

Most technocrats—scientists, mathematicians, computer experts—are left-brained. So are lawyers. They use the hemisphere's logical ability to assemble bits of disparate information into a coherent whole. Because they combine linguistic and logical abilities so well, men in this category are often brilliant and witty. But others come across as driven, nervous, and fanatically single-minded. (Ralph Nader, for instance, is a classical left-brain man. He's devoted to a single goal and allows virtually no outside interests to interfere.)

The right brain:

Men dominated by their right brains tend to be intuitive and emotional. They take a holistic approach to life: they sense things all at once and don't like to get bogged down in details. They perceive the *gestalt* of things, instinctively absorbing the subtle connections and relationships that make up their sphere of consciousness. There is considerable evidence that creativity is centered in the right brain. So is spacial perception. Consequently, most artists are right-brained people. (Even science—at its most creative levels—seems to be a right-brained phenomenon. Einstein made a quintessential right-brain statement when he said that most of his important discoveries came to him as images—in pictures, not words. Only after he had the inspiration, did he go back and let his left brain work out the linguistic and mathematical descriptions of his discoveries.)

Right-brained people also have a deep-seated musical sense. Alexander Luria of Moscow's Burdenko Institute (he's one of the world's most famous brain specialists) once treated a patient—a composer—whose left hemisphere had been incapacitated by a stroke. The man couldn't say a word, but with his unaffected right brain he went on composing as well as before. The exception to this rule is the professional musician. Rather than creating music, he must have extreme technical competence in order to reproduce it accurately. Therefore, he is likely to be left-brained. For him music is not inspiration or melody but a line of notes, a language, to be put in order by his left brain. Right-brained people are also more easily hypnotized. As a group, they are more athletic. They are also people who can remember your face but not your name. (The face, being an object in space, is remembered by the right brain. The name, a linguistic construct, is stored in the left brain and thus is not so easily retrieved by right-brained people.) Men in this category make good Californians: they tend to be laid-back and mellow. But their passivity can sometimes disintegrate into withdrawal and depression.

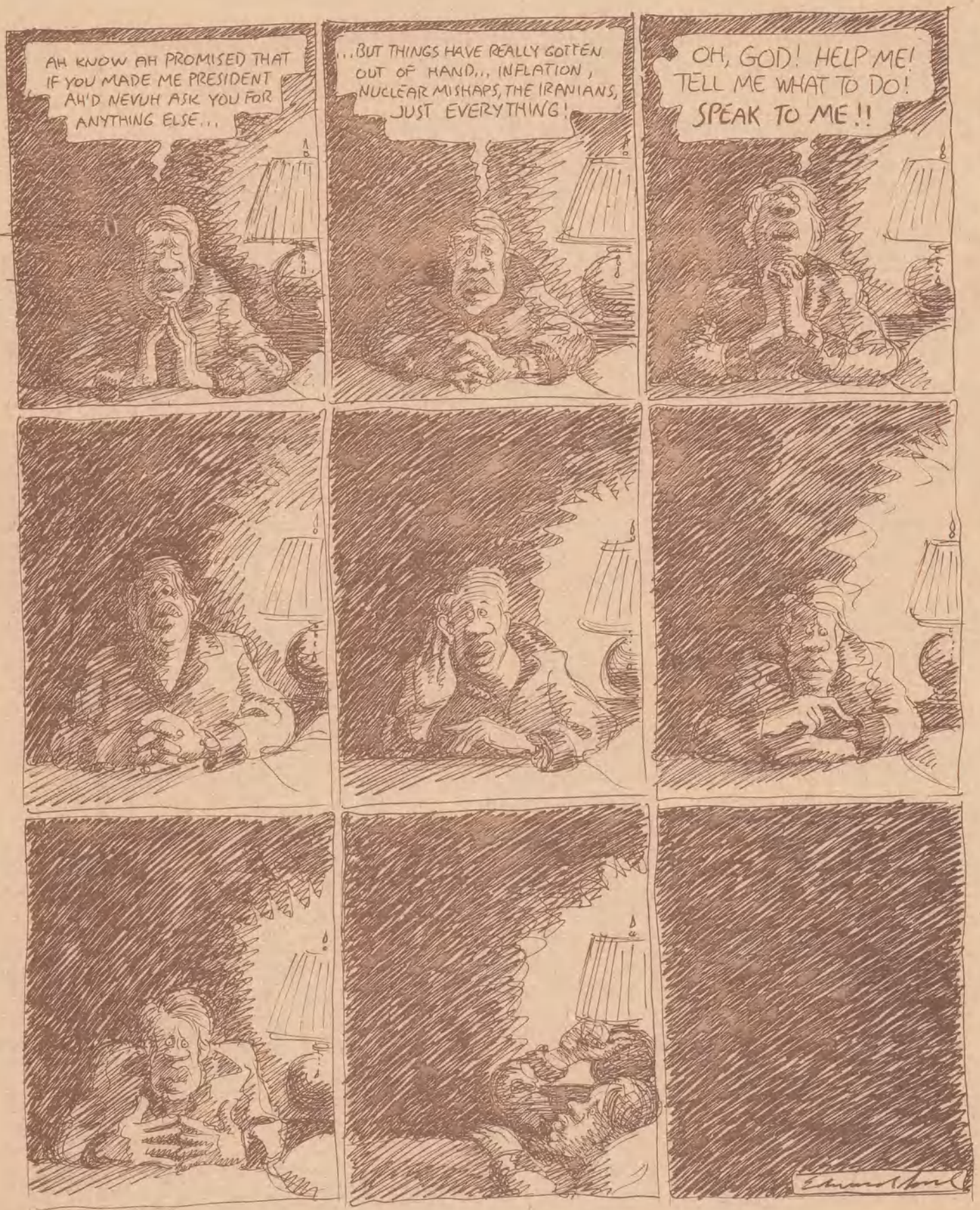
The balanced brain:

Between the two extremes described above are people whose personalities blend the characteristics of both brain hemispheres. They are nice folks to be around, since they are not likely to exhibit either the extreme single-mindedness of left-brain types or the terminal mellowness of some right-brainers. Depending upon your career, this balanced stance can be either a help or a hindrance. Since one brain will never let the other dominate, neither brain is likely to achieve the full exercise of its talents. Yet that limitation may prove a boon in fields that require the skills of the middleman or the mediator. True, you may never be a great writer, but you may make a hell of an editor. You might not be a great artist, but you might be a smashing success as a gallery owner. You may not be able to design computers, but you may be able to sell them very well. Your ability to match names with faces could be the basis for a promising political career.

One last thing: you should be great at charades, given the balance you have between your right brain (which gives you manual dexterity) and your left brain (with its linguistic ability). If you're ever offered a job as a professional charades player, take it. You'll go far.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

BY EDWARD SOREL


AH KNOW AH PROMISED THAT IF YOU MADE ME PRESIDENT AH'D NEVUH ASK YOU FOR ANYTHING ELSE...
..BUT THINGS HAVE REALLY GOTTEN OUT OF HAND.., INFLATION, NUCLEAR MISHAPS, THE IRANIANS, JUST EVERYTHING!
OH, GOD! HELP ME! TELL ME WHAT TO DO! SPEAK TO ME!!

MOSSAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

even operates a station in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, with—incredible though it may seem—the tacit permission of the Saudi government.

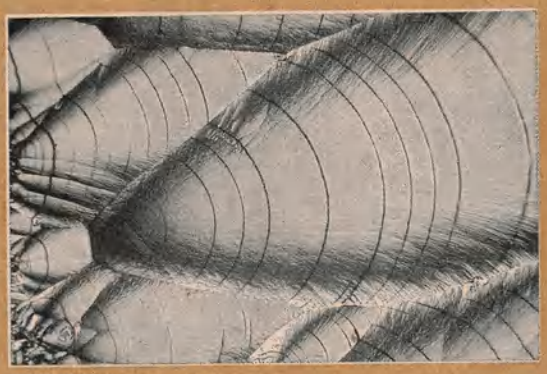
The Mossad played a key role in the secret negotiations leading up to Sadat's trip to Jerusalem. In mid-1977 Israeli intelligence learned from its informants within the PLO that Libya's Muammar Qaddafi was planning to assassinate the Egyptian president. In the past, when the Mossad learned about plots against Arab leaders, it told the CIA and relied on the United States to pass the information on to its destination. This time, Prime Minister Begin, who had just come into office, decided to give the information directly to Egypt. The head of the Mossad flew secretly to Morocco, where he met with the head of the Egyptian Directorate of General Intelligence and gave him a copy of the dossier on the murder plot. The hit men were promptly rounded up by Egypt's Directorate of General Investigations. The incident demonstrated to Sadat that Begin was willing to play and gave him hope that the Carter administration's meddling would be circumvented.

At an even deeper level of secrecy, the Mossad is in contact with friendly elements within hostile countries. It is said that the Mossad supplied armaments and advisers to the Kurds in their rebellion against the Iraqi government. Russian weapons captured by Israel during the 1967 war were sent to the Kurdish rebels via Iran, which disputed a border region with Iraq. The head of the Mossad is said secretly to have entered Iraq and met with Mustafa Barzani, the leader of the revolt, in his mountain stronghold. In 1975 the border dispute was settled with the understanding that Iran would stop transshipping Israeli supplies to the Kurds. Iraq brutally put down the Kurdish revolt, and Barzani escaped to the United States, where he died in 1978. The Kurdish independence movement, now led by Barzani's son Massoud, remains a potentially explosive force in the Middle East. Turkish politicians and newspapers have recently claimed that Israeli intelligence is helping Kurdish separatists in Iran who wish to break away from the regime of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

Once the strictness of the secrecy with which Israeli intelligence goes about its business is appreciated, it is possible to evaluate press reports about the Mossad, such as those that appeared after Andrew Young's July 26, 1979, meeting with a representative of the PLO. The *Atlanta Constitution* claimed that Israeli agents followed the terrorist organization's United Nations "observer," Zehdi Labib Terzi, to his rendezvous with Young at the home of Abdallah Yakoub Bishara, Kuwait's U.N. ambassador. The Georgia newspaper said that the Mossad

THIS MONTH IN OMNI

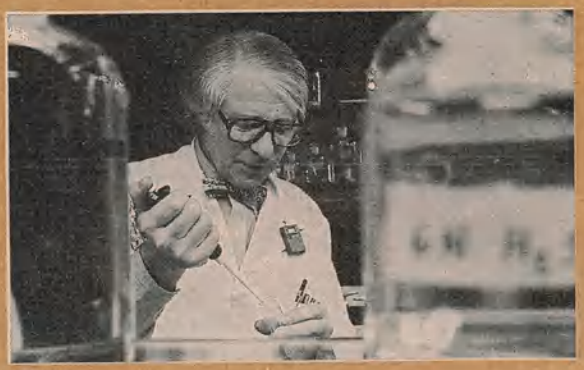
ON SALE FEBRUARY 21



MICROWORLD

HIGH PRIEST

HEINLEIN



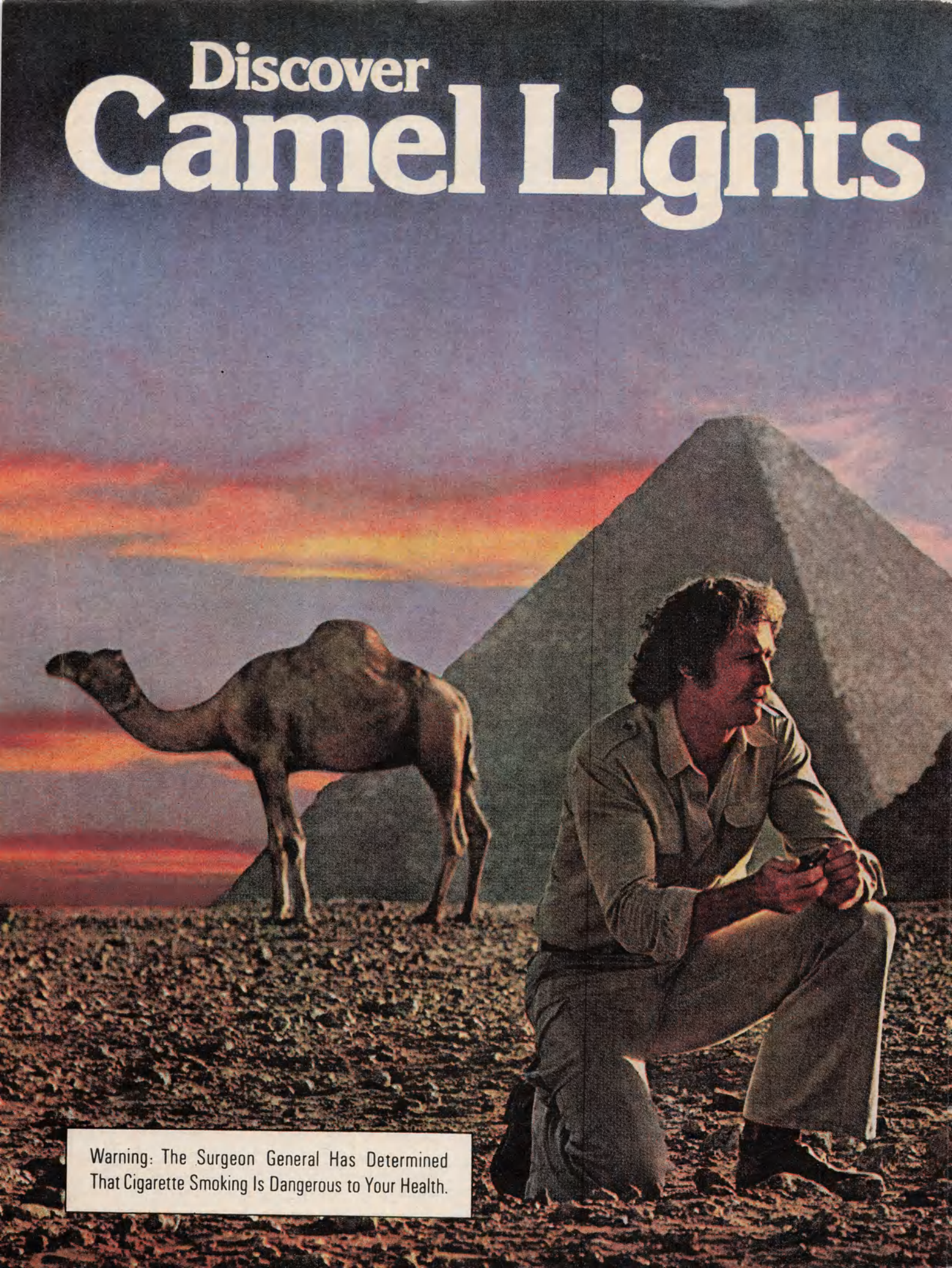
BIOTECH

THE HIGH PRIEST OF GUERRILLA PSYCHOLOGY—Two people sit in a room, conversing normally, except that one of them, unbeknownst to the other, is a "Cyranoid." The words he speaks are fed to him through an electronic hookup that he wears in his ear. And the man who dictates every sentence stands behind a two-way mirror several feet away and talks into a microphone. He is Stanley Milgram, perhaps today's most innovative experimentalist in the field of social psychology. Famous for his obedience-to-authority experiment in the 1960s, which showed Americans will inflict pain on their fellows if ordered to do so, Milgram has since pioneered studies so original that he's been called the Allen Funt of social psychology. If you're freaked out by Freud, paranoid over Pavlov, you'll be blown away by Milgram in this month's issue of *Omni*.

SPIN-OFF—Famed science-fiction writer Robert A. Heinlein reacted with horror when called before Congress last July. It wanted him to testify about "applications of space technology for the elderly and the handicapped," but what did he know about that? Quite a bit, it turned out. He knew he probably would have been killed by a stroke had it not been for medical techniques developed during the Apollo missions and other space programs. In this month's *Omni* Heinlein tells of the spin-offs now saving thousands of lives.

BIOTECHNOLOGY COMES OF AGE—With test tube in hand, a scientist spools out spaghettilike threads of DNA on a glass rod. At a later stage he will combine it with DNA from another source to create a new life form—one that will convert biomass into gasohol or produce a rare antiviral substance. Where is this research taking place? You may have guessed MIT, Stanford, or another university think tank. In fact, *commercial* rather than academic enterprises are leading the race to develop the practical applications of recombinant DNA. In this month's *Omni* read about the revolution in biotechnology.

MICROWORLDS—All scientific investigations look at the unknown. Perhaps the most fascinating research tool combines the illumination of the microscope and the recording power of the camera. High-quality optics have opened up new worlds to us, from the crystal lattices of minerals to the structures of cells. The best of these new worlds can be seen in our exclusive pictorial of Nikon's annual photomicrography contest in the March *Omni*.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bugged Bishara's apartment and relayed the contents of the conversation to the U.S. State Department on August 14. It was reported that *Newsweek* had learned of the meeting from an Israeli source in Jerusalem on August 11. *Time* cited an unnamed "U.S. government" official as saying that the meeting was recorded by a tape machine that Mossad agents had planted sometime before. The *New York Times* noted that a "senior American official recalled that several years ago when agents from the Federal Bureau of Investigation entered the United Nations consulate [*sic*—the correct term is "mission"] of an Arab government to install a wiretap, they discovered that the building was already bugged by the Israelis."

If the Mossad isn't bugging Arab representatives at the United Nations and doesn't tail Yasir Arafat's man in New York, one wonders what it *is* doing. So the question is not whether these stories could be true but whether in fact any of them is.

The *Times*'s story was absurd on its face. If an FBI technician found a bug in an Arab diplomatic office, he would have no way of knowing whether it was put there by the Mossad, by the KGB, or by any one of a dozen other secret services. The Mossad's bugs don't have labels on them reading "Made in Israel."

Time was equally off-base. The Mossad doesn't call up the U.S. State Department to blubber-lip about the precise manner in which it gathers information about State Department employees. If indeed Israeli intelligence had information about the Young-Terzi *tête-à-tête*, it could have gotten it when—as confirmed by Young—Terzi telephoned Arafat to report on the meeting, by tapping the phones of either or both. It could have received it from its agents or informants within the PLO. It could have gotten it from electronic surveillance of, or sources within, the government of the meeting's Kuwaiti host, that of Syrian U.N. delegate Hammoud el-Choufi, who was present, or other Arab regimes.

As far as the *Atlanta Constitution*'s scoop is concerned—assuming that it wasn't made up out of whole cloth—it could have come from only two sources. One would have been Israeli intelligence, presumably eager to warn Arab U.N. delegates that it is bugging their apartments and that they should take appropriate countermeasures. The other, somewhat more likely, was in Washington. In the case of the latter, one must ask oneself how the Americans would know that the Israelis were shadowing Terzi unless U.S. agents were also shadowing Terzi. The question would then arise as to how the Americans would know the Israelis had a listening device in Bishara's apartment unless they had found it there—and then one would have to consider what the person who discovered the bug was doing looking behind paintings in the home of the Kuwaiti ambassador to the United Nations.

The *Newsweek* story is best looked at in the light of Andrew Young's statement to the *New York Times* that as of July 30 there was a "virtually verbatim account" of the meeting circulating "at the highest level" of the Department of State. It is possible that within the next week and a half, word of the meeting found its way to the Israelis, who then tipped off the magazine.

There is reason to believe that the leaks by U.S. intelligence sources which put the Mossad in the headlines were designed to deflect attention away from the fact that the United States monitors Arab diplomatic communications and make it appear as if it were Israel that torpedoed Young.

Soon after the incident, reporter Wolf Blitzer discovered that the U.S. National Security Agency had learned about the Young-PLO meeting from its routine telephone and cable intercepts of Arab U.N. missions and relayed its information to the State Department shortly thereafter. Blitzer wrote a story for *The New Republic* about the affair. Days before the article was to appear, Martin Peretz, editor of the Washington-based weekly, received a telephone call from a Defense Department official, who asked that the story be killed on grounds of national security. He maintained that the article would tip off the Arab governments involved that their codes have been broken.

A more likely reason for the request was that Blitzer's piece punched a hole in the administration's attempt to hang Young's ouster on Israel and the American Jewish community, when in fact the campaign against him was engineered by senior State Department officials who saw Young as a dangerous loudmouth. Peretz didn't buy the national-security argument and went ahead and published the story.

Amidst the bubble of speculation about who bugged whom, a piquant set of coincidences was ignored. "Two days after the Young-Terzi meeting," a knowledgeable source told me, "Jimmy Carter met with a group of reporters and told them that certain PLO demands are symbolic, as was the case with the campaign to permit blacks to eat at all-white lunch counters in the South. Carter's seemingly gratuitous comparison of the PLO with the U.S. civil-rights struggle immediately raised a swirl of controversy.

"It's interesting that on July 26 you have one of the key figures in the civil-rights movement, one of Carter's closest political associates, having a supposedly 'unauthorized' meeting with the PLO; then on July 28 the president calls in the press and relates the PLO to the civil-rights movement—when, previously, he had compared it to the Ku Klux Klan; then on July 30 a transcript of the meeting mysteriously is found to be circulating at the State Department, which has no great

love for Andrew Young; then, on August 16, Young is ditched; and finally, on August 20, a group of officials of black organizations—led by the president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, of which Young was formerly executive director and on whose board of directors he now sits—meets with whom but Zehdi Labib Terzi of the PLO and comes out in support of a Palestinian Arab 'homeland.'

"It makes you wonder whether Young's meeting with Terzi wasn't secretly authorized at the highest level, and whether Young wasn't sacrificed to simultaneously save Carter and turn the blacks against Israel."

Israeli intelligence's rule of secrecy is so strict that the exceptions which prove it take on an unusual resonance. Consider the following three tales . . .

THE TALE OF THE NEW NOSE

Unlike U.S. intelligence, the Mossad has had no Philip Agees, no John Stockwells, no Frank Snepps—no disillusioned exspies who have left the world of secret agents for that of literary agents. The only former Mossad operative to have written a book is Wolfgang Lotz, known as, and author of, *The Champagne Spy*. Lotz, born in Germany, tall and blond, looks like Adolf Hitler's wettest dream of Aryan manhood. He was sent to Cairo in 1959, posing as a free-spending German who had made a fortune in Australia. There he established a riding school and horse-breeding farm that soon became the place for Egyptian military brass to be seen. By paying them with the beverage that gave him his sobriquet, he was able to extract information about Egypt's forces, their armament and deployment. To give the flavor of his *modus operandi*: in order to ingratiate himself to Gen. Youssef Ghourab, commander of the Egyptian police, he gave Ghourab's daughter a nosejob for her eighteenth birthday.

Lotz made a show of rabid anti-Semitism, which made him a popular figure in Cairo's community of German Nazi expatriates, including a group of scientists Nasser had hired to design guided missiles capable of delivering a nuclear warhead to Israel. His anti-Jewish act was so convincing that another Mossad agent in Cairo, who had no idea that Lotz was on his side, proposed that he fall victim to an unfortunate accident. Lotz was arrested by chance in a roundup of West Germans before the 1964 visit of East German President Walter Ulbricht, and his secret radio transmitter was found. His life was saved by the fact that he had never been circumcised and so he was actually able to convince his captors that he was a German gentile who had been lured into spying for Israel. He was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor but was freed in 1968 in exchange for nine Egyptian generals captured by Israel in the Six Day War.

THE TALE OF THE PHONE CALL

The exception that proves Israeli intelligence's rule of nondisclosure took place at what was perhaps the most critical moment of the nation's history: the fourth day of the 1967 war. Egypt and Jordan, which had planned to destroy Israel, had been abjectly defeated. Israeli troops had captured the bridges over the Jordan River and were on the west bank of the Suez Canal, 60 miles from Cairo. Nasser's only hope was somehow to get the Soviet Union to intervene. In an attempt to provoke Russia to come in on the Arab side, Egyptian and Jordanian spokesmen began to claim that the American and British air forces were attacking Egypt, Jordan, and Syria. It so happened that Israeli intelligence had for years been able to intercept every telephone call placed by Gamal Abdel Nasser and King Hussein. It had now recorded a conversation between the Egyptian and Jordanian leaders that showed the true nature of their charge. Aman did not wish Arab leaders to know that their communication system had been penetrated. But the threat of Russian intervention was so great that Aman decided to play the tape for reporters. Nasser had called Hussein:

Nasser: How are you? The brother wants to know if the fighting is going on all along the front. . . . Will His Majesty make an announcement on the participation of Americans and the British?
Hussein: (Unintelligible.)
Nasser: Hello, will we say the U.S. and England or just the U.S.?
Hussein: The U.S. and England.
Nasser: Does Britain have aircraft carriers?
Hussein: (Unintelligible.)
Nasser: Good. King Hussein will make an announcement, and I will make an announcement.
Hussein: Thank you.
Nasser: Do not give up.
Hussein: Yes.
Nasser: By God, I say that I will make an announcement and you will make an announcement, and we will see to it that the Syrians will make an announcement that American and British airplanes are taking part against us from aircraft carriers. We will issue an announcement. We will stress that matter, and we will drive the point home.
Hussein: Good. All right.
Nasser: A thousand thanks, don't give up, we are with you with all our heart, and we are flying our planes over Israel today. Our planes are striking at Israel's airfields since morning.
Hussein: A thousand thanks. Be well.

THE TALE OF THE TOTAL FABRICATION

Israeli intelligence officials are so tight-lipped that the rare occasions when they open their mouths must be viewed as having significance. But when one tries to figure out exactly what that significance might be, one enters a hall of mirrors. For

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There's a lot of sexual energy hidden in meditation. You just don't hear about it. Novelist Malcolm Braly taught himself to increase his sexual pleasure by using meditation, and he shares his secrets with this month's *Forum* readers.

ESCORTS

For a lonely man in a strange city, female escorts can play a variety of roles: companion, public partner, guide, and (sometimes) bedmate. Take a look at a business arrangement that goes beyond dollars and cents.

REALISTIC EXPECTATIONS

Everyone has expectations when it comes to marriage, but today's starry-eyed romantic can become tomorrow's disappointed cynic. This *Forum* report will tell you whether you're asking too much of your relationship.

example, let us examine the case of Hans Joachim Klein, international terrorist, member of the Baader-Meinhof gang, lieutenant to the KGB-controlled terrorist Carlos, who was shot in the stomach during the raid on the OPEC meeting in Vienna in December 1975 and flown to Algiers with the hostage oil ministers, after which he dropped out of sight.

On August 16, 1978, the Paris newspaper *L'Aurore* reported that Klein tipped the Mossad off to planned attacks on leading Jews in Frankfurt and Berlin. The Mossad, said *L'Aurore*, provided him with a new identity and established him "on a well-protected kibbutz in the Negev."

The *Jerusalem Post* headlined the story the next day: "Report of Terrorist on Negev Kibbutz 'Invented.' "

"A senior defense source said yesterday that there was not a shred of truth in the report in yesterday's edition of the Paris daily *L'Aurore*, which alleged that Klein had been given asylum in Israel in return for information about terrorist training [bases] in Iraq and South Yemen. As opposed to the noncommittal replies usually given by these sources, the reaction to the *L'Aurore* report was unequivocally strong. 'The story is a total fabrication,' said one senior source. . . . The interior ministry has checked the lists of people admitted over the past few months but has found no confirmation of the French newspaper's story. . . . "

"Don't buy it," says Avraham. "In early August '78 an individual identifying himself as Klein got in touch with the West German magazine *Der Spiegel* from 'a secret hideout' and said he'd 'repented.' It may or may not really have been Klein. Who knows? That's the only fact in the *L'Aurore* story. The rest is embroidery. Klein himself wouldn't know whether he was making contact with the Mossad. A Mossad agent wouldn't reveal his affiliation to his wife, let alone to a killer wanted by every country in Europe. And the notion of him living in a kibbutz in the Negev is asinine. If you provide someone with a new past, you don't put him in a tightly knit community where everybody is curious about strangers; you put him in a city, where he can blend into the woodwork. The Mossad denied the story because it's baloney."

"Klein is here," says Yitzchak, "but the Mossad is denying it because if the Germans thought he was here, they'd ask for his extradition."

"The story's true," says Yaakov. "The Mossad is going out of its way to deny it in order to give it more publicity. They want the terrorist network to know that one of its members is singing, because then they'll have to lie low and throw out all their plans."

"The whole thing is a clever ruse," says Yosef. "The story is fiction, leaked by the Mossad. Then they shoot down their own leak to create the impression that it *must* be true—otherwise they wouldn't be so hot to deny it. The idea is

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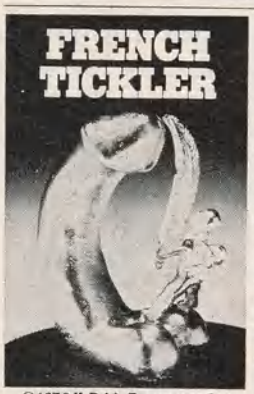

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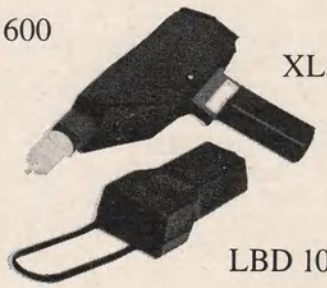

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to plant doubts in the PLO's mind about the reliability of the European terrorists they've been working with. On January 18, 1976, in Nairobi, three Arabs were arrested as they prepared to fire two Russian-made SAM-7 heat-seeking missiles into the exhausts of the engines of an El Al 707 that was about to land. On January 21 two alleged members of the Baader-Meinhof gang arrived in Nairobi and were arrested for conspiring with the Arabs. One of the demands of the Entebbe hijackers was 'the release of the Nairobi Five from imperialist jails in Kenya.' But the Germans weren't in Kenya. They were in Israel. The Institution brought them here to stand trial for conspiring to blow up one of our airliners. The purpose of the Klein story was to plant the idea in the PLO's mind that the Nairobi Five had loose lips."

"The story was invented, all right," says Moshe. "By the Mossad. They want to knock out Klein, and the best way to do it is to make the other Baader-Meinhofs think he's been talking to Israel. They denied it to give it more credibility by deliberately 'protesting too much.' Klein's friends will put a bullet through his head. One less terrorist, and the others are immobilized because they think their security's been blown."

"The story was planted by the French," says Aharon. "They found out that Klein was still in Germany and had turned double agent and was feeding information about the terrorist network to the Mossad. France is under a lot of pressure from the Arabs, so Deuxième Bureau threw a bone to them in the form of Klein. The French don't mind screwing the Germans. The Mossad denied the story to save Klein from his associates."

"The whole thing was made up by Klein," says Yehoshua. "He's in hiding and wanted to let the Israeli intelligence know he was willing to talk about the terrorist training centers. But the Mossad already has those centers under surveillance and was concerned lest the story make the terrorists more cautious about using them. So the Mossad denied it in the hope that the terrorists will think the training centers are still secure. Meanwhile, the Israelis are talking to him, but not here—in Europe. He's going to have to give them Carlos if he wants help from the Mossad."

The story was false; the denial was to make it appear false. The story was true; the denial was to make it appear false. The story was true; the denial was to make it appear true. The story was false; the denial was to make it appear true. The story was made up by the Mossad. The story was made up by the French. The story was made up by Klein. None of the above.

THE TALE OF THE UNSCRAMBLED EGG

Gen. Meir Amit (Ret.) was commander of Aman from 1961 to 1963 and head of the Mossad from 1963 to 1968. Under Amit, Israeli military intelligence compiled computerized dossiers on every officer in the Egyptian, Jordanian, Saudi, Iraqi, and Syrian armies. With information from newspaper stories, military gazettes, interrogation of prisoners of war, informants, and spies, the files are updated constantly. If there is a war, Israeli field commanders can be provided with printouts giving complete profiles of the officers opposing them, analyzing their strengths, weaknesses, and idiosyncrasies. Cairo newspapers reported that during the Six Day War Israeli radio operators addressed Egyptian pilots by name and told them that if they wanted to see their (named) wives and (named) children again, they had best drop their bombs into the sea and bail out.

A typical Amit operation: in 1966 the Mossad chief sent an agent to Iraq to convince a pilot to defect to Israel with his MiG-21. The agent is said to have been a woman posing as an American tourist and to have developed a sexual relationship with Group Comdr. Munir Refa. She was able to persuade Refa to come over because he was conscience stricken over his part in massacring Kurdish rebels in northern Iraq. To avoid reprisals against Refa's relatives, Amit spirited his entire family out of Iraq and gave them new identities. The Israelis took the plane apart, reassembled it, and put it through its combat paces. Their analysis of it was one of the key factors in Israel's destruction of the Arab air forces on the first morning of the Six Day War, and Israeli intelligence shared its knowledge of the MiG-21 with the U.S.

> Unlike U.S. intelligence, the Mossad has had no disillusioned ex-spies who have left the world of secret agents for that of literary agents.

I meet Amit in the heavily guarded, glass-walled members' lounge of the Knesset, Israel's parliament, of which he is a member. If Meir Amit were an American Jew, one might take him—with his powerful build, rugged features, suntan, and casual dress—for a formidable Hollywood studio chief who has independent producers for breakfast. Instead, he is a former field commander who walks with a slight limp from an old parachute accident and sits in the room where much of the real business of governing the world's number-one hot spot is conducted. As Amit and I talk, the minister of defense and former commander of the air force, Ezer Weizmann, the minister of agriculture and former paratroop commander, Arik Sharon, and the former prime minister and commander of the army during the 1967 war, Yitzchak Rabin, circulate among the tables amidst a bustle of laughter and argument. There are men and women in jeans and shorts and sandals and tank tops. A white-coated waiter brings a pitcher of iced tea and generous slices of a seven-layer cake as I ask Amit how he accounts for the special qualities of Israeli intelligence.

"You must understand that we have no Atlantic or Pacific or Arctic to give us space for early warning," Amit tells me. "Shabak operates inside our borders. Aman tells us what is taking place on our borders. But our borders do not afford us the strategic depth to absorb a surprise attack. We have only one option: to extend our presence beyond our borders. That is the role of the Mossad.

"Similarly, because we are not rich we must use intelligence to extend our resources. Good information is a big saver. Instead of hitting ten times at the nail, if you know where the head is, all it takes is one blow. This is the necessity for us. Therefore, Israeli intelligence never takes no for an answer. If they throw you out the door, you have to come back through the window.

"Good intelligence requires that one take risks. I treasure a plaque on my wall that was given to me by the people of the Institution. It reads, 'This is presented to the man who knew to take the brave decisions.' Often in intelligence agencies, the decision makers are more cautious, while the operational people have less restraint. But Israeli intelligence is a fighting force three hundred sixty-five days a year. In the army we were taught that you do not use the term *forward*—you say, *after me*. Therefore, in the Institution, decision makers put themselves in the first line. We who have headed it have made it our practice to be on the spot when things occur. In this we are unique among the intelligence services of the world. But it is necessary, if you want your people to do their utmost, to show them that you're doing the same.

"Then there is the high standing of our intelligence services among the Israeli people. Where an intelligence agency does not have the public's trust, where it does not get the right echo, it loses its self-confidence. The disintegration of the CIA after Watergate has no justification. You went like a pendulum from one extreme to another. You have done this in the name of democracy, but you are up against totalitarian regimes whose intelligence officials do not need to validate their decisions. America will come to see this. But the damage is done. The networks have been disassembled. You can't unscramble the egg." ○

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Can a 1980 model that is six inches longer and three inches wider than last year's find happiness at the gas pump? Yes, if it's the aerodynamic Datsun 200SX.

MORE IS MORE

BY WADE HOYT

As all good politicians and auto marketing men know, you can't lose by offering something for everyone. The new Datsun 200SX is a case in point. Completely redesigned for 1980, the 200SX comes in two basic models—a two-door hardtop that resembles a scaled down T-Bird (presumably for the disco crowd) and a three-door, wedge-shaped hatchback that looks for all the world like a Lotus or a Ferrari (for the Continental crowd).

Beneath the flashy new bodies is a car that not only is bigger and roomier than last year's 200SX but also handles better, goes faster, and delivers impressively improved fuel economy. With features like that, it's no wonder that Datsun expects to sell over 70,000 cars this year.

Aimed directly at the Celica/Mustang/Capri market, the 200SX is not exactly a sports car, although its spec sheet—with fuel injection, overhead camshaft, and four-wheel disc brakes—might lead you to believe otherwise. Datsun has transplanted many of the comfort-and-convenience features from its 280ZX sports car into the 200SX "luxury compact."

There are red and white courtesy lights on the door panels that go on whenever a door is opened. Instead of baleful warning lights, illuminated graphics flash onto a black screen in the dash to tell you when the fluid level is low in the battery, radiator, windshield-washer reservoir, or fuel tank. In place of the usual raspberry buzzer, a merry chime reminds you to fasten your seat belts or remove your key.

There is a full complement of instruments, including a tachometer and resettable trip odometer. The oil pressure gauge and voltmeter have warning lights built into their dials for those drivers who tend to ignore the instruments. There are also warning lights to tell you when the parking lights, headlights, and brake lights are working. The dash is a veritable sound and light show.

This year's 200SX bucks the American "down-sizing" trend by being six inches longer and three inches wider than last year's version. The additional interior space has been used to provide extra room for both luggage and rear-seat passengers. A new engine and clever aerodynamic styling keep this extra bulk from being transformed into increased fuel consumption. In fact, the new 200SX gets 40 miles per gallon on the highway and 28 in the city, a 35 percent improvement over last year's version. For the owner who drives 10,000 miles a year, this adds up to a saving of about 100 gallons.

Both 1980 models of the 200SX are among the few cars utilizing rectangular headlights in the way they were intended—to allow a low hood-line, which slopes down to within eight inches of the front bumper. This design provides better air penetration and the kind of smooth aerodynamics that add up to high miles per gallon.

The new engine is an overhead-cam four-cylinder unit that bears the snappy acronym NAPS-Z, which stands for Nissan Anti-Pollution System. The aluminum cross-flow cylinder head has efficient hemispherical combustion chambers. Fuel injection helps produce 100 horsepower at 5,200 rpm and 112 ft lb of torque at 3,200 rpm. The California models steal a page from old racing-engine designs by employing two spark plugs per cylinder. Sparking the fire at both ends, rather than just one, results in faster and more complete combustion. This means that for the first time in recent years, the California SXs are achieving the same power and torque output as cars in the other 49 states.

The NAPS-Z engine produces not only enough power for satisfying acceleration in the intermediate gears but also enough torque to eliminate the need to row the car up hills with the shift lever. In fact, the 200SX will charge up steep hills at 60 to 70 mph in fifth and never miss a beat.

The five-speed overdrive transmission is standard; a three-speed automatic is optional. Variable-ratio manual steering is also standard. The responsive and unobtrusive power-steering option in the car is manufactured under license from West Germany's ZF.

Our test car had the optional Sports Luxury package, which demonstrated that you don't have to sacrifice comfort for good gas mileage. The SL package includes an excellent four-speaker Clarion AM/FM stereo radio with a joystick balance control and a power antenna capable of bringing in Radio Kuwait; a quartz digital clock with date and stopwatch features; electrically adjustable outside mirrors; and a driver's seat that adjusts eight ways (including thigh and lumbar-support adjustments). The passenger seat has a lever on the driver's side that not only flips the seat-back up but also slides the whole seat forward as far as it will go at the same time; when you push the seat-back to its upright position, the seat returns to its original setting as well. The rear seat-backs fold forward individually to open up the trunk into a wagonlike cargo area.

Switches for the rear window wiper, washer, and defroster are mounted on the center console, to the driver's right. On his left are levers that open the rear hatch and the locking gas cap. Overhead, the optional glass sunroof provides extra headroom in the most civilized manner possible. If there's anything else you could possibly want in a car, Datsun will no doubt bring it out next year.

Prices for the 200SX start at $6,289; the SL package adds another $800. Our test car, and its sky roof and air conditioning, had a sticker price of $8,079.

Photographs by Ted Kaufman

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

generate an output that will meet these requirements with a creative intelligence that is aesthetically pleasing.

Mr. Karpel directed his attack at one architect in particular, Mr. Phillip Johnson, and his design for the new AT&T building in New York. What I fail to understand is how he can denounce the glass-skinned box, which Mr. Johnson did pioneer under the influence of Mies van der Rohe, and then attack Mr. Johnson for realizing that it is no longer a feasible solution, prompting him to attempt a new approach. The concept of the skyscraper is not soon to be abandoned, because of the need for maximum space on a minimum site. It's a necessity demanded by the urban environment; it is not necessarily the architect's desire. So, although Mr. Johnson may not have developed the ultimate prototype, I feel he should be commended for having the courage to depart from the now traditional solution to consider new and more practical approaches.

I hope that Craig Karpel continues to confront such atrocities as the "sleazing of America" and that he will generate a concern among everyone who lives within it. But I think he needs to understand the people and conditions responsible for it and not direct his attack upon the popular scapegoats.—*Eric Bradley, Winston-Salem, N.C.*

More than a pretty face

Your talent for providing us with provocative playmates is exceeded only by your talent for concise comment. I refer to Nick Tosches's "Creative Unemployment" (October 1979). It was humorously done but very true. The sad part is that these brilliant, boring, unemployed bastards must be supported by those of us who only learned to work and pay taxes.

I also read, with glee, Donald Holden's "Certified Illiteracy." Good for you, Don, and may I sum up your article by saying, "If you can't dazzle them with brilliance, baffle them with bullshit."—*Alton Kaastad, Milwaukie, Oreg.*

Finally someone speaks out boldly and clearly about the cock and bull that some pseudoscholars are cranking out. Donald Holden's "Certified Illiteracy" discusses with hard-hitting acumen the "dissertationese" plaguing so many college professors. Because I am a "young professor-to-be" who is being taught to transmogrify myself into a research methodology machine that churns out intellectual blarney, because I am at last aware of the process I am struggling against, I can admit that Holden is right: my fellow college professors sometimes display an alarming illiteracy.

The bulk of the problem is the inherent dishonesty that so many professors display in their research. At my university, for instance, the professors acquire tenure, not by their performance in the classroom, but rather by the number of their publications. They quite literally can be asses to their students so long as they meet the requirements of printing their intellectual gobbledygook wherever they can.

In addition, I have been told this: "Publish first and teach later. It is a publish-or-perish world." As Holden points out, the result is that scholarly claptrap generally serves only the writer for the sake of promotion or tenure. Meanwhile, in this incredibly selfish world, the student gets lost. Freshmen flunk out of their college English courses because their writing fails to meet college standards. And, as many college students are painfully aware, there may be policies directing the flunk-outs into English fundamentals courses, but these policies are really cop-outs by faculty members who don't want to help students.

So I agree with Holden, as painful as it is to do so. Most of the writing that I have seen come out of my department is about as honest as Iago. Putting the student aside as either a diversion between books and articles or as an annoyance that must be occasionally tolerated, some of our pseudoscholars fail to recognize the basic tenet of teaching: how to make their subjects relevant to critical-minded students. I have sat in on Shakespeare courses in which the professor could not respond to this question: "What does Shakespeare have to say that is so important, and why do we need to study him so carefully?" This was the only response I got: "He *is* important, and so we *ought* to study him if we hope to write any kind of article." I failed to see the logic.

It seems to me that some college professors generally have forgotten that their prime responsibilities lie in the classroom. Regardless of the subject, students' problems in communication are most important. If teachers fail to teach students how to communicate and if teachers think they can foist off their verbal contortions onto a supposedly unsuspecting reader, then they become parasites on the profession, sucking dollars from the taxpayer, feeding on the patience of the student, and bloating their egos with academic cajolery.

At least Holden is one major publisher who is not fooled by the pseudointellectual dissertationese. Not every student is satisfied being the brunt of some professor's ignorance. At the end of his article Holden said that "the *professors* must go back to basics." He is right, for if they do not do so, then it will be no wonder if the students begin rejecting academia. Those of us who are still students ought to begin demanding relevance, enthusiasm, humility, and competence from our mentors. Let's go back to the basics ourselves and demand the literacy we pay for.—*S.M.W., Texas*

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FRIDAY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

scared or excited or something. Anyway, he isn't going to touch you: you *know* that, Daddy said.

I don't know anything, I said.

How old are you . . .?

Noner your business.

You're kind of a big girl. You're bigger than I thought.

I don't even bother to shrug my shoulders. My face is burning. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of seeing. Well, I can't help how big I am, for Christ's sake. I'm sorry I'm not a midget.

You've got a temper, haven't you? . . . A redhead with a temper . . .

Mr. Abbott keeps checking the time, a mile away. At 10:15 P.M. he pays up and drives back to the Motor City Motel. Always a little nervous at such a time. And it's only the third time, or is it the fourth? . . . No one's fault: who's to blame? Laid off last August. Mrs. Abbott refuses to work, though she could find work easily. Unemployment. Not enough. He fumbles for a can of beer and finds it icy-cold, but maybe he should save it for later: he has only a few left in the car.

Motor City Motel. Four cars in the lot. Snow falling. Neon light. Room nineteen. If anything happened to my girl in my absence . . .

But no. Bonnie can take care of herself. The door is locked, the chain latched. She pretends for a minute she doesn't know him and won't let him in, seems in high spirits, face flushed, giggling. Odor of something sweet. Gum? He must have given her some gum.

Well, Mr. Abbott says. Jiggles his car keys nervously. He's gone, huh. How long's he been gone?

How much did he give you? Bonnie asks.

Mr. Abbott peers about the room. Goes to the bathroom to check.

Nobody.

The television: a fantasy-commercial for toothpaste.

He trips on the edge of the carpet, which isn't nailed down properly.

Damn old drunk, Bonnie cries.

Who's drunk?

Hate you.

Fortunately it's a whisper, and he doesn't quite hear.

Are we going now, Bonnie says. We'd better be going now.

What happened here, exactly?

What happened! Nothing happened.

I mean . . .

Nothing happened. He gave you the money ahead of time, didn't he?

Yes. But did . . .

Nothing! Nothing happened! Bonnie starts to giggle, rubbing the back of her feverish neck. Her father stares at her. His vision is a little blotched. It must be the tension of the long day, the bitter wind, the beers. What time is it? Is the old woman home by now and in bed? She'll leave the lights blazing downstairs to make them think she's awake; but as soon as they step foot inside the house, they'll hear her snoring . . . And what could she do about it anyway, I almost said to her, once, wanting to grab her by the shoulders and shake her hard. She had other men, didn't she? Ed Collins wasn't exactly the first, was he? *Bitch!*

He was weird, Bonnie says. She walks about the room prettily, careful not to come down hard on her heels like she sometimes does. Asked me my name and how old I was and what grade I was in, that kind of crap, then started to talk about . . . oh, I don't know . . . some hot air about the cars on the expressway . . . the overpass that he could see from the room . . . millions and millions of people that have lived on earth . . . stars in the sky . . . how sad it made him . . . He asked me if it made me sad, too, but I just shrugged my shoulders. He talked like a teacher or like somebody on television, one of the panel shows . . . And then something about a mummy, an Egyptian mummy, at the art museum. He went there yesterday to see the new exhibit, and it was some old ancient mummy all shriveled and brown and leathery and very *little*, Bonnie says, giggling, and they took out the thing's insides and put them in vases or something . . . I don't know why, for him to use again, I guess. She laughs, now slapping at her thighs, and her hilarity makes the old man grin, though his eyes are still watery and suspicious. I mean, I don't know *what* the hell he was talking about, but he sure talked. All the time.

> Mr. Abbott tears at her brassiere. "Where did you hide the money? Where did you and him hide it?"

Are you lying, Mr. Abbott asks quietly.

She turns to him, her face puffy, the lower lip distended.

You old sonofabitch *drunk*, she whispers.

You got that from television, didn't you? The mummy.

Got what?

What did he do to you . . . ? You're not telling the truth. Did he touch you? Did he touch you after all despite my instructions?

I *told* you.

Did you hide the extra money somewhere? Did you?

You're crazy! You're *drunk*.

Don't make me angry, little girl. Don't test me.

I told you what happened. It was like that weirdo the other time, practically stammering; I think they were both schoolteachers—

Yes, but: did he touch you after all? Despite my instructions?

Bonnie begins shouting at him.

He knows there is money hidden on her; so he grabs her and tries to undress her. They struggle together. Bonnie is shrieking, Mr. Abbott is grunting and telling her to stand still, stand still!—or he won't be responsible for what happens. From side to side they dance and tilt, like bowling pins. Not *quite* falling over. Bonnie breaks away and raises a knee to kick out at him, at his stomach, but he manages to dance aside heavily. Stop it! Stop it! You're crazy! Bonnie pleads, whispers. He does not hear. He stares at her, his eyes baffled and bloodshot. I said *give me that money. Give me that money* you got under false pretenses.

I don't have any money! Bonnie cries piteously.

A liar like your mother . . .

Panting, he makes for her again. Grabs her sweater at the waist and tries to yank it over her head. They stagger about the room, Bonnie with her arms caught, her head caught, blind and frantic. Mr. Abbott roughly kneads the flesh at her waist, doughy-pale and flabby. She's going to be a fat girl! Fat at the waist and hips like her mother! Infuriated, he tugs the sweater off and throws it onto the bed. He tears at her brassiere. Where did you hide it? Where did you and him hide it? Her breasts are large and soft and helpless, flesh of a baby, not yet shaped: the nipples brown and frightened. He is touched that they are frightened.

He tears at her jeans, unsnapping them.

She brings the ashtray down on his head, on the very crown of his head.

He groans and falls to his knees.

I hate you, I hate you! I hope you die!

A terrible blackness came over me. It was like a cave, like a falling down into the earth. I did not know what hit me, truly. Yet I would not have minded death, not at all: there was a strange serenity in my soul.

At a great distance women mourned. Knelt over me, their hair across my breast, my face.

Our Father Who Art in . . .

Tickle him? Pour beer on his ugly mug? (She sees that he is drooling, and this strikes her as hilarious.)

She brushes his hair back from his forehead. Skin gunmetal-gray. Hair ginger-gray. Going bald, he is. Will he have a bump from the ashtray? Suppose he does? A concussion, a skull fracture. He was drunk, he chased me to hit me, he slipped and fell, hit his head on the

edge of . . . on the edge of that table there. There. Suppose he has a big ugly bump and Momma notices. Funny, to hear him stammer a tale to her.

Hey, wake up, we better clear out of here! Silly old baby! *Aren't* you a baby, though, drooling like that on the rug.

His left eyelid flutters and opens. The crazy bloodshot eye peeps at her.

Hey, wake up, she says, blowing on him. With a strand of hair she tickles him on the upper lip.

The girl has always been such a torment, such a devil. Innocent all along. She did *not* mean to tempt me the first time. Not her fault. Only ten years old . . . Blubbering and silly, a bad temper, her mother says, from the very first: in the cradle, even, kicking and fussing and throwing up her milk. What can you do with them? You can't control them; it's a constant struggle to stop them from controlling *you*.

Young people today.

A guy I got to talking with, used to see him ten years ago at Archie's on Hamilton. He works at Goodyear, was telling us the god-awful story of some son of his all doped up and trying to kill him one night so that he had to call the police. His own son.

Jesus, I thought for a moment you were dead.

Nothing is going to kill *me*. Not for a long time.

Though it's late they stop at the Anchor Inn for a sandwich and a few beers for Mr. Abbott. She's probably asleep by now anyway—the downstairs lights on and her snoring. Want to bet?

You suppose she won anything tonight?

Fat chance.

Roast beef on white bread for Bonnie, a bag of potato chips for Mr. Abbott. Ginger ale for Bonnie. Some Schlitz on tap for Mr. Abbott.

Both quite hungry.

Bonnie giggles and almost chokes on her sandwich, then tells Mr. Abbott the joke: she's got a surprise for him.

Yeh? What?

Always so suspicious . . . !

Right there in the restaurant she tugs off one of her ugly square-toed shoes (like work shoes they are; Mr. Abbott is amazed at what young girls wear in these times) and pulls down her sock, and while still giggling, red-faced, daring and insolent and reckless, pulls something out . . . pulls something out and tosses it on the table beside Mr. Abbott's glass of beer.

He stares at the bills.

Jesus Christ Almighty, he whispers. How *much* . . . ?

Count it yourself and find out, Bonnie says, hugging herself.

Well, if this isn't the . . . Jesus God . . . Look, hey, where did you . . . Baffled and blinking, he stares at the money as if not understanding. Where did you get this from, he asks faintly.

Santa Claus, says Bonnie.

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HIGH-TECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

at the Naval Ocean Surveillance Information Center, and NOSIC relayed the information to EPIC. EPIC alerted the Coast Guard, and when the ships anchored, their only "off-loading" was into the hands of the law-enforcement officials.

While DEA chief Peter B. Bensinger refuses to elaborate on the details of the DEA's use of satellites in his war on drugs, he claims that STOPGAP was "one of the most successful operations we've ever had in stopping the flow of narcotics into the U. S." It was a victory for EPIC, the electronic war's central switching yard.

"We got an N-number." From the command and control room console a Customs agent announces that the Cessna spotter plane—using a Texas Instruments forward-looking infrared module (FLIR) capable of "seeing" a suspect aircraft at night and producing a television image of it that is as clear as Home Box Office—had picked up the bogey's identification number. The bogey had no idea that it was being followed. The tracking jet had found it over Blythe, Calif., at the Arizona border and immediately radioed the N-number to its station in San Diego. The station in turn passed it to their agent at EPIC, who passed it to his FAA counterpart at the console. A computer request was buzzed to FAA computer headquarters in Oklahoma City, Okla., asking for "a make" on the owner of the plane. At the same time an EPIC DEA agent was querying the DEA "Pathfinder" computer at 1405 I Street, N.W., in Washington, D.C., for a complete history of the plane and individuals associated with it. While waiting for a response, the DEA agent telephoned the California Narcotics Information Network in Sacramento, adivising it to put local law-enforcement officials on the alert and asking that it check its own central card file for information on the plane or its owner.

Less than 30 minutes after the spotter plane first picked up the bogey's N-number on its FLIR module, the mystery ship touched down on a remote desert landing strip outside Blythe, not far from the Colorado River. But instead of slipping off through the darkness, the smuggler was greeted by local police who already knew the name of his wife and the address of his mother-in-law. The police captured 2,000 pounds of marijuana worth $180,000; but to catch it, the government had to mobilize $180 million worth of technology.

The El Paso Intelligence Center has slipped rather quietly into the electronic war. But the inauspiciousness of its presence is but a mask to cover its power as a state-automated central-surveillance system that is already being touted among law-enforcement and intelligence circles as "the best system yet," but one that also helps insure the possibility that, as Congressman Steward McKinney (Rep.-Conn.) once said of the FBI's arbitrary searching of citizen's records, the government will "trample on the rights of all citizens to insure that [it] catches a few." EPIC may not bode well for drug smugglers, but for millions of other Americans it represents the chilling proximity of Big Brother.

Richard Nixon began laying the groundwork for EPIC when he first told the country's preeminent spy agencies—the National Security Agency and the Central Intelligence Agency—to lend a hand to his drug officials, in fact making the drug war an excuse for covert intelligence operations. At the time police agents at every level of government, both within the United States and in dozens of countries where they roamed, were stumbling over one another in their frantic effort to carry out the Nixon declaration of war on narcotics. FBI agents often found themselves working on the same drug case that Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (later the Drug Enforcement Administration) agents were investigating. And a state police agency often unknowingly had information that a federal agent needed to make a case, or vice versa. "So," says EPIC analyst Updegraph, "our purpose was to get everyone working together."

In 1974 the DEA quietly appropriated an undisclosed sum of money to start EPIC, and director Fluhr began touring the country to convince public agencies to join the system. "I'm not a drug agent," says Fluhr. "I'm a salesman selling information systems." And if he were to receive a commission on his sales, the polyester-clad former Customs agent would be a rich man. Today EPIC's electronic gadgetry is plugged into 20 different federal and state information, surveillance, and intelligence systems, making it the first joint intelligence center in the annals of federal law enforcement and the computer nerve center for much more than the country's $10 billion-a-year antidrug campaign. So important has EPIC become that the DEA still won't say how many taxpayer dollars were used to set EPIC up (the DEA will grudgingly admit that it costs "over a million dollars" a year to operate *just* the El Paso center). But, as if to emphasize the sophistication of the technology available to EPIC—and unwittingly disclose from whom it ultimately takes its orders—Fluhr says that "we operate under strict NSA guidelines."

Bogey tracking is thus only the tip of the EPIC iceberg. And its operations and connections offer an insightful if complex glimpse into a federal program that tells us less about fighting drugs than about the country's precipitous path toward Orwell's 1984.

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has been used as a cover for United States adventurism at home. It has served as the rationale for turning the government's well-equipped spy agencies loose within the United States. It has become the excuse for pursuing citizen-surveillance programs unprecedented in the history of American law enforcement.

From the time that Congress gave police the authority to tap telephones and bug homes and offices in 1968—which was at first thought of as a knee-jerk reaction to the assassination of Robert Kennedy but which, more important, was a response to the growing fear of civil unrest over Vietnam and black rights—until the time national disgust over the program's abuses forced Congress to pass the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1978, at least 350,000 people and more than 4.4 million conversations were monitored. (This does not include the millions of "national security" monitors of the NSA and the CIA). In the majority of cases where judges issued warrants—and judges rarely failed to issue them—narcotics and gambling were used as the arguments for probable cause. The federal government installed more than 1,300 different taps and bugs while state authorities were installing bugging devices at the rate of two per day over the entire ten-year period. Even aside from the frightening fact that the great majority of the 4.4 million conversations overheard by government agents had nothing to do with anything remotely related to criminal activity, the taps had no effect on combatting crime.

In 1970 Richard Nixon gave the CIA orders to include drug information in its secret intelligence-gathering operations and to share that information with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. At the same time the BNDD began giving the NSA, which knew few distinctions between foreign and domestic intelligence, a series of "watch lists" of over 400 Americans and more than 3,000 foreigners whose phone conversations and other telecommunications messages the NSA was to monitor. (The "watch list" program, code-named operation MINARET, already included names of Americans and foreigners submitted to the NSA by the Secret Service—to keep tabs on potential threats to the president—as well as by both the Defense Department and the FBI, then in the process of trying, illegally, to thwart the tide of protests from antiwar and civil-rights movements.) It was at this point that the drug-enforcement apparatus was absorbed into the much larger, more secretive and sinister world of electronic intelligence gathering, the parameters and dangers of which, in the early seventies, had yet to be discovered.

In fact, at that time very few people outside the spy establishment had even heard of the National Security Agency (or were aware of the CIA's and the FBI's illegal domestic-spy operations) or knew that in 1952 President Harry Truman had created it without any legislative authority. It was not until 22 years later that an NSA official even testified at a congressional hearing. With a brief, seven-page Top Secret memorandum—which to this day, despite President Carter's promises "to strip away secrecy," remains secret—Truman gave NSA the broad mandate to protect the security of all U. S. communications related to national security as well as to obtain foreign intelligence by intercepting telecommunication messages. No statute establishes or defines the permissible scope of NSA activities. In its task of collecting intelligence by intercepting communications, the NSA routinely monitors—without the use of a "bug" or "tap"—all telephone calls between the United States and other countries. Its expansive computer facilities, containing some of the most complex and sophisticated electronic machinery in the world, daily consume several railroad cars of computer printout paper, while automatically recording private conversations that contain any of the several hundred "key" words that "trigger" the computers.

Even though the NSA still does not officially exist, the scope of its activities is so far-reaching that today it is the largest of the government's many intelligence arms—larger even than the well-known CIA. Even though the NSA is under no legislative control, its annual budget is estimated at over $10 billion and its employee roster includes the names of 120,000 people scattered around the globe.

That the BNDD's connection with the NSA was kept secret from all but the highest-ranking officials of the drug agency testifies not only to the NSA's desire to be the powerful but invisible guiding hand of drug law enforcement but also to the significance of the connection itself: it meant that the BNDD was suddenly plugged into a worldwide network of over 2,000 specialized communications-intercept positions whose spying capability was unmatched anywhere. So vast was the NSA's monitoring apparatus that, if ever turned on the United States itself, as Sen. Frank Church warned in August 1975, "no American would have any privacy left. . . . There would be no place to hide."

What even Senator Church didn't realize at that time, however, was that the NSA, and its predecessor, the Army Security Agency, had already been "watching" hundreds of thousands of Americans for 30 years. From 1945 until 1975 both RCA and ITT—which together handled some 70 percent of all international cables in and out of the United States—routinely turned over all of their customers' telegraphic communications to the NSA. Operation SHAMROCK, as the tele-

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gram-intercept program was called, was discontinued only when the NSA realized that it was about to be exposed. But Operation Northern Lights, a DEA-sponsored program during 1975 and 1976 that had the NSA monitoring telephone calls between Vancouver, British Columbia, and the United States, was vivid evidence of the agency's ability to adapt to new technologies and circumvent antiquated laws. The NSA actually monitored each of the millions of telephone calls and was able to record selectively certain conversations with the help of a sophisticated computer programmed to activate a tape recorder when it "heard" certain key words. The NSA is now able to conduct giant fishing expeditions in the air—68 percent of all long-distance telephone conversations within the United States are now passed through microwave systems and 1 percent travel via satellite—and simply pluck from the sky what it wants.

As David Watters, a telecommunications engineer who has worked in the communications research and development branch of the CIA, told a Senate committee as recently as February 1978: "The NSA is using the domestic and international communications long-line systems, primarily microwave networks, to accomplish the same examination of cables once attainable through SHAMROCK. . . . By sweeping through our telecommunications system, looking for trigger words, multifrequency address sequences, or peculiar data patterns, all part and parcel of our private messages, the National Security Agency, in effect, is searching through the private effects of thousands of untargeted citizens in order to secure targeted objectives." And it no longer even requires the collusion of companies like ITT and RCA.

Despite both the real and potential dangers of such indiscriminate rummaging through the affairs of his constituents, Jimmy Carter has proved himself to be a reliable advocate of secret electronic warfare as well as a sturdy supporter of the agencies that wage it.

Even Carter's much-heralded executive order reorganizing the intelligence community, issued January 24, 1978, is more significant for what it does not say than for what it does. Rather than specifying what individual Americans rights to privacy are, Carter gives even wider discretion to the president and the attorney general to monitor private conversations. More important, he acknowledged that there were some intelligence operations which he said were so sensitive that their charters could not be made public. Presumably these operations relate to the vast NSA universe of photographic satellite reconnaisance and electronic communications interception. As David Watters pointed out when criticizing congressional legislation on the same subject, leaving the NSA out of the picture is no small matter, because the superspy

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agency "has tacitly assumed and secretly taken the position that no ordinary citizen has the right to communicate truly private messages through our telephone and telecommunications systems." Carter's executive order, by exempting *some* federal agencies and programs from his regulations, in effect exempted *all* Americans from their rights to privacy. As long as one agency—especially one as large and sophisticated as the NSA—is permitted access to communications between private parties, no one is safe from federal surveillance. "This is tantamount," says Watters, "to the Post Office decreeing that henceforth no sealed envelopes may be mailed—only postcards may be sent, which are easily read by the postal service."

Outside the limits of so-called law enforcement and national-security intelligence gathering—limits, however, that are so vague and broad and abused as to make them in practice limitless—the electronic technology at the disposal of the federal government is equally awesome. Scattered throughout the massive bureaucracy right now are some 11,000 computers, which have access to information from over 4,000 different data systems, and the government is acquiring new systems at the rate of 1,500 a year. Together, these systems contain almost 4 billion records on individuals—20 different dossiers for each man, woman, and child in the country. In 1977 the Privacy Protection Study Commission claimed that the "dramatic" developments in computer and telecommunications technology posed a "real danger" to Americans. That danger is "the gradual erosion of individual liberties through the automation, integration, and interconnection of many small, separate record-keeping systems, each of which alone may seem innocuous, even benevolent, and wholly justifiable." According to former MIT president Jerome B. Wiesner, the country is faced with the threat of an "information tyranny."

So far the only thing that has stood in the way of the ultimate and absolute tyranny to which Wiesner referred has been the failure to integrate and interconnect the systems. Given the already immense size of the different data networks, the sophistication of the techniques for gathering information, and the abuses to which they have already been put, it may be only minor consolation, but so far the tyranny has not been centralized in the hands of a single Big Brother.

Nevertheless, the technology that could link all the government's computers—and even those of private industry—into one large central data bank now exists. In fact, the General Services Administration has already developed plans that would create such a monster, not so euphemistically calling it FEDNET.

Ironically, most of the increased electrification and computerization of government has proceeded under the guise of increased efficiency, even though inefficiency has really been the taxpayer's best protection. At its most harmless, electronic efficiency is a double-edged sword, and it has more often than not cut the wrong way in the last ten years. Richard Nixon's rummaging through tax records, looking for ammunition to use against his political opponents; his wiretapping shenanigans; the domestic spying conducted by the CIA; and the electronic fishing expeditions of the National Security Agency and its files on 75,000 Americans are only a few of the more odious uses to which the electronic technology has been put.

EPIC has thus joined the march toward 1984 as a mini-FEDNET shielded from public purview—if not by its unwillingness to reveal itself—by its claims to efficiency and its ambiguous avowal to be fighting a holy war against drugs. EPIC's efficiency, however, is primarily an efficiency that helps uncontrollable systems "talk" to one another more rapidly, and thus Americans are subtly introduced four years early, to the doublespeak of efficient inefficiency. And with drugs the government has hit upon an even better cover for its surveillance of citizens than national security ever was. Enough drugs are presently prohibited or controlled by

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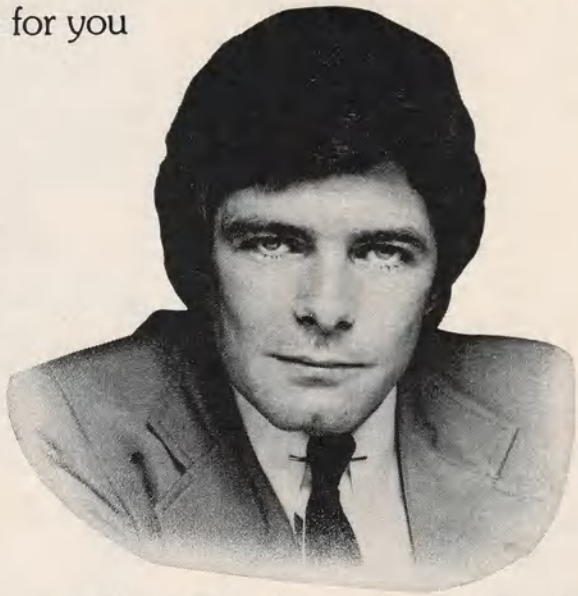

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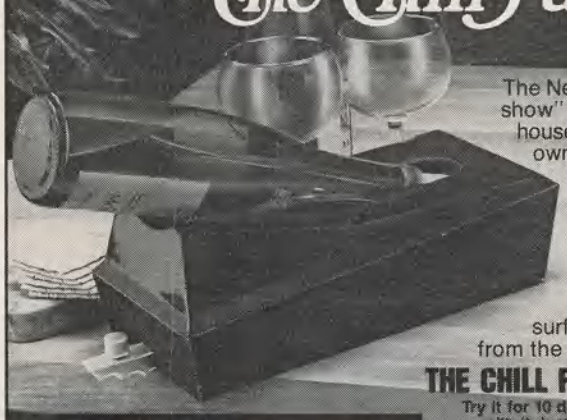

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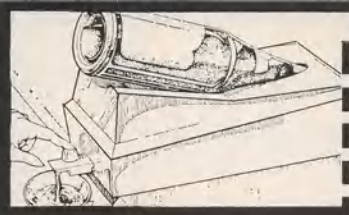

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government to put literally tens of millions of citizens under the finger of antidrug laws. Everyone becomes a possible suspect. And modern electronic technology has given the state, for the first time in history, the ability to follow all suspects.

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As information moves back and forth through the nerve center in El Paso, it is collected and stored by yet another immense data bank known as Pathfinder. Yet what exactly Pathfinder is, what it collects, and from whom it collects, EPIC won't say. Only by knowing certain of EPIC's connections is it possible to know something of its collections.

One of its first hookups was to the California Narcotics Information Network. CNIN, considered by experts in the field to be a model narcotics law-enforcement system, is itself the information conduit and collector for 275 local, state, and federal agencies within California and a number of associated agencies in eight neighboring states. Altogether more than 2,000 different narcotics officers contribute reports on criminal subjects, organizations, and investigations in their jurisdictions to a central card file index at CNIN headquarters in Sacramento. A simple phone call enables any member agency to know whether the subject of its investigation is or was at any time the subject of another agency's investigation. And with the EPIC connection the local sheriff of Escondido may now know in a matter of minutes whether his investigation has anything to do with a DEA operation in Bogotá . . . and vice versa. By the same token, with EPIC, Mary Nobody, who happened to be with her boyfriend the night he unknowingly delivered an envelope of cocaine to an undercover cop as part of a practical joke and was busted by the Escondido sheriff anyway, may now find a biographical history of herself sitting prominently alongside that of the M-16–toting pilot of the plane caught winging 1,000 pounds of cocaine into the Florida Everglades from Riohacha, Colombia.

To call EPIC "one of the best informational exchange units in the country," as does Dr. Chester Quarles, director of the Mississippi Narcotics Bureau, is at best an understatement. At its most benign, EPIC has instant access to the DEA's microfiche file, which, though already being made obsolete by computer systems like Pathfinder, contains specialized information on pilots, aircraft, and sea-and-land vehicles from various law-enforcement agency records.

Another more sophisticated DEA data base used by EPIC is somewhat less benign and, in technological parlance, more efficient. If, for example, an agent at any one of the agency's dozens of field offices—including EPIC, of course—wants information on someone, he may punch the name into a computer terminal that will rush the query to the DEA Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs Information System (NADDIS) headquarters in Washington. In a matter of moments the NADDIS computer scans records containing thousand of names and flashes a complete biographical history back to the agent.

The system is a remarkable boon to law-enforcement officers when a successful arrest may depend on rapid access to information. But why are some 570,000 people listed with NADDIS when the federal government makes fewer than 8,000 drug arrests a year? As it happens, the answer is less than encouraging: a person who has neither committed a crime nor even been suspected of doing so may be indexed in NADDIS. DEA agent Thomas Burton says that "NADDIS is a central automated index

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that contains a record of drug offenders; *alleged* drug offenders, *informants, and other persons*" and goes on to admit that "it contains information gathered from *numerous sources of varying reliability*" (emphasis added).

The DEA's investigative files, which have never been subject to a General Accounting Office audit, consist for the most part of "DEA-6's," the raw information reports filed by agents in the field. Many of those reports include undocumented allegations against suspected drug dealers, and even DEA Executive Assistant Wiliam Lenck admits that there is no check on what goes into these files. Many of the names from the "6's," however, are then listed in NADDIS, and there is no check on what goes out of NADDIS to other law-enforcement agencies. Moreover, these electronic information banks are extremely vulnerable targets for break-ins.

What raises such potential security problems to dangerous and frightening levels is the massive amounts of information now being gathered, the often arbitrary manner in which it is gathered, and the all too frequently dubious motives of the people doing the gathering. And even if such files were *only* to include presumably harmless data like a Social Security number and a birthdate—which they don't—it is the use to which that seemingly innocuous information can be put that causes civil libertarians to warn of the imminent loss of privacy and the eventual usurpation of individual liberty.

But when agencies like the DEA, with a reputation for training foreign police in torture tactics and a computer list of 570,000 Americans, the CIA, best known for its assassination plots and domestic spying, and the NSA, which can and has monitored thousands of private telecommunications and still has no legislative authority at all, begin arbitrarily collecting and storing data on hundreds of thousands of citizens, there are reasons for at least a bit of paranoia. Especially when another agency is created—EPIC—in order to allow these different uncontrolled data systems to "talk" to one another.

The dangers inherent in the EPIC brand of warfare increase almost geometrically with each new connection to an electronic information system. The Treasury Department's Enforcement Communications System (TECS) is a good example. Like NADDIS, but unlike some law-enforcement information networks that purport to track only known criminals, TECS feeds into its giant computer the names of people who are merely suspected of crimes along with those of thousands of others who are assumed innocent. Though run by the U.S. Customs Service, TECS includes information supplied by the DEA; the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms; the IRS; the State Department; the Immigration and Naturalization Service; and Interpol, the international police agency. "We were out of investigations and intelligence until September 1977, when we signed an agreement with the DEA allowing us to develop information that we would record and pass on to the DEA," stated Jack Dennis, acting assistant commissioner of U.S. Customs. Its giant data bank in San Diego is also linked with some 900 different port-of-entry terminals scattered throughout the United States, the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, and Nassau. And all of this is linked to EPIC.

Professional smugglers and known criminals respect the power of TECS and do their best to avoid entering the United States at points where it may be operating. Casual tourists or frequent travelers, however, have no reason to suspect that the government suspects them. And many are unaware that a customs official who detains or harasses them does so because he has found the traveler's name on a computer watch list. But of what are these people suspect? No one seems to know. What is known is that once a person's name goes into TECS, it stays there. Already Customs has accumulated some 450,000 dossiers containing 562,000 names, more than are on the census charts for all of Denver, Colo.

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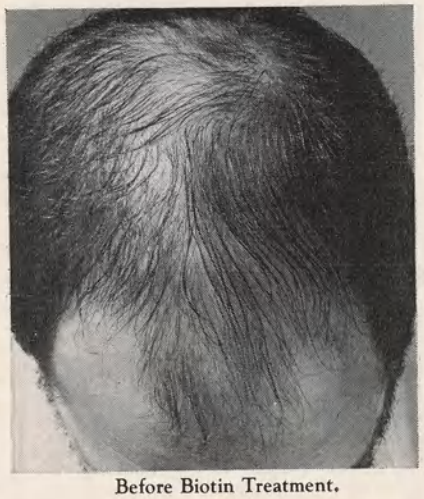

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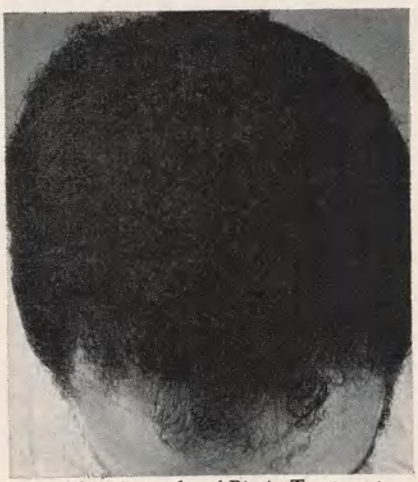

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ple. But the most dangerous aspect of the system, as the *Boston University Law Review* reported, is that there are no "regulations or safeguards . . . to control the [TECS] process" and "almost no judicial or administrative oversight." What all this seems to mean is that there is now the computer equivalent of an all-points bulletin on 562,000 people, whose only crime may have been traveling to the Galapagos Islands.

Very little in the way of electronic surveillance gadgetry isn't being tested in the drug war—or at least in the name of drugs. Vietnam served as the first major combat laboratory for such Buck Rogers devices as infrared photography and sophisticated electronic surveillance systems; and from that war, according to the director of intelligence for the U.S. Marine Corps., Brig. Gen. Clyde Deane, came "a dynamic, flexible surveillance system for future battlefield application anywhere in the world and in any type of conflict." The electronic military has forged ahead without an Indochinese war. From 1976 to 1979, while the total Defense budget was rising at about 10 percent per year, outlays for purchases of Command-Control Communications and Intelligence equipment (known as "C^{3}I") were jumping more than 30 percent annually. For 1980 the Defense Department is asking for $3.5 billion worth of new black boxes, again, almost one-third more than it received the previous year, and more than double the hoped-for increase for the entire department.

It is interesting to find that "the future battlefield application" of C^{3}I technology is the present terrain of the drug war. Included in these huge expenditures for electronic warfare by the military—but not including the enormous cost of the expensive equipment packed into each missile, ship, and fighter plane—are outlays for AWACS and the navy's Ocean Surveillance Satellites, the strategic apparatus now being appropriated for use in the domestic drug war.

Right now, for example, there is a blimp floating some 12,000 feet above Bahia Honda Bridge southwest of Florida. Launched by the U.S. Air Force, the blimp is supposed to be part of a $2 million-a-year low-altitude surveillance system to supplement the nation's air-defense capabilities. When not warning the country of imminent foreign military invasion, however, Fat Albert, as the dirigible is known, warns it of smugglers. Albert is belly-full of electronic radar gear that monitors the skies 24 hours a day and is equipped with a sophisticated telemetry link to relay all data to the 671st Radar Squadron of the Air Defense Command on Cudjoe Key. According to the air force, such unmanned spotter blimps may be patrolling much of the eastern seaboard by late 1980, all of them connected to the El Paso center.

As with EPIC's use of the navy satellites for its operation STOPGAP, Fat Albert suggests the ease with which the most advanced military technology may be used for nonmilitary purposes. Electronic systems designed to help the country's armed forces "see" the whites of the enemy's eyes without the enemy seeing their eyes first are also capable of—and are—looking into the eyes of millions of Americans as well. But the war is just beginning. All of the navy's special programs, for example, are now being directed by a man referred to as the "Electronic Warfare Czar." Rear Adm. E. S. Ince, working out of a small Pentagon office called "OP-944," coordinates a vast research effort meant to develop over 100 different types of electronic warfare systems ranging from electromagnetic, infrared, and electro-optical surveillance devices to satellite-signal monitoring to antiradiation missiles. U.S. Customs and EPIC are currently using the navy's "Passive Electronic Tag," a boat-tracking-and-locating system, as well as navy vapor detectors and sonar devices.

Custom's agents are now being equipped with neutron scanners to help detect hidden narcotics at ports of entry. The "backscatter" is a six-pound, hand-held device that shoots a beam of radiation at an object and then measures the amount of radiation reflected back. Vapor

detectors, thermal viewers, and X-ray devices are all part of the "high technology" that Customs Commissioner Ray Chasen says is the "ultimate solution" to drug smuggling.

Yet, despite the massive investment of taxpayer money in flashing light gadgetry, the narcotics war is losing many more battles than it is winning and playing havoc with civil liberties in the process. An extremely conservative estimate puts the cost of the nation's antidrug campaign at $10 billion annually. (If drug money spent by such purported nondrug agencies as the army, navy, air force, CIA, NSA, IRS, and FAA were computed, the figure could probably be doubled.) But with that money, the DEA is able to intercept only about $2 billion worth of drugs, a paltry 10 percent of what Americans use. Even if the government simply dismantled its antidrug apparatus tomorrow and used the $10 billion (now being spent by agencies like the DEA for programs like EPIC) to *purchase* the narcotics, it could effectively take 70 percent of the illegal drugs off the market—a sevenfold increase in effectiveness *combined with* the elimination of a massive domestic spying network now threatening everyone's individual liberties.

Though it has remained curiously immune from any public scrutiny from the Executive Branch, the DEA, when evaluated, looks very shabby. The agency was given a harsh critique by the Senate Governmental Operations Subcomittee on Investigations, which found that "the DEA's track record has not been good" and concluded that "although the DEA has presented statistics to demonstrate considerable numbers of arrests of violators and seizures of illicit drugs, the ability of higher-echelon dealers and financiers to bring illicit drugs into the United States has not been effectively deterred." Even Jimmy Carter's administration quietly concurs. "It isn't a very organized operation," a top presidential aide admits. "The DEA is really only a little better than its predecessor, the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. And we have very little faith in them."

While spreading its electronic weaponry around, the United States continues to create new enemies. Last spring the Army 902nd Military Intelligence Group convened a strange conference at Fort Sam Houston in Texas to discuss "the hostile intelligence threat to the Southwest." Interestingly enough, to talk about this new threat the army called together what would seem like an unlikely mixture of people to plan for the nation's defense: representatives from the U.S. Air Force Office of Special Investigations; Naval Intelligence Service; Department of State; Central Intelligence Agency; Federal Bureau of Investigation; Defense Investigative Service; Coast Guard; Immigration and Naturalization Service; and Intelligence Section of the Texas Department of Public Safety.

This year federal state and local agencies will spend over $10 billion on antidrug programs. In the terminology of addiction, this is called a "maintenance dosage"—an economic level where the government agencies can manage to function. They have become the real drug addicts, "hooked" on federal dollars. Drug enforcement has evolved into a form of white-collar welfare, totally dependent on ever increasing drug use. If the agencies become too successful in curtailing drug use, they will put themselves out of a job. These abuses of tax dollars are not so dramatic as the illegal buggings and secret operations, but they are more typical of the federal government's recurring failure in sensibly dealing with social problems.

Slowly, methodically, secretly, the electronic drug war is making enemies of more and more people. Under whatever guise it may appear, the technology of mass surveillance and eavesdropping is here. EPIC represents the serious side effects of a high-tech maintenance dosage for a government hooked on drug eradication. In this case the country not willing to go cold turkey risks the loss of its freedom, and instead of simply hallucinating pink elephants, its citizens will have to shake hands with Big Brother.

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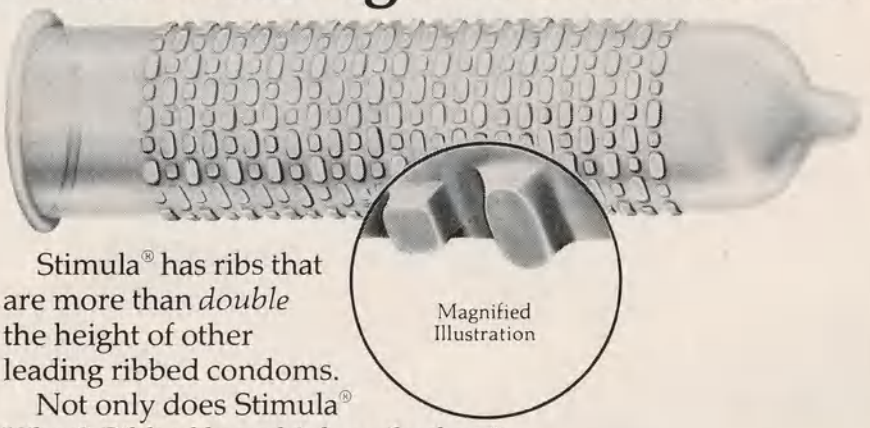

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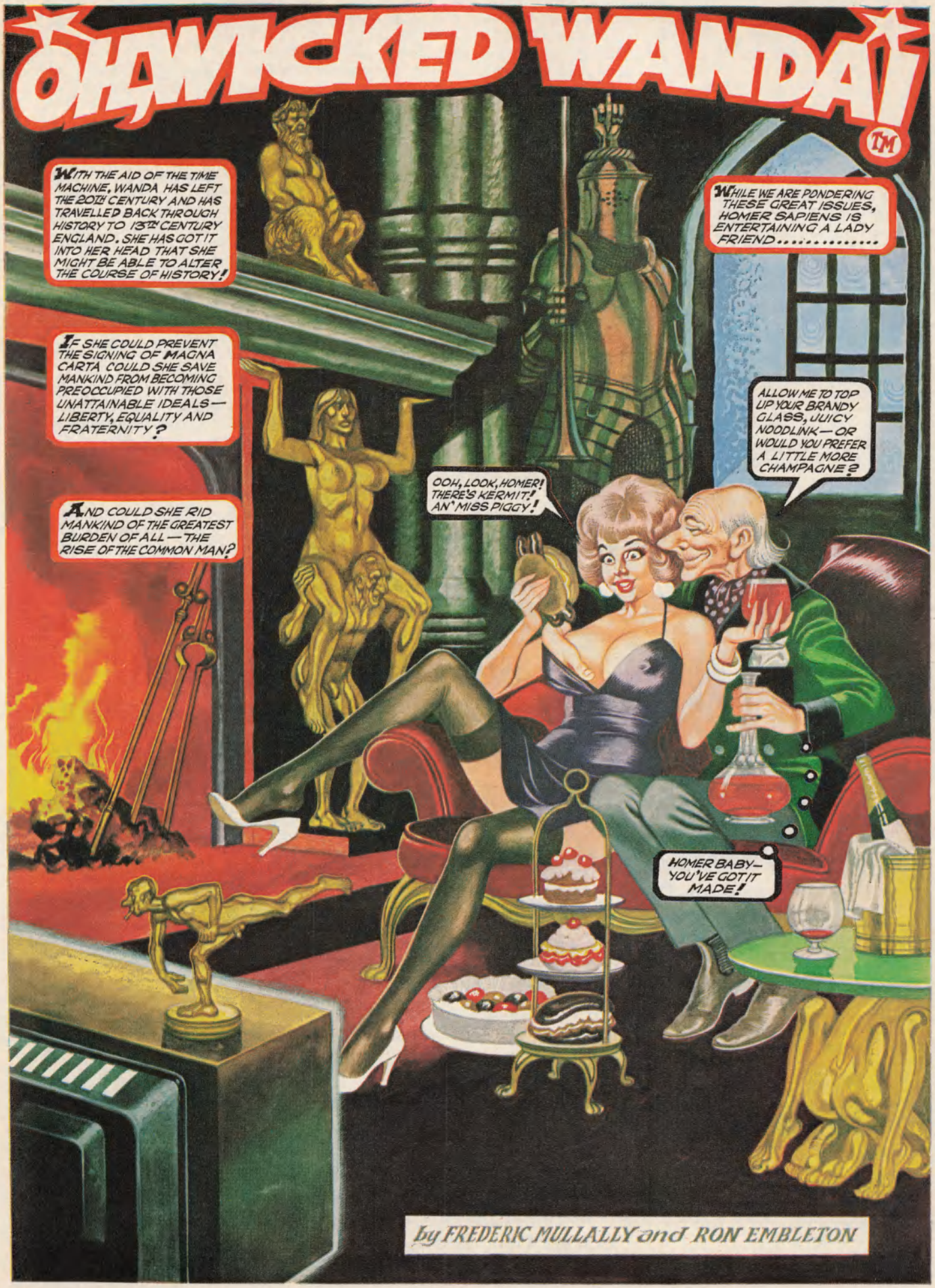
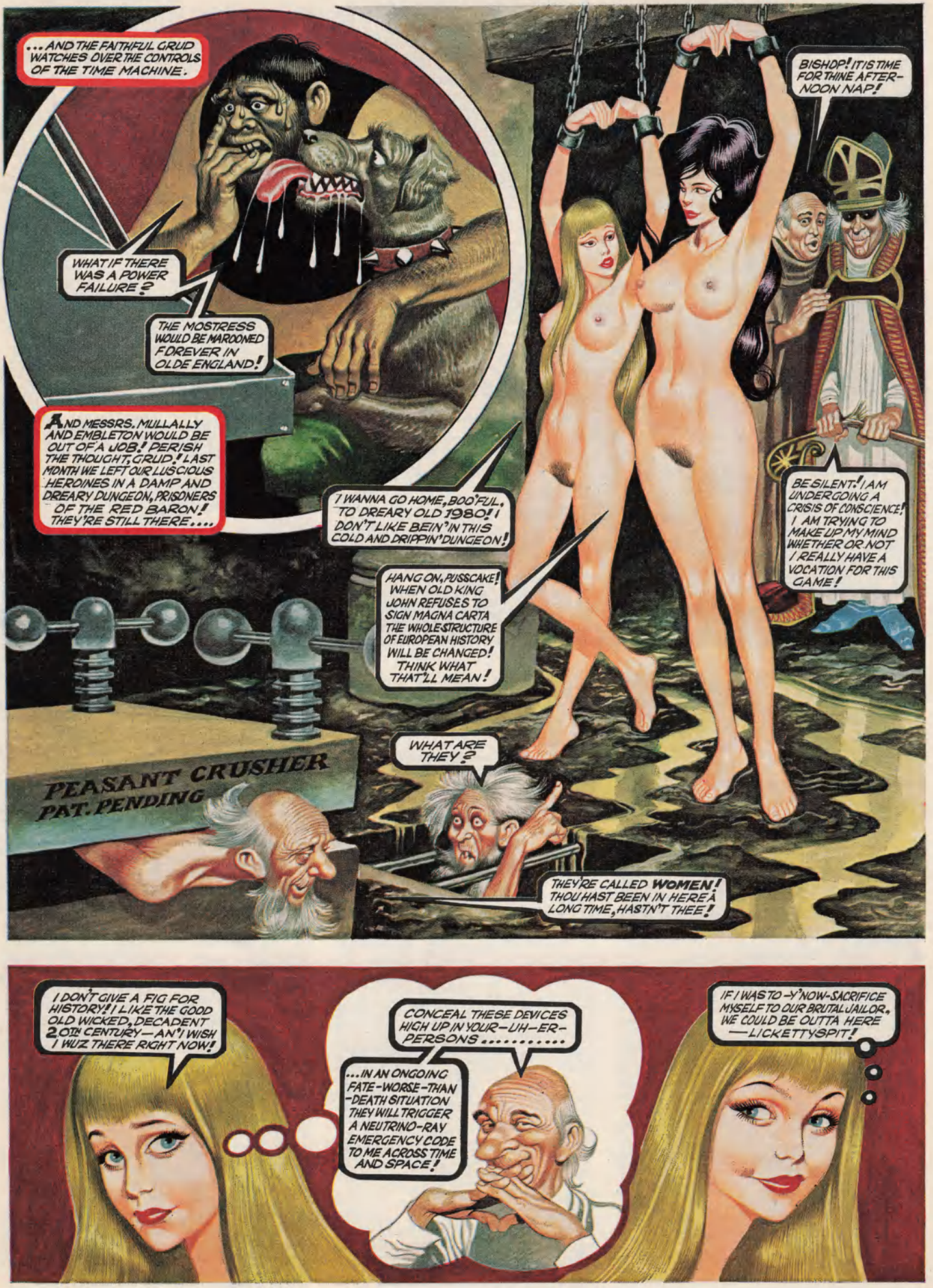

OH WICKED WANDA!
TM
WITH THE AID OF THE TIME MACHINE, WANDA HAS LEFT THE 20TH CENTURY AND HAS TRAVELLED BACK THROUGH HISTORY TO 13TH CENTURY ENGLAND. SHE HAS GOT IT INTO HER HEAD THAT SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO ALTER THE COURSE OF HISTORY!
IF SHE COULD PREVENT THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CARTA COULD SHE SAVE MANKIND FROM BECOMING PREOCCUPIED WITH THOSE UNATTAINABLE IDEALS— LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND FRATERNITY?
AND COULD SHE RID MANKIND OF THE GREATEST BURDEN OF ALL — THE RISE OF THE COMMON MAN?
WHILE WE ARE PONDERING THESE GREAT ISSUES, HOMER SAPIENS IS ENTERTAINING A LADY FRIEND.....
ALLOW ME TO TOP UP YOUR BRANDY GLASS, JUICY NOODLINK— OR WOULD YOU PREFER A LITTLE MORE CHAMPAGNE?
OOH, LOOK, HOMER! THERE'S KERMIT! AN' MISS PIGGY!
HOMER BABY— YOU'VE GOT IT MADE!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON


...AND THE FAITHFUL GRUD WATCHES OVER THE CONTROLS OF THE TIME MACHINE.
WHAT IF THERE WAS A POWER FAILURE?
THE MOSTRESS WOULD BE MAROONED FOREVER IN OLDE ENGLAND!
AND MESSRS. MULLALLY AND EMBLETON WOULD BE OUT OF A JOB! PERISH THE THOUGHT, GRUD! LAST MONTH WE LEFT OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINES IN A DAMP AND DREARY DUNGEON, PRISONERS OF THE RED BARON! THEY'RE STILL THERE....
I WANNA GO HOME, BOO'FUL. TO DREARY OLD 1980! I DON'T LIKE BEIN' IN THIS COLD AND DRIPPIN' DUNGEON!
HANG ON, PUSSCAKE! WHEN OLD KING JOHN REFUSES TO SIGN MAGNA CARTA THE WHOLE STRUCTURE OF EUROPEAN HISTORY WILL BE CHANGED! THINK WHAT THAT'LL MEAN!
PEASANT CRUSHER PAT. PENDING
WHAT ARE THEY?
THEY'RE CALLED WOMEN! THOU HAST BEEN IN HERE A LONG TIME, HASTN'T THEE!
BISHOP! IT IS TIME FOR THINE AFTER-NOON NAP!
BE SILENT! I AM UNDERGOING A CRISIS OF CONSCIENCE! I AM TRYING TO MAKE UP MY MIND WHETHER OR NOT I REALLY HAVE A VOCATION FOR THIS GAME!
I DON'T GIVE A FIG FOR HISTORY! I LIKE THE GOOD OLD WICKED, DECADENT 20TH CENTURY — AN' I WISH I WUZ THERE RIGHT NOW!
CONCEAL THESE DEVICES HIGH UP IN YOUR — UH — ER — PERSONS.....
...IN AN ONGOING FATE-WORSE-THAN-DEATH SITUATION THEY WILL TRIGGER A NEUTRINO-RAY EMERGENCY CODE TO ME ACROSS TIME AND SPACE!
IF I WAS TO-Y'NOW-SACRIFICE MYSELF TO OUR BRUTAL JAILOR, WE COULD BE OUTTA HERE — LICKETTYSPIT!

IN KING JOHN'S STATE APARTMENT, HIS LADY WIFE CASTS A SHREWD EYE OVER THE SMALL PRINT IN THE MAGNA CARTA
I'FAITH, SIRE, THE MAIDSPOKE WISELY! 'TIS A RASCALLY DEVICE TO STRIP THEE OF THY ROYAL PERKS!
Magna Carta
THE VARLETS!
SIRE?
SIR ROGER!
AND HOW ROYALLY THOSE PERKS DO STRIP!
ROB the WAG
Best stand up jester on the castle circuit available for
Coronations
Barmitzvahs
Executions
I ORDER THE RELEASE OF THE DARK MAID AND HER PRESENCE HERE IN COURT!
THERE'S ONE LADY IN WAITING WHO WON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER TO WAIT!

SIR ROGER DE LOZEUR WITH A ROYAL WARRANT FOR THE RED BARON!
THIS WAY, LORD!
AHEM!

I SHOULD THINK SO TOO! IS AN ARISTOCRAT TO MUDDY HIS BOOTS NOW?
THOU FOOTWIPERS HAST IT TOO EASY THESE DAYS!
THOU DOST NOT TAKE PRIDE IN THY WORK LIKE THY FORE-FATHERS DID!

THOU HAST A GOODLY SECURE POSITION HERE! VALUE IT!
IT ISN'T EVERYONE WHO CANST ENJOY SUCH NOBLE PATRONAGE!

THE RED BARON AT HOME.....
VERY WELL! THE KING DEMANDS YE RELEASE OF YE DARK WENCH....
HANDS OFF! THOU SORDID SLOB!
... BUT YE FAIR ONE STAYS AS HOSTAGE! SEE TO IT, JAILOR!
VIN BLANC
SOME OF THESE NOUVEAU RICHE HAVE SUCH DISGUSTING HABITS!
I MEAN—WHITE WINE—WITH LAMB!

AN ANTE ROOM TO THE GREAT HALL OF KING JOHN.....
HERE, CHILD—'TIS MEAGRE BUT T'WILL CONCENTRATE THE KING'S ATTENTION ON THY GOODLY COUNCIL!
WHY DOES THERE ALWAYS HAVE TO BE A COMEDIAN?
THE DARK MAID IS WITHOUT, SIRE!
WITHOUT WHAT, SERF?
WITHOUT FOOD OR CLOTHING, MAUESTY!
FEED HER AND THEN BRING HER IN, CRETIN!

MORE FOWL, DEAR?
PERHAPS A MORSEL OF BREAST!
GERROFF, HALF PINT! AS I WAS SAYING, SIRE, I HAVE POWERS TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE.....
SO THAT'S WHY THEY PASS THE PORT TO THE LEFT!
'TIS THE PRESENT I WOULD FEIGN SEE INTO!
THAT'S MY WISHBONE!

SIGN THAT CHARTER AND YOU CONDEMN MANKIND TO THE TYRRANY OF PETTY AMBITIONS AND THE TRIUMPH OF THE COMMONEST OF MEN!
I SAY! I SAY! I SAY! AND THEY DON'T COME ANY COMMONER THAN ME!
YOUR MISERABLE LITTLE PEASANTS WILL WIND UP RULING THE WORLD!
AND WILL YOU BE MY QUEEN? I SAY! I SAY! I SAY!
FREE MY HAND-MAIDEN AND I SHALL BARE ENGLAND'S ENTIRE FUTURE TO YOU, SIRE!
TURNETH ME ABOUT, SORCERESS, AND YE FUTURE CAN TAKE CARE OF ITSELF!
HO-HO-HO! THAT'S THE BEST COMEDY ROUTINE I'VE SEEN IN YEARS!
I'M HIS AGENT, MAJESTY! PUTTEST THY MONNIKER ON THIS ROYAL CONTRACT — AND HE'S THINE FOR YE SEASON!
YOU'VE JUST SET MANKIND BACK A THOUSAND YEARS — CLOWN!
SPLAT!

I AM FED UP WITH THIS ROTTEN STRIP!
I HAVE BEEN STUCK IN THIS LOUSY DUNGEON FOR TWO INSTALMENTS!
WELL I HAVE HAD ENOUGH!
I AM ABOUT TO GIVE MY ALL FOR KING AND COUNTRY!
I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE —FAST!
JAILOR!
AND SO, ACROSS TIME AND SPACE TO THE SCHLOSS...
RED ALERT
OH MYGAWD!
NO! NO!
HOMER! HURRY! IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN— THE MOSTRESS HAS SUFFERED A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!
OOH, I LOVE THIS SCENE— SNIFF! IT'S SO ROMANTIC!
OF ALL THE GIN JOINTS IN ALL THE TOWNS IN THE WORLD— SHE WALKS INTO MINE!
THAT'S MORE THAN YOU CAN SAY FOR THIS DUMPLING!

THE EMERGENCY RETURN MECHANISM OF THE TIME MACHINE IS ACTIVATED, BRINGING OUR HEROINES HURTLING THROUGH THE CENTURIES!
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING— BRINGING US BACK LIKE THAT?
BUT, MOSTRESS — THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL! YOU WERE SUFFERING A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!
YIKE! 700 YEARS IN SEVEN SECONDS! HAVE I GOT A JET LAG!
I WAS WHAT?
OH! I SEE....
PUSSCAKE! I WANT A WORD WITH YOU!
OKAY! SO I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO ALTER THE COURSE OF HISTORY—BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY THAT I CAN USE THAT DAMNED MACHINE TO MY ADVANTAGE!
I DON'T CARE! I DON'T CARE! I THINK YOUR TIME MACHINE IS A ROTTEN GAME!
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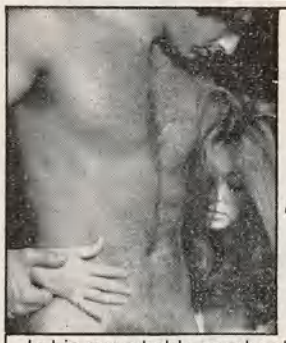

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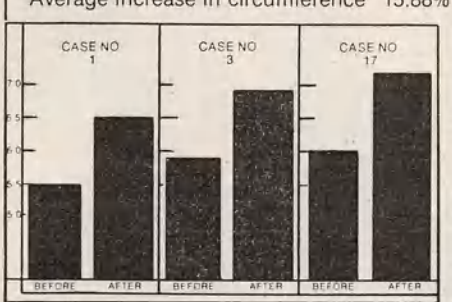

The three cases illustrated here are examples taken from studies done in England by Dr. Richards and other researchers working on penis enlargement. Their work is discussed in detail in the new book, THE PENIS, which gives Dr. Richards' results in simple, direct language that the layman can understand in everyday terms. Illustration Pg. 137

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

or some works by the Marquis de Sade or by Apollinaire to see what some working women will do to please their employers.

SUCKING THEM DRY

I have been happily married for 30 years. I'm 49, still get plenty of whistles from the younger men, and get treated royally by all of the older men. Many of the newer neighbors in our area really believe that I'm in my lower thirties. I am married to a fantastic man who also looks remarkably young for his age, in addition to his body's being much trimmer than it was back in college. He has always given me sex both morning and night during the workweek and three and four times a day on Saturdays and Sundays.

So, what's my problem? Well, during the past year I have found that I just love to suck his cock more and more, and I just love the taste of his semen when I swallow it. As a matter of fact, several times a week, whenever I'm shopping, I stop by his office and give him fellatio before and even sometimes after he takes me to lunch. I have become so hungry for cock and semen that I've sucked off our doorman on several occasions, our building manager ten or more times, our insurance man once each week for the past several months, our minister every Monday to "relax his nerves," a number of our family friends, and even a number of business associates of my husband.

I know that my husband knows that I have been sucking more than just his cock, but he always makes himself scarce whenever he knows that I want to suck someone off. We have never discussed it, but I still know that he knows.

Several times when his car was in the garage for repairs, I would be with him in my car as he drove to work, and I would suck him off on the way. We nearly got caught once, when I really had him shooting off into my mouth while at a stoplight. He hadn't noticed that the light had turned green when suddenly there was a police officer looking in the window, telling him to "move it." He saw me sucking on my husband's exploding cock, and then he added, "Well, just take your time and enjoy yourself."

I still love to be fucked, but sucking is more important to me. Is it a temporary period in my life, or will I continue to just want to suck cock?—H. B. J.

No wonder your husband's weight is below what it was during his student years: you seem to be sucking all the strength out of the poor fellow! Of course, I'm just joking. Millions of men would just love to have a woman like you. Cocksucking is not something most women care to indulge in, which is quite unfortunate. So you're quite a sport.

I personally enjoy sucking cock. I remember a girl named Lynn who used to work for me in New York City when I owned a brothel there. She used to wear the hottest hot-pants, with a bald pussy underneath and with her vaginal lips practically staring at you when she bent over. Lynn loved dressing really whorishly, with a triple layer of eyelashes and lots of bright lipstick on her puckered lips. And, boy, did she enjoy sucking cock! All the guy had to do was grab her firm, big tits with one hand, shove his other hand gently up her hot crotch, and off she went from one orgasm to the next, sucking the last drip of sperm from his cock. She was a great hooker, especially at conventions, because she could go through a dozen guys in an hour without ever having to take her pants off. All she had to do was press her hot body over the knees of her customer, lean her head forward, and start sucking away.

So, dear H. B. J., where were you when I needed you in my employ? With your tempo and your track record, you could have blown yourself rich instead of your husband skinny.

THE THRILL OF IT ALL

There are many erogenous zones on the human body. Finding them and putting them into use can be one of the most frustrating experiences a person can have, but I can't think of a better way to spend time in bed.

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My lover and future husband has a very high threshold of pain. It took a few weeks for him to get used to me "playing" with his feet. Slowly he came around to trusting me—that I was not going to tickle him—and once he could relax, he could really get off when my fingers gently brushed those sensitive areas. Asking him if he wants a rubdown elicits the fastest response I have ever seen in a man. He knows I won't hurt him, and he can totally relax. Our mutual trust is building, and it allows me to believe that there is a lot more building for the future.—N.H.

Nothing is nicer than having your feet massaged or rubbed, except, maybe, a terrific toejob. One woman sucked and sucked my left big toe until I experienced climax after climax. And I wasn't even touching my clitoris.

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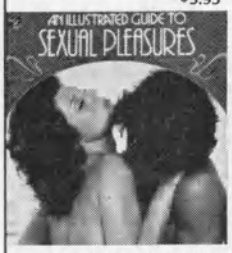

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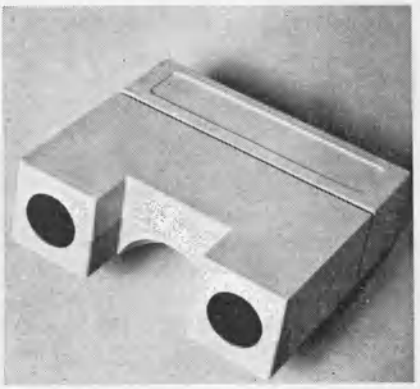

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

he never had it so good.

I branched out to some of his college friends that he hung out with, and at first he was very jealous. Then I reminded him that we were brother and sister and that it was only natural we should want to be with other people, too. I tried setting him up with other girls (older girls would go out with him when I explained to them that he was an expert pussy and ass-licker), but since these girls didn't fully understand the whole concept of using his hard prick to control him, my brother never got the real satisfaction of being completely controlled by a female that he got from me. He's graduated now and has a good social and sex life and is a great hit with girls—largely because of what I taught him. Most girls he dates can't believe what a gem he is—after all, how many times does a girl find a guy who is willing to go down on her for hours and hours? My brother and I love each other a lot, and we still get together quite often.

Meanwhile I've used and refined my techniques with many other men—younger, my age, and older. It works as effectively with men of all ages and types.

One guy in particular was really nice, a cute 19-year-old. I taught Bob how to satisfy a girl with his tongue, and he learned to love to lick me for an hour or more at a time. He'd always get his orgasm just before he'd take me home, since my aunt had stressed that once a guy is spent, you lose all power to control him until you can get him horny again.

After about six months I started losing interest in him and dated some other guys. He'd always beg me to see him, and when I did, he'd beg for some of the previous treatment. One night, when we were out, I got an idea. I had a very good girl friend, who was not too popular with the boys since she was chubby and not superattractive. We had a big dance coming up, and, as usual, she didn't have a date. I thought how she'd love it if I got her a date with Bob, who everybody thought was top dog. So when he begged to go down on me that evening, I said only if he'd do me a favor—take Sue Ellen to the dance. (I already had another date.) When he refused, I wouldn't let him go down on me or let his hard-on subside. It was only ten minutes before he agreed.

He took Sue Ellen, and believe it or not, they got along well. He found out what a nice kid she was, even if she wasn't the best looker in school. Between the training he had gotten from me and my talking with Sue Ellen about it, it wasn't long before he was going down on her. It was the first time anybody did that to her, and she loved it. Despite Sue Ellen's weight—or maybe it was because of it—Bob loved it best when she sat on his face with all her weight (she must have weighed 150 pounds at that time). She told me he loved the juices of her pussy all over his mouth and face. I told her to go ahead and do it but to make sure she used it to her full advantage to get him to do something she wanted.—*Name and address withheld*

One for the road

I have been meaning to write to you for quite a while, but time seems to be my shortest asset.

My girl friend, Debbie, and I often enjoy sex at unusual places and times, and one day earlier this summer proved no exception. The two of us decided to go to Kings Dominion, a nearby theme park.

It was an extremely hot and humid day, and the two of us started our excursion wearing shorts and T-shirts. Upon arriving, we both agreed that the replica of the Eiffel Tower would be our first point of interest. Since they put as many people as possible in those elevators, Debbie and I were pretty close together, to say the least. Debbie was pretty playful that day. She reached down between us and slowly massaged my cock with her thumb as she toyed with my balls with her fingers.

It is difficult to find any privacy in such a crowded place; so the two of us

climbed aboard one of the many rides to escape being seen. Once the ride began moving, Debbie unzipped my trousers and my shaft sprang free to her obvious delight. And as I hoped she would, she bent down and engulfed my bonelike treat. With the motion of the ride and the sensations her tongue was giving me, I was nearly reaching a climax, but the ride ended just a moment too soon. We resolved to wait until our return home to finish where we left off.

I knew what was in store as soon as we got into the car. Debbie reached over and started massaging my reviving cock. She looked at me and said, "Let's hurry home. I'm horny as hell."

As soon as we left the park and were on the interstate, she slid her fingers up the leg of my shorts and started rubbing the head of my swollen staff. And I, being the gentleman I am, returned the favor by slipping my hand into her shorts and pressing against her clit. She parted her legs as an invitation to explore more of her. It is very difficult to concentrate on the road when your mind is in the gutter. I could feel her getting hotter, and I suggested she take off her shorts in order to get some "cool night air." Debbie quickly obliged, exposing her tasty tunnel without missing a single stroke of my cock. She then spread her legs even more, allowing me to work three fingers in and out of her steaming hole. After about a minute of silence, she said, "Brad, I just can't wait any longer." And with that she slid my pants off as I tilted the steering wheel up to allow more freedom. She artfully threw one leg over the other side of me and leaned on my right shoulder, allowing me to see to drive.

After arranging the seat and the steering wheel to allow for maximum room, she reached down, aimed my spear toward the opening of her vagina, and ever so slowly slid down over it until all of me disappeared. The feeling was indescribable. It was as if my cock were custom-made for her pleasure palace. She moved up and down slowly, moaning as I tried to keep the car somewhere between the two white lines.

We were moving faster and faster, approaching harmony. I grabbed her by the ass with my free hand in order to slow her down so that I might enjoy this longer, but to no avail. She is like a wildcat once she gets started. When I could feel myself ready to come, I pushed harder, bumping her head against the top, driving into her till we both came.

We've never made it back to Kings Dominion, but if we do return, we will check into a nearby motel.—*Name and address withheld*

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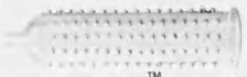

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

pression throughout your career?

Lynn: Well, when the movie first came out, I'd just had a *real* bad spell with my nerves, and Nashville people—who didn't like the movie—asked me not to see it. So I didn't. A year later, though, I was working in Las Vegas and saw *Nashville* on television—and I enjoyed the devil out of it. Just about all the country music people I know were upset by that movie, but I think there was a lot of truth in it.

Penthouse: What kinds of problems had you been having?

Lynn: I'd just changed agencies, and the old agency had taken me to court, and it was a long, drawn-out legal thing, and I was taking a few too many nerve pills—Valium and sleeping pills. People would say, "Are you on uppers?" And I'd say, "No, who wants to stay awake?" I wanted to sleep; that was my problem.

Penthouse: Because of the lawsuit?

Lynn: Yeah, and I'd never taken a nerve pill in my life till I went up to the witness stand. A couple of years later, I *really* started taking nerve pills to escape a problem. At the time, I was getting a lot of threatening phone calls. People would call up sayin' they were going to take my kids or kidnap me, and then it got real serious after a certain bad experience.

Penthouse: What happened?

Lynn: Well, a little 21-year-old guy with long, blond hair had been following me around on the road for a week, and every time I'd go out to get ice for my husband—Doo was with me on the trip—the boy would be standing outside, smiling at me. I remember telling my husband, "Gee, I have got a true fan." The next day, we were playing a town in West Virginia, and when I came out of our bus to go onstage, I realized I had forgotten my slip, and I'm very funny about being afraid somebody's going to see through my dress. I sent somebody back to the bus for my slip, and I was about to put it on backstage when this hippie-lookin' girl staggered up to me. I thought she was drunk—I'd never really seen anybody on dope, so I didn't know what she was on—and she said she had some songs she wanted me to hear. Police were standing all around, because I'd asked for protection ever since I'd been getting all these crank calls.

The girl asked if she could see me alone in the back of the bus because she didn't want anybody else but me to see her songs. She'd no more asked her question when the police grabbed her by the hair and dragged her away; and when they got her over to the door, they threw her out. I didn't know if they'd killed her or not, and I don't really think they cared. I went onstage thinking, "My God, what have they done to that poor little thing, and why is this going on?"

Well, it turned out that the blond guy who was following me had asked the girl to get me alone because he hadn't been able to do that himself. It turned out that he'd killed two people and had robbed my Western store. The cops had gotten a lead on him from the robbery, and they'd been following him—and he'd been following me. One day I asked the cops why he wanted to get me alone, and they said, "Do you really want to know?" I said no, because it sounded like it was really bad. For about a year after that I was way down and depressed.

Penthouse: Was that totally attributable to your brush with danger?

Lynn: I think everything just piled up. I was working *so* hard, and when I first started singing—me and my husband had talked, and we thought I'd only work hard for two or three years and then we'd be rich and I'd get out of the business. But it didn't happen that way. I really needed to be with my first boy when he was growing up, but I was always on the road, and I missed him all the time. Then I got pregnant with the twins, and I kept right on going, and when I looked around, they were just about grown.

Meanwhile, the more I worked, the more I made, the more we spent, and the more payments I had to keep up. I think I

really got angry toward life and real bitter, and that's when I let it get me down. If people want to know the truth, that's it.

Penthouse: Will that part of your life be depicted in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, the film version of your autobiography?

Lynn: I expect it will be. I think there's going to be things in that movie I'm not going to like, but it'll probably shape up my whole act by showing me things I do that I don't like. I mean, maybe I'll straighten out things I don't like about myself and haven't even realized I've been doing. That movie will probably be a great lesson for me.

Penthouse: Cissy Spacek stars in the title role of *Coal Miner's Daughter*, and, without having seen the film, a number of Hollywood insiders feel she may have been miscast. Do you share that opinion?

Lynn: No, 'cause I was the one who picked her. After the book came out, I knew there was going to be a movie, and I offered it to Universal first, because they own the label I record on, MCA Records, and I wanted to keep it all at home.

About six months later they came to me and asked who I wanted to play the title role, and I hadn't even given it a thought. Pretty soon after that I was handed a stack of eight-by-ten glossies of actresses, and a bunch of 'em were pretty big names, and some of 'em looked a lot more like me than Cissy does. But when I saw her picture in that stack, I just stopped. It was a glamour picture of this blonde-haired girl with freckles, and I said, "This girl here, she's the one to be in the movie." They didn't want to use somebody who was blonde and fair and freckled, but I just said, "So what? That's who I want."

Later on, I tried to find out more about Cissy. So Universal showed me *Carrie*. I wanted to see if she could get exactly what I wanted her to get as me. If there was supposed to be love or hurt in my eyes, she would have to be able to show it, and with feeling. After seeing her in *Carrie*, I knew she had it all, and I never doubted her for one minute. Once they started shooting the movie, I was asked to come on the set. They'd say, "Aren't you curious about what she's doing?" And I'd say, "No, she's me." She *is* me.

You know, the very first time I started working with her on the songs, I began singing one little song for her, and then Cissy took over and sang the rest just the way I once had. There was the same little break in her voice that there had been in mine. That was the first song I'd ever sung in public, and there's just no way in the world that girl could have known how I'd sung it. Really, it was as if her mind took over my mind.

Penthouse: Did *you* relive your life at all while the film was being shot?

Lynn: Oh, *did* I! I only watched them work once, when they asked me to go to Kentucky to help draw a crowd for a state-fair scene. It was dark when our bus got to the hotel, and the movie people asked

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me if I'd like to drive up to where they were shooting a night scene involving Butcher Hollow, where I grew up. I said yes, and we got there at about ten o'clock that evening.

The whole thing turned out to be weird. For some reason I thought I was going to see Cissy sing "In the Pines," but when we got close to this old house, I couldn't hear nobody singing. I guess I kind of freaked out from being so near to my old home, because when I got up close to the house, I seen this old man settin' on the porch and I was sure it was my daddy.

They'd told me that Levon Helm, who plays Daddy in the movie, was in the hospital and that they couldn't film him that week. So when I saw this guy, I started thinking it *was* Daddy. It was foggy and dark, and little frogs were chirping, like they always did in Butcher Holler, and my mind started drifting back—and my God, I really *believed* I was seeing Daddy. I even looked over at Owen Bradley, my record producer, and said, "There's Daddy." I guess I started acting stupid, and everybody figured they'd better try to do something about it. Cissy was standing in front of me and grabbed me and said, "Loretta, I'm Cissy. Have you forgot me?" I just said, "But I see Daddy up there."

About that time Tommy Lee Jones, who plays Doo, walked out on the porch and said, "Mr. Webb, me and Loretta want to get married, and we want to ask you what you think." That brought me out of it. My mind was playing weird tricks on me, I guess. It was a terrible thing. Leon Helm had just gotten out of the hospital that day, and he looked like Daddy and acted like Daddy, and it was like Daddy just took over his body.

Penthouse: Have you ever had experiences similar to that one?

Lynn: Well, I believe in reincarnation, and I believe I've lived other lives in the past. And I've experienced those lives. Have you ever been hypnotized?

Penthouse: No, we haven't.

Lynn: Well, I hadn't been either, and I always said I couldn't be. A couple of years ago somebody tried to hypnotize me, and I remember saying to myself, "Boy, I'm sure fooling this man. I'm really going to put him on." I lay down for 15 or 20 minutes—and when I listened to the tapes, it turned out I'd been hypnotized for more than two hours, and he'd put me back into lives I'd lived in the past.

Penthouse: Such as?

Lynn: Well, according to these tapes, the last life I lived was as a man in New York City, and I died there in 1928. It started out with me in a baby carriage, and then, later on, I was working in a restaurant and paying my way through a college in New York. I didn't finish college because I had to support my wife. I died real young, probably of a heart attack. After that, I had the flashback of being married to a very old man, probably in Ireland, and I looked very much the way I do today, except I was a little bit taller and had on a dirty old cotton dress. This old husband of mine was confined to bed, and I was feeding him potato soup, and my kids were running around dirty, and we lived in the country.

I had one more flashback with the hypnotist in which I was a servant, bringing out platters of food to a bunch of men. And when the hypnotist asked me who my master was, I said, "He's the king." He asked me my master's name, and I said that it was King George and that I was his girl friend on the side—the queen didn't know about it. I told the hypnotist I lived near a village called Claridge and that I was very unhappy, because the king was going to be killed. Meanwhile, the king's best friend was grabbin' me and making love to me behind the king's back, and I was afraid to tell the king about it because they were such buddies. Anyway, the king died before I did, and then his best friend choked me to death.

I read up on this a little, and there were six King Georges, and I'm pretty sure I was involved with the second one.

Penthouse: Do you really believe these things actually happened to you?

Lynn: I really do, yes. The strongest of all

these past lives came to me when I was alone in the back of my bus, in a kind of trance. I'd been reading the Bible when I suddenly started having a flashback of an Indian thing. I was standing next to my husband, who was mounted on a horse, and we were on a kind of rolling hill that was just packed with Indians on horseback. They weren't all dressed alike—some had loincloths; some didn't—and they wore their hair in different ways, and they were all painted different. I remember I was wearing a buckskin shirt, and I was kinda sloppy-looking. I was saying good-bye to my husband, and he was the only one wearing a war bonnet. He was the chief.

Penthouse: How real did this seem to you?

Lynn: As real as it is right now, sitting here and seeing *you*. They were all going into battle, and I was saying good-bye to my husband, and it was a real touching moment for us. Behind me, I could hear lots of kids running around and playing, and when I looked back I saw a whole valley of tepees. All of a sudden a shot rang out, and my husband slumped over dead. I started screaming and ran back to our tepee, and I was yelling at the kids to run to safety—and that's when I came out of it. I remember thinking, "Goodness, I hope nobody heard me screaming like that."

Penthouse: Did you try to find out more about that particular experience?

Lynn: I surely did. Lorene Allen, my office manager, told me about this woman, Kathy Hughes, a Nashville psychic, and so one night we went to a séance over at Kathy's house. We hadn't told anyone about that flashback, and the séance started very soon after we walked in. Spirits supposedly would come in, and the table would raise a little and bang down once for "A" and twice for "B," and so on. Anyway, we found out that my Indian name had been Moonflower and that I'd been married to a chief. I asked the spirit, "How did my husband die?" and it was spelled out that he was shot before going into battle. I was told I was 39 when I died and that I had nine kids, but only six of 'em had lived.

Penthouse: You're sure this psychic had no prior knowledge of what you'd experienced?

Lynn: I'm sure, and if you really want to hear something, listen to this. About three years later, I was talking to this 68-year-old guy from Oklahoma. He telephoned me and said he'd been studying reincarnation and that he'd been married to me in one of my past lives. Well, I thought he had to be some kinda clown, and I didn't even give him the benefit of the doubt. He said he and his wife were coming to see me in Tennessee and that he wanted to show me some studies he'd made in the last few years. And as you can well imagine, I just thought, "Oh, sure."

Well, one day he and his wife turned up at our house, and my husband figured they were fans who I knew; if Doo had known they were there to talk about reincarnation, I'm sure he would've run them off. Anyway, the guy had a stack of photographs, and he showed me one of 'em that was him and me as Indians.

Penthouse: Did it look like you?

Lynn: No, I didn't recognize it at all. But we started talking, and when I asked him how he died back then, he told me that just before going into battle he'd been shot to death by the half-breed him and me had taken in and raised as a son. He said the boy had fallen in love with me and had shot him from a distance because he didn't want anyone to know who did it. I asked him how many kids we had, and he said nine, but that three had died. I started getting a little edgy right around then, and when I asked him what he'd been, he told me an Indian chief.

Now this was just a good old country boy from Oklahoma City, and I didn't doubt his honesty. I really don't know what I conclude from all this except that some of it is funny and some of it is weird—and I believe it. Whew, we sure got sidetracked, didn't we?

Penthouse: With all these other lives on your mind, have you decided what you intend to do with the rest of this one?

Lynn: First thing I'm gonna do is slow

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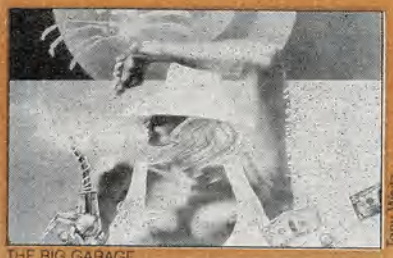
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"Turn 'em Loose Bruce"—An interview with the most controversial judge in the United States, New York City Criminal Court Judge Bruce Wright, who believes that he is following constitutional guidelines, even while his enemies are calling for his impeachment for allowing "criminals" to go free. Wright explains what it is like to be a black man in a white society and why a disgraced politician like Richard Nixon has helped "make the banked fires of prejudice flame again." In order to understand how blacks view their position in a white society and why black leaders like Wright expect that "this country is set on a course that will return the black man to slavery," reading our April interview is a must.

The Big Garage—At Tegeler's Garage the consumer is always wrong. When B. brings his sick Audi in, he is faced with an endless maze of red tape, nasty gestapolike mechanics, and the bitter realization that he may never see his car again. In his own hilariously biting tribute to Franz Kafka, T. Coraghessan Boyle describes the horror of a breakdown without end.

down. You know, I used to get really upset with my husband because he'd always say, "I sure wish you could stay home," but he never done nothin' about it. Pretty soon I had an agency, some publishing companies, our ranch. I had a rodeo for ten years—I had my fingers in too many pies. I'd say, "Honey, I want to slow down next year," and then I'd read newspaper interviews with my husband where he'd say, "Well, I've tried to get her to slow down for the last ten years, but she just won't do it."

Penthouse: That wasn't true?

Lynn: No, it wasn't. Sure, he would've liked me to stay home, but I always felt he ought to have been trying to tie up some loose ends so I *could* stay home. I always hoped *he'd* be preparing for it, 'cause when you've got 100 people working for you, it's hard to just turn around and tell them that next week they won't get paid. So I started thinking, "Where does it end? When am I going to slow down?" I didn't see no stopping point, and meanwhile everything just got bigger and bigger. I'm not gonna be two-faced about this and tell you I don't enjoy what I'm doing, 'cause I do. But I kinda think I'd just like to do about six weeks a year on the road and that's all.

Penthouse: In his *Penthouse* interview, Merle Haggard told us that as soon as he's home for more than three days he feels the need to take off again. Do you think the same thing might apply to you?

Lynn: Well, Merle might have somethin' there, because being on the road *is* kind of an escape. The other day in Las Vegas I mentioned to somebody that I got married at 13 and that I'm still married to the same ole boy. I was asked what's kept us together all these years, and I said, "Bein' apart." I really think that has a lot to do with it, because if I was gone only a couple of days a month, it would give me and Doo an awful lot of time to quarrel. I think being away so much has kept things fresh and new for us, and I think you have to have that.

Penthouse: What do you think you'd do if you were home all the time?

Lynn: Well, when I go home now I work real hard. I put out the garden and the flowers, I work in our gift shop, and I also get involved in our dude ranch. I'll tell you, a woman's got a full-time job just stayin' home and taking care of the house and the kids; and if she's doing that, I don't understand why so many of 'em get hung up on nerve pills and television soap operas.

For myself, now that my kids have all grown up, if me and my husband was farming, I know I'd be workin' all the time. But still, it might get boring if I was sittin' home *all* the time. I'm really fightin' about it with myself right now, because I know it's coming and I just have to be prepared to face it. And I'm very serious about it. But in another way, I wonder what it'll be like. I guess it's all up to me to find out, isn't it?

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